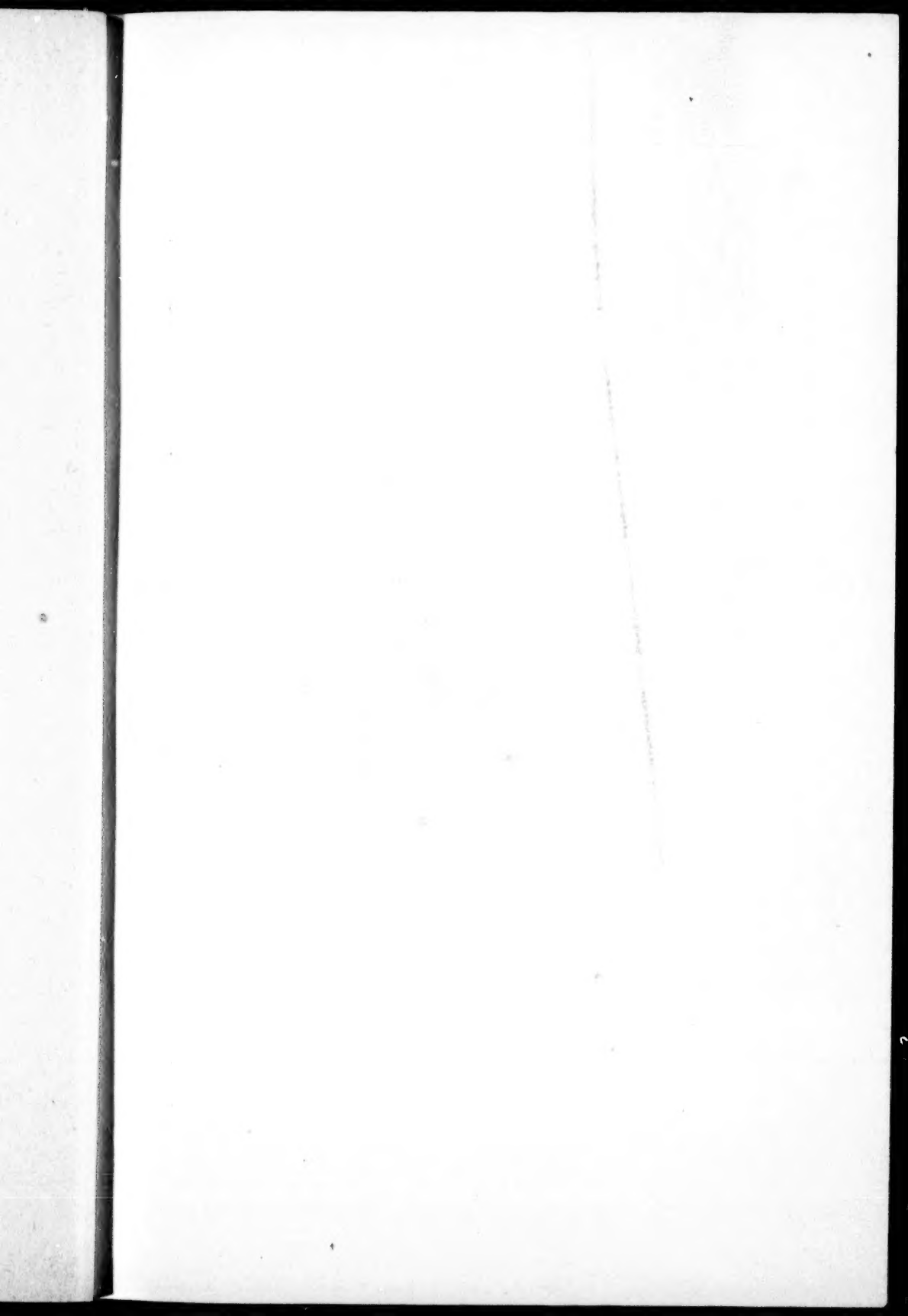
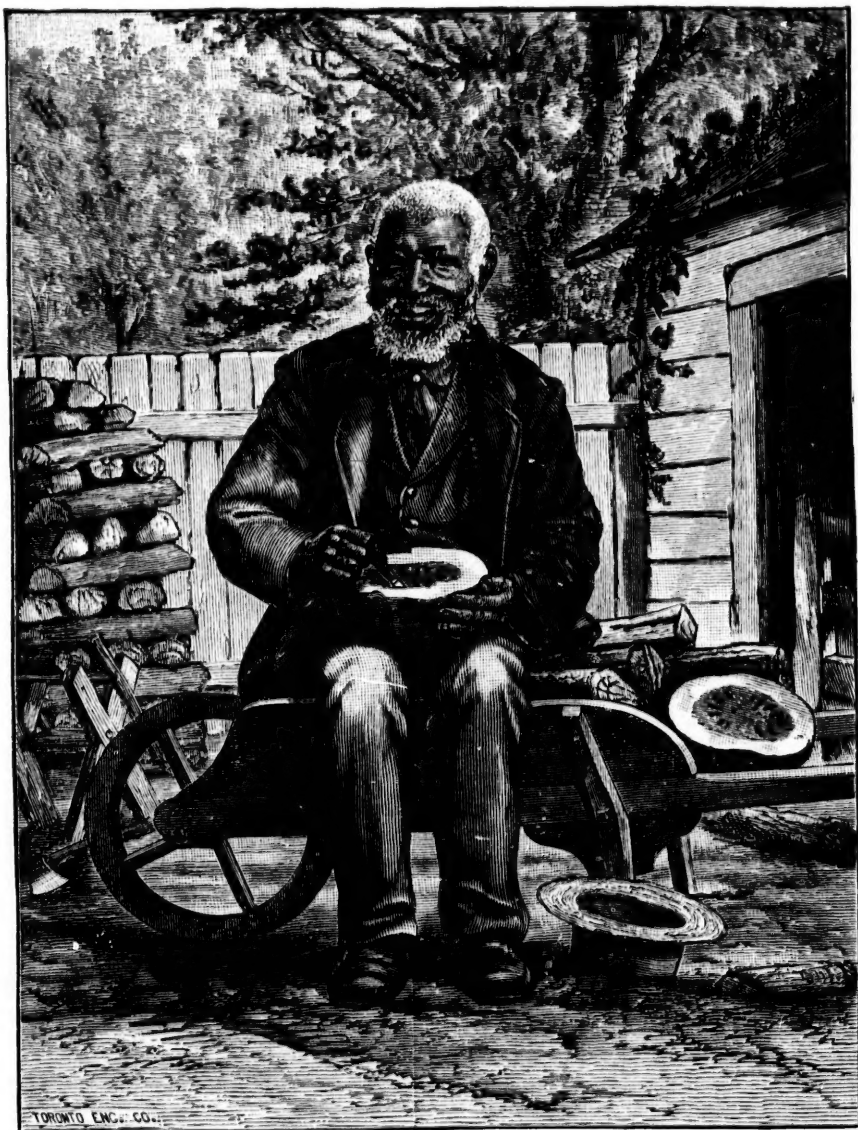




• BROKEN SHACKLES





"A watahmillion," said Henson ; "an' if I bust, you jes' hol' Mistah Fe'guson 'sponsible."

—Page 11.

BROKEN SHACKLES

BY GLENELG. [pseud.]
J.W. Frost.

With Portrait of "OLD MAN HENSON," in his slavery days called
"Charley Chance," and a number of Illustrations.

TORONTO:
WILLIAM BRIGGS.

MONTREAL: C. W. COATES.

HALIFAX: S. F. HUESTIS.

PS8461
R9B7

1819

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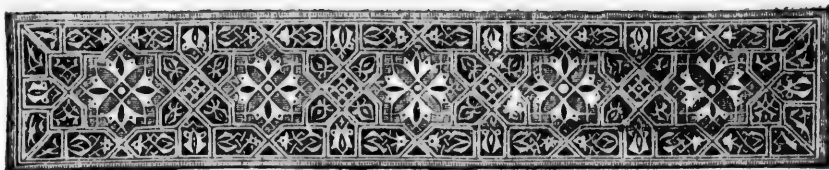
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BROKEN SHACKLES.

CHAPTER I.

A LETTER FROM HOME.

AS I passed up the main business street of the town in which I live one sultry day in the month of August, in the year 1888, I noticed several men breaking stones for the roadway. Everything looked parched, brown and dusty. Not a breath of air was stirring. Pennons hung listlessly beside their topmasts on all the vessels at the neighboring wharves. The dust itself lay motionless. Few people were to be seen about the streets. The butcher boys for once seemed willing to drive their carts slowly, and their attendant dogs followed panting heavily. Every chair about livery-stable doors and hotel fronts on the shady side of the streets held a listless occupant.

Of the men breaking stones, one was especially noticeable. He was broad-shouldered, square-built

and heavy, but stood bowed low at his work, and was a colored man, greatly advanced in years. The man was no other than my old friend Henson, the wonder of his acquaintances on account of his age, health, strength and intelligence. If you were to give him the world itself he could not straighten himself up. At work or walking his body makes with his lower limbs an angle of about forty-five degrees, the result not of age but of accident. When seated, however, he sits as straight as other men. He invariably uses the tools he works with in place of a cane, whether it happens to be the long, slender-handled stone-hammer he wields in breaking stone on the street, or the buck-saw or axe, with which he cuts or splits wood for his customers, as he designates his employers—whatever that tool may happen to be, it serves him for a cane to aid him in his locomotion. Possessed of a goodly-shaped head, fairly regular features, except his lips, which are exceedingly heavy, fine physical proportions and manly countenance, he would, erect or bent, be noticeable among his fellow-laboring men anywhere. His mind is commensurate with his frame. He has a wonderful recollection of names, dates, and facts, is possessed of good reasoning powers, a full sonorous voice, and is an excellent talker, using language much in advance of the ordinary Negro *patois* of the South, pronouncing "this" and "that" now as plainly as any one. And yet he will, on being questioned, confess that he can neither read nor write. How old is he? you ask. He is as old as this century. What, eighty-eight years of age and working for the corporation

for wages breaking stones? Even so, and more. He was called "Old man Henson" a quarter of a century ago, and is one of the oldest men in town, and still he is hearty and strong, and continues to work for a living, and lives well and comfortably.

Ample proof of good bodily preservation, and all the qualities physical and mental referred to, may be seen by a glance at the frontispiece. He is here seen resting from his labor on a warm summer day, when he had become thirsty, and had concluded to slake his thirst by eating a piece of watermelon. Grocer Ferguson, he had noticed, had some fine melons in his shop window, just across the street from the yard in which he was cutting wood. The grocer, however, refused to sell less than a whole melon.

"Wal, I'se got my 'spectashun up fer a watahmillion," said Henson, "an' as it peahs to be 'hul hog or nun, I s'pose I must buy a 'hul million."

He did so, and seating himself on his wheelbarrow, commenced to partake of his highly prized refreshment, when a photographer happened to spy him and quickly set his camera for him in the yard.

"W'at you doin', Mistah Craig?"

"Oh, I only want to take your picture, Uncle. What have you got there?" said the photographer.

"A watahmillion," said Henson; "an' if I bust, you jes' hol' Mistah Fe'guson 'sponsible."

Fortunately, neither the melon nor the grocer is responsible for any such *melancholy* event.

The old man claims, with a strongly probable showing, that his birth took place two years previous to the

commencement of the present century, and entertains a lively expectation of living to the beginning of the next, and thus enjoy a privilege rarely vouchsafed to mortal man, namely, that of seeing the light of three centuries; and, judging from his present appearance, the fulfilment of his expectation is quite possible, and even probable.

Here is a letter he brought me to read. Before looking at it, I said, "Henson, why in the world did you work on the street when it was so hot the other day?"

"Wal, you see," said he, "I wuz jes' then earnin' a lil money fer 'Mancipation Day."

"Why, man," I said, "the first of August is past. It was, I think, the eighth the day I saw you; the eighth day of the eighth month of the year eighteen hundred and eighty-eight."

"I know'd that day wuz wery waum," said he, "but la'sakes, I didn't know 'twuz so full of eights. Yas, sah, I'm aware de fust is past, thar is no doubt about that, but then it makes no dif'rence as to de zact day. We know Great Britain freed her slaves in de West Indies, an' de fust day of Augus', 1834, wuz fixed as 'Mancipation Day, an' all de culled people heah love to keep up de anniversary; but, haw! haw! it's no mattah 'bout de petic'lar day. When de fust is Sunday we keep Monday. De Declashun of Independence wuzn't signed on de foth day of July, an' yet de hul States keeps de glorious foth. This year we wish'd to have a 'scursion on de Bay, an' as we couldn't get a steamboat on de fust, we tuck her on de tenth."

"Oh, that was the way of it," I replied, "all right; I hope you had a good time."

"Wal, yas sah, I enjoyed myself pooty tol'able well, considerin' I'm on'y a strangah in a strange lan', fer you know I haven't a single relashun this side deah ole Jersey."

"MILFORD, July 5th, 1888.

"DEAR UNCLE JAMES:—

"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you informing you of the people of Milford. Those that are living are well. Uncle Stephen gave us your address. I will tell you who this is writing to you. It is Major Truitt's daughter who writes to tell you about the people of old Milford. Father is an old man now, not able to do anything much. Mother is living and is well, and both send their love to you. We live in the same place yet. A great many of the folks are dead and gone. Cousin Moses Worthington and wife are gone. Your daughters Comfort and Rose are both dead. Uncle Isaac Shockley and his wife are dead also. Aunt Catherine, your wife, is still living. She was very low last winter; we thought she would have gone before now. Aunt Isabella is living, and is well. Aunt Catherine is living with her. They live in a little village called Wrightsville. Please write to them, for Aunt Catherine is nearly wild to hear from you. Her address is Cinnamon P.O., Burlington Co., N.J.

"I do hope you are making preparations to make the blessed shore, so that if those who have seen you should never see you again in this world, they will see you on the other side of the River Jordan.

"Please write soon, as we are anxious to hear from you, and we want you to come here and live with us. May God bless you is the desire of your niece,

JULIA TRUITT."

"P.S.—Uncle John Truitt died last winter. His wife is dead also. I can't tell you how many of our people are gone. "J. T."

"Wal, wal, wal, to be shore," said the old man; "silence broken arter thirty yeahs; wife still livin', my two daughters dead, the ole frens gone. Shall I be permitted to see de good ole Jersey lan', an' my frens, an' Kate befo' I die? I feel as if I mus' go an' see 'em. But to do that I mus' have he'p—he'p from de Lawd, an' of His people. Yas, so many hab cross'd de Ribber ob Jordan. I've reason to bless de Lawd fer sparin' me so long on de earth. Bime-by I'll go to meet 'em all on de shinin' shore."

"I'se gwine to ford de ribber ob life,
An' see eternal day;
I'se gwine to hear dem heabenly bands,
An' feel de tech ob ole-time hands,
Dat long hab passed away.
Dars crowns ob glory fo' all, I'se told,
An' lubly harps wid strings ob gold;
An' I know ef dars peace beyond dat sea,
With res' fo' de weary, dars res' fo' me,
Beyond dat ribber,
Dat ribber ob life,
Dat flows to de Jaspah Sea."

This letter was received just thirty-six years after he and his wife Kate parted on friendly terms at Lockport, New York, the one bound for her Jersey home, and the other for Canada. The fact that Henson can neither read nor write would, of course, be no justification for this long separation and silence. The explanation lies

rather in the immense distance they had put between themselves, the engrossing cares of obtaining a livelihood amid altered circumstances, and changes of location, which finally caused a loss of all trace of each other, until the time of writing the foregoing letter. The letter set him thinking and talking of his long-lost home, and of stirring incidents of former slave life, as given in the following pages.*

*It is claimed by some that old man Henson is a brother of the original Tom of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," Josiah Henson, who died a short time ago at Dresden, in Ontario. They have the same family name. Both were born and lived in Maryland, and were nearly of the same age. Each made one of a family of ten children. The description given by the latter of his father in his lectures answers to that given of his by the former. The circumstances of family history in some other respects show a marked resemblance; still, the divergence is entirely too great to warrant such a conclusion. If any kinship existed, it evidently was not that of brother.

CHAPTER II.

THE LONG, LONG AGO.

HENSON'S father was named Sam, and his mother Peggy—Sam and Peggy Chance.

"I 'specks 'twill 'peah strange to you, chile," said he, "that my name should now be Henson—ole man Henson—when my parents' name wuz Chance, an' that curious ci'cumstance mus' be 'splained bime-by. My name wuz Charley Chance, an' by this name I wuz known fer a good many yeahs of my life. I wuz bo'n," he continued, "on ole Dick Crocksell's plantation, Garrison Forest, neah de City of Baltimo', in de wery midst of slavery."

The question, "Do you know anything about your ancestry?" elicited the reply, "Suteny, I know suthin' 'bout my ancestry," and brought out the following feature of African life.

His mother's mother, Chandesia by name, was the daughter of Middobo, a chief of a tribe in Bagirmi, a district of equatorial Africa. This Middobo's territory was located about midway between the River Niger and the headwaters of the Nile, on the River Shari. One summer, in the long, long ago, an organized band

of Arabs, armed with swords, spears, daggers and flint-lock guns, under the leadership of a Portuguese rascal named Agabeg, attacked in rapid succession the villages of this territory, for the purpose of stealing their ivory and kidnapping their inhabitants to sell as slaves. The tribes of this territory were peaceable, unsuspecting, and up to that time unaccustomed to the sound of a gun or the horrors of slave war. Generally surprised by the treachery of the murderous Agabeg, they fought at great disadvantage, and were slaughtered without mercy until overcome. Middobo fell in the first encounter by a thrust from a spear. His wife, daughter, and many of his people were taken prisoners. By fire, sword and ball the man-hunters secured their booty. By rings of iron and of brass, for neck and ankle, by chains and by ropes, the hapless victims were yoked and hampered to prevent escape. To every one able to bear a burden, was allotted a load of ivory tusks or other commodity coveted and required by their cruel captors. Thus the murderous Arabs went from place to place for the space of four months, adding to their stores of ivory tusks and human merchandise, until enough of both were secured to form a caravan of sufficient importance to take to the sea-coast. The result was that many villages had been destroyed and the country desolated throughout the area of the slave-stealers' fiendish operations. Then, with a horde numbering about a thousand men, women and children, they started on their long march to the sea. On that march the same utter recklessness of human life was evinced by their cruel captors. Those

sinking under the weight of their burdens, or weightier sorrows, were quickly despatched with a club and left where they fell. As many of the men had been killed or had made good their escape, women and children greatly predominated in that slave caravan.

Sorgho, cassava-tubers and bananas, gathered by the elderly women, constituted their chief food. The march to the sea-coast was slow, and was attended with an occasional kidnapping raid, for the purpose of supplying the places of those who had died or been killed on the way. Chandesia's mother, who had received more care than that usually given, was among those who succumbed to the fatigue of the journey. Both Chandesia and her mother had been stripped of their ornaments, worn as insignia of a chief's wife and daughter. At the end of two months the captors and captives arrived at the coast on the Gulf of Guinea. Agabeg and his leading men here speedily disposed of their ivory tusks and other commodities to buyers, for shipment to distant markets. The human chattels were also quickly sold in round lots to slave-dealers, destined for slave-markets near and remote. Just then there lay in the harbor a large ship, completing a slave-cargo for the American market. Nearly one-half of Agabeg's crowd was procured for this vessel. Chandesia with the rest was, by a villainous looking lot of men, quickly hustled on board ship, and thrust into the great crowd of human cattle already gathered, and bound for slave-life in one of Great Britain's colonies.

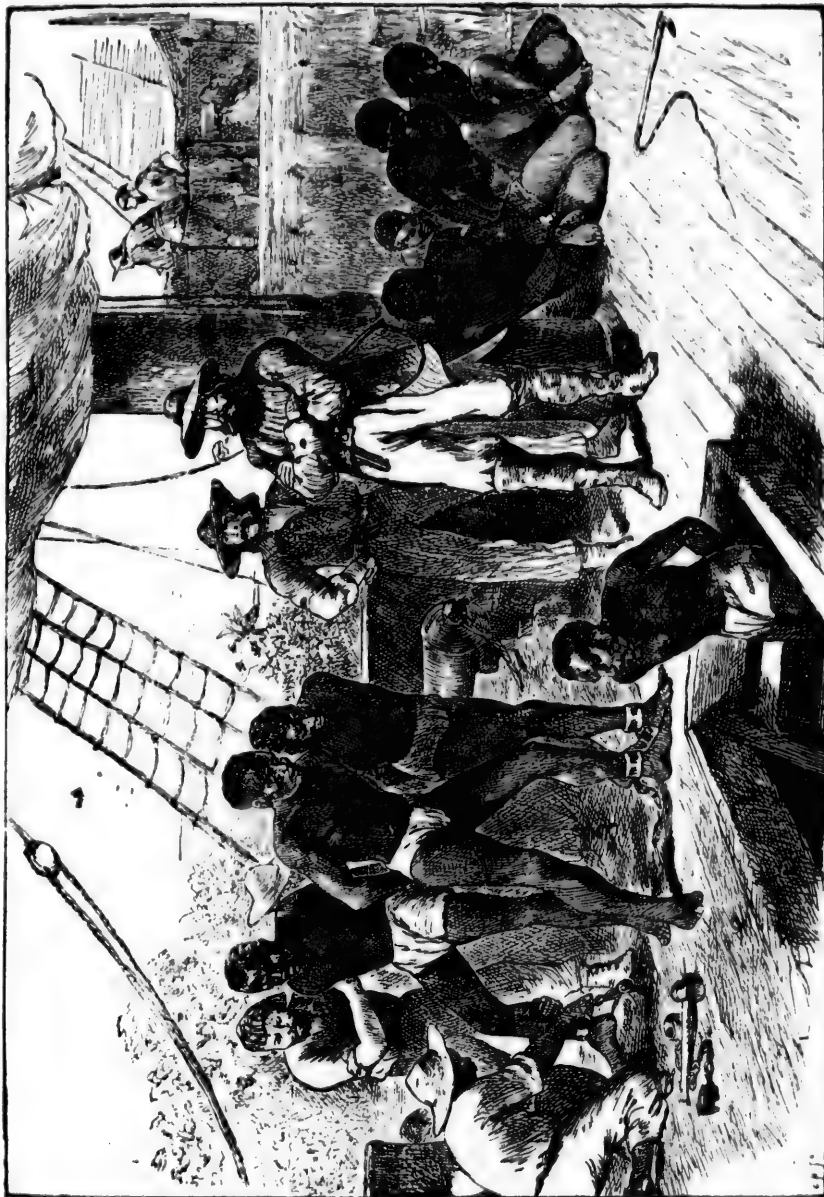
After a stormy voyage, the unhappy victims, or rather those of them who survived the terrible ordeal

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SHIPPING SLAVES.

of scanty fare, bad ventilation and confined quarters, at length reached the slave-market. Many who started missed that market, because death intervened. Their bodies were cast over the side of the dhow into the great deep. This was a hard fate, but not as hard as that experienced by some of those who survived, and touched the shores of Maryland, only to enter into a life of bondage under the Southern slave-master.

The great slave-ship, laden with *les noirs*, had come to England's America, for it was long before the time of the great war of American Independence. England's proud boast of freedom could not then be said or sung.

The captured child, Charley's grandmother, landed at Baltimore in a snow storm, the first she ever saw; and as she walked upon the snow from the wharf to the slave market, she wondered why it hurt her feet. She was quickly purchased. In the course of time she married and had several children, two of whom were daughters, and were named Peggy and Poll. The grandmother survived her husband a great many years. She was self-willed and haughty, and never lost sight of the fact that a proud chieftain's blood coursed through her veins. A presumed superiority and lofty bearing was ingrained in her very nature. She was constantly rebelling against the drudgery of female slave-life. She would tell her master to his face that he had no business buying her, and that if she had not been carried off, she would then have been queen of her people, and would have been the possessor of plenty of elephants, and of more wealth by far than he had. Of course, all this was constantly getting

her into trouble. Whippings without stint had been administered, but still her proud spirit had never really been broken, nor was she ever successfully reduced to the requisite degree of subserviency. Late in life she used to say she had received over two thousand lashes during her time. She used to say, too, that her master was one of the worst men in the world, and that he whipped with hickory sticks kept in the loft, where he always had an armful of them stowed away. Every Monday morning was whipping morning. This regularity in punishment, he claimed, kept the slaves in proper subjection. She declared that he used his pointer dogs better than his slaves. The former he would feed with wheat-bread, chicken and other fine food; while his slaves had to be content with hoe-cake, salt herrings, thick milk, and other coarse food. In middle life she saw her daughter Peggy married to Samuel Chance, both being slaves of Richard Crocksell, then one of the leading public men of Maryland.

The colonies had greatly developed since the landing of the little slave-girl, Peggy's mother, and the institution of slavery, then almost in its infancy, had made wonderful progress. Peace and prosperity had now given place to troublous times, and all eyes were turned to Boston, whose citizens had just rebelled against the mother-land's taxation, and had pitched three hundred and forty-two chests of her tea into the waters of Boston harbor. Public meetings were being held in many places to discuss Great Britain's attitude toward her colonies. One of the active men

in these discussions, in the colony of Maryland, was Richard Crocksell, Sam and Peggy Chance's master. He was the proud owner of three thousand acres of land, a great herd of cattle, a fine stud of horses, a large flock of sheep, and one hundred and fifty slaves—men, women and children. There was a beautiful double row of black walnut trees through a portion of his plantation, leading to the house, making an avenue of half a mile in length. Years before, two straight furrows had been run, into which Charley's mother, then a little slave-girl, dropped the walnuts which had now grown to such beautiful trees.

The products of the plantation were tobacco, corn, rye, flax, hemp, wheat, and slaves. His slaves lived in cheap low buildings, called quarters. These consisted of a large one-story building and a number of little cabins around it. For floors they generally had the solid ground. In the main building there were board partitions, cutting it up into rooms, some of which had board floors. Two of these rooms were occupied by Sam Chance, his wife, his wife's mother, and his big family of little children. There was a huge fireplace with great cranes, upon which hung heavy pots. Two heavy pieces of pig-iron served for andirons. Here a pot of hominy was made every other day. The furniture, cooking utensils and dishes were of the simplest kind. The provision for comfort, even for those married, was of the poorest description. In this building were perhaps fifty beds. Some of these were bunks for the married slaves. The young men generally slept on benches, each with a blanket

wrapped around him, with his feet pointing to the fire in winter, like an Indian in his wigwam. In summer, they generally preferred to sleep in the barn and outhouses. There was a long dining-hall, through which ran a table nearly its entire length, set with wooden plates and earthen dishes. An allowance of provisions was dealt out once a week—for a man, one peck of cornmeal, three pounds of pork, two dozen salt herrings, and some vegetables; for women and children the proportions were less. The clothing was of the coarsest kind, and was carefully doled out. A hat, three shirts, two pairs of shoes, and one suit of linen for summer, and one suit of cloth for winter, was the allowance for a year. Women got striped cotton or hemp ticking for their dresses in summer, and linsey-woolsey in winter. The children received neither hats nor shoes until they grew sufficiently large to work. Both boys and girls wore petticoats, and hence were in appearance hardly distinguishable. When a pair of trousers were given a boy he knew his time had come for work. The women were employed in cooking, in spinning wool and hemp, and doing housework, but not often in field-work, except in harvest time. The men and half-grown boys and girls were employed in cultivating and saving the tobacco and other products of the great farm.

Here Charley Chance was born, and here he spent the first years of his life. Hatless and shoeless, he scampered around the quarters and great house, in the beautiful fields and amid the varied surroundings of the great Crocksell plantation.

CHAPTER III.

STARS AND SCARS.

TWO years before the Declaration of Independence, a meeting of the inhabitants of the town of Providence, after discussing the burning question of the great American Revolution, pronounced in favor of "prohibiting the importation of negro slaves, and of setting free all negroes born in the colony."

Jefferson, of Virginia, who subsequently drew up the Declaration of Independence, maintained one of the grievances of the country to be that the King of England, George III., had vetoed all attempts to prohibit this nefarious traffic. At the great Virginia Convention, in 1774, the following resolution was passed :—

"After the first day of November next, we will neither ourselves import, nor purchase any slave or slaves imported by any other person, either from Africa, the West Indies, or any other place."

Shortly after, in the same year, at the first Congress, held in Carpenter's Hall, in Philadelphia, a similar, but more comprehensive, resolution was passed as to the importation of slaves, which con-

cluded with: "We will neither be concerned in it ourselves, nor will we hire our vessels, nor sell our commodities or manufactures, to those who are concerned in it."

The celebrated Declaration of Independence sets out with the words: "We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness." The phrase "all men" seems wide enough to include the negro, but it was not so intended. There is no reference to slavery throughout this document. One was intended, but was objected to and erased. So the new nation of States was inaugurated with slavery as one of its institutions.

Never after was there such a favorable time to carry out the spirit of these resolutions. One short clause in the Declaration of Independence would have settled the question forever. An opportunity occurs but once. This opportunity was unfortunately let slip, and the new flag of stars and stripes was flung to the breeze as an emblem of national freedom, and yet it floated over hundreds of thousands of slaves, and was destined yet to float over them until increased to some millions in number. The Declaration of Independence was itself a bitter libel, and the floating emblem of liberty was itself cruel irony to the entire slave population.

It spoke the nation's pride and shame
In gaily bannered stripes and stars,
And to a wondering world of blame
It flaunted negro welts and scars.

Or, as put by Campbell, in his familiar lines :

“ United States, your banner wears
Two emblems—one of fame ;
Alas ! the other that it bears,
Reminds us of your shame.

“ Your standard’s constellation types
White freedom by its stars ;
But what’s the meaning of your stripes ?
They mean your Negroes’ scars.”

Liberty poles, as if by magic, sprang up all over the land as symbols of national rejoicing and freedom ; but to the slave the country was still the land of the lash, where tyranny remained the inalienable birthright of his race.

One of the four names which appear among the signatures for Maryland in that celebrated document which declares liberty to be the inalienable right of man, is that of Charles Carroll, who was the possessor of 1,000 slaves and 5,000 acres of land, and was well-known to Charley. He dressed like Captain Long and some others, in the old English style of knee-breeches, cocked hat, powdered wig, and queue hanging down his back. He had a steward, who had several overseers under him to manage his estate. His slaves were required to attend the Roman Catholic Church built upon his plantation. It was his country seat, and here his family resided during the summer months only. It used to be said of him that he did not know his own slaves. When visiting his estate he generally drove a coach and four. He proudly, but incon-

sistently, boasted of being one of the signers of the Magna Charta of American freedom, and that he held, in his own right, one thousand slaves.

By permission of Louis XIV. of France, given in 1688, a few slaves were imported into Lower Canada.

Upper Canada, in 1793, when holding about four hundred slaves, passed an Act of Gradual Manumission, and, early in the present century, Negro sale advertisements were not uncommon in this Province. Among these is one by Governor Russell, in 1806, for the sale of Peggy, aged forty, a cook, for \$150, and her son Jupiter, aged fifteen, for \$200, with a promised discount for cash.

Massachusetts declared for Emancipation in 1780.

In the year 1800, when the United States began to recover from the effects of their terrible struggle for independence, the slavery question was revived. In Philadelphia, a measure favoring Abolition, introduced in the Assembly, failed to carry. The legislature of New York the same year passed an Emancipation Act, which recognized the right of slaves to freedom. This Act was the thin end of the wedge inserted into that national monument of iniquity which was hammered at by Abolitionists until, nearly seventy years after, it temporarily split the Union, and ultimately and forever destroyed the great institution of American slavery.

CHAPTER IV.

"THE MISSIS."

CHARLEY was still quite young when Richard Crocksell died, and left him, with all the rest of his slaves, in care of his wife Catherine, the "Ole Missis," as she was called. After her husband's death there was a marked change in her bearing toward the slaves. She at once became uniformly kind, and at times even indulgent, to the slaves left in her charge. She would not go on with the cultivation of tobacco; and the tobacco-houses were, after this, used for other purposes. As she did not carry on business on as large a scale as the old master did, she had more help than she required, but instead of selling off her slaves, she hired them out, generally by the year, or that part left of it, till the following Christmas. She required every slave to return home for Christmas week. The price for a year for men was \$100, and for women \$50. Great preparations were made at the mansion house for the return of the slaves for Christmas week. It was a reunion in plantation life, and was looked forward to with the greatest expectation. After a service of long and weary months, often of privation and

cruelty, they came back to feast and rest. Brother and comrade met, and greeted brother and comrade, husband his wife, and lover his sweetheart. The "Missis" did everything she could to help the reunion; made presents and gave clothing, and hence it was a week of general rejoicing. The slaves had now learned to look upon her as a veritable queen. Christmas morning was ushered in by a band of slave-singers, who sang at the quarters, and then in full force visited the great house, and made the morning air ring with their beautifully blending and rich musical voices, with banjo accompaniment, as they sang,

"Hark! de herald angels sing,
Glory to de new bo'n King;
Peace on earth an' mercy mild,
God an' sinners reconciled."

At which the door of the great house was thrown open, and the singers were invited in to partake of buns and hot coffee. This was greatly relished, more especially because they knew their "Missis" felt kindly toward them.

As Charley's father had long resided on this plantation and had been married many years, he was surrounded by a large number of relatives and a numerous progeny. Let us take a peep into his home at the quarters on Christmas Day, when he was enjoying a Christmas dinner with his family for the first time in his own apartments. Like other slaves of the plantation, he had returned for Christmas week. The two small rooms which he occupied

were whitewashed throughout, and had a low sleeping garret overhead. In one of these rooms the Chance family surrounded a long pine table, partaking of their Christmas dinner, which consisted of a huge turkey, a present from the "Missis," vegetables and other nice things prepared by Peggy. At one end, in front of the hot, well-stuffed turkey, sat Sam senior, a large, well-built, pleasant-speaking man. At the other end, presiding over the coffee-pot, sat his wife, who was short, plump and tall across; sharp-featured, and had a pleasant face. Between them, on one side of the table, sat five children in a row, and on the other side, five children in a row. These were so arranged that the eldest was next to the father on the right and the next eldest was next him on the left, and in the same order as to age they continued down to the youngest, who sat next the mother, like steps of a stairway in a descending or ascending scale, according to the way you looked at them. The occasion bore marked evidence of being a festive one. The father lifted his hands, and in a strong, clear voice asked God to bless the Christmas feast and to give them thankful hearts for having such a kind "Missis." Twelve black faces, curly heads and shiny eyes, or rather double that number of eyes, and twelve mouths showing double that many sets of beautiful pearly teeth, that any one might covet, all busy, and their owners looking contented and happy, made a sight not easily forgotten.

"You appear to be enjoying yourselves," said a visitor, who popped in to see Chance a moment to make some inquiries.

"Oh, yas, mass'r; we's participatin' in de great bounteyusness provided fer His chil'n by our"—
 "Put down dat bone, Co'nelyus," interjected Peggy—
 "Heabenly Father," concluded Sam.

"Gim'me a bun," said Fanny, and as she was at the small end of the human ladder and the plate of buns at the big end, it was passed down till it reached her.

"I'll take a fried cake, mammy," said Tom; and the plate bearing light, fresh doughnuts was passed up the living stairway, from the bottom to the top.

"You must have some trouble in getting all these children to bed," said the visitor.

"Not ha'f so much as gettin' 'em up in de mo'nin'," said Peggy.

"Stop yo', Pete and Poll," shouted Helen, the eldest girl, "pullin' dat wish-bone; 'twont break 'thout yo' dry it at de fireplace fust."

A plate of gingerbread, cut in two-inch squares, passing down one side and up the other, lightening at every step in its passage, produced a temporary quiet, until Sam, who occupied a central position, made a terrible rattle that caused all eyes to turn toward him. He had taken a drumstick from Phil's plate and put it with his own and struck up a "bones" play. This was instantly stopped by the senior Sam, who had hitherto been so busy serving that he had scarcely noticed what was going on, and had only just commenced eating his dinner. Polly, who had got one of the wings, tickled Pete's nose with it, and he in turn encircled her neck with the turkey's neck, and called it her necklace.

"I nevah seed sich actin' chil'n in all my bo'n days," said mother Peggy, as she poured out the third tin cup of coffee for Tom. Sally, a four-year-old, amused herself by balancing the Pope's nose on her own, when a poke from an adjoining elbow knocked it into her coffee, causing her to exclaim, "Now my toffee's spil'd; mammy, I wants annuder tup, I duz." Fanny, a two-year-old, produced a general titter by calling out, for "mo' tuffin' an' tater." Susy, the baby, contributed an occasional "ugh!" with great glee, the only word she could speak; and was only prevented by constant watchfulness on the part of her mother from pulling the coffee-pot over, and scalding herself. The youngest but one of the boys sitting near the middle of the left-hand row had not joined in the pranks, but with unflagging appetite had been attending strictly to business, by helping himself to all the good things as they passed and repassed, and his name was Charley. A big dish of apples and a plate of chestnuts constituted the dessert, and now went the usual round, to wind up the feast; and both apples and chestnuts disappeared with amazing rapidity. The appearance of the table had now become completely changed. It was demoralized. Disorder had taken the place of an orderly arrangement. The great turkey was now a graceless and very incomplete carcass, or pile of bones. Down the descending and up the ascending line were strewed turkey remains, potato-peelings, portions of dressing, bits of cabbage, kernels of hominy, and fragments of fried cake and gingerbread. The dishes, so recently filled with pro-

visions, now empty, showed that scarcely two of them were alike, and that they were of the commonest kind. A knife and a spoon were observable at each plate, but not always a fork.

The visitor had become interested, and had lingered to the close of the meal, talking of Christmas, and the "Missis," and good cheer. On rising to go, he said, "May you have many such a merry Christmas, Sam, with your family."

"De Lawd's good to us all, an' makes me feel with my chil'n like a petrarch of old," said Sam.

The second summer after, one hot afternoon, the elder Chance, on taking a drink of cold spring water, while at work in the harvest field, fell and suddenly expired. As he was a Christian, and lived up to his light, sudden death was doubtless to him a sudden translation to the society of those he said he felt like here—the Patriarchs. The Sabbath following his death, his coffin was laid upon two poles, and, with a single calla lily laid upon its lid by sorrowing Peggy, four strong men, followed by most of the slaves of the immediate neighborhood, bore his body to its last resting-place, in the slave burying-ground on the Crocksell plantation. That night, accompanied by the five dogs of the plantation, Charley returned to the grave, fell upon it, and found relief in crying aloud. Upon hearing him, one of the dogs, a hound, commenced to howl piteously. This started a mastiff, and soon the rest joined in a loud and mournful chorus, as if they, too, mourned over the faithful slave in his grave.

Peggy fretted over the loss of her husband a great deal, but tried to conceal her sorrow from others. Attentive and painstaking, she had always looked after the interests of her children, as far as the duties imposed on her by her task-masters would permit. After this they, however, seemed nearer and dearer to her than ever before.

"I reck'n," said old man Henson, "I havn't tol' you yet 'bout de Curn'l. My ole Missis wuz an aunt of President Buchanan. I remembah seein' her Uncle James Buchanan. He used to call my ole Missis 'Kitty,' an' he carried a gold-headed cane. He had a mighty bad temper, wuz palsied, an' seem'd to hate Negro chil'en. My Missis had a ten-acre fiel' of curran' bushes, jus' gettin' ripe, in which de ole Curn'l used to like to walk. On goin' into de garden neah de house one day, he seed me an some othah chil'en mo'ng de bushes. At once we heerd him call, 'Kitty, Kitty, these niggers is heah eatin' up de currans. I seed thar woolly heads dodgin' 'mong de curran' bushes.' He threw his gold-headed cane at me, an' sed, 'Bring that yere to me quick, you li'l black rascal;' but I wuz jes' then too busy eatin' currans. I know'd wery well if I brought it to him, it would be puttin' a stick in his hand to beat me with, an' I know'd I could run de fastest, so I felt safe. Then he sed in a sof' voice, 'Come to me, my li'l man, bring my cane, an' I'll tell you somethin.' I thought it wuzn't necessary fer me to know eny mo' jes' then, an' I stayed quiet 'mong de bushes. Then he got wery wex'd, an' indulg'd in 'busive language, an' I indulg'd in de currans. I wuz

young, an' still in petticoats, about five yeahs of age, an' de Curn'l wuz 'bout five an' seventy yeahs of age. De contes' lasted p'raps fifteen minutes. Volley after volley of cuss words wuz fired 'mong de bushes. To these we replied in silent glances. At last, de ole Curn'l, who had hobbl'd fer his cane hisself, retired, stampin' it on de groun'. De enemy, as sogers say, wuz defeated, an' we remain'd in possession of de fiel'."

Charley's Master and "Missis" had no children, and when his Master died he left all the chattels to his wife, but he gave the plantation, subject to her life interest, to his two nephews, Dick Crocksell and James Crocksell. After the troubles of 1812-14, Dick went to England, and wrote back to his brother James that he might have his share, as he would never return to America, and he did not. This subsequently made James a very wealthy man.

The "Missis," after a few years of careful management of the plantation, went the way of all the earth, and Dr. George Buchanan, who was her executor, proceeded to wind up the business of the plantation. At the end of a month, at which time it was understood by the whole country round that the will would be read, the chattels were advertised to be sold. Not one sentence of that will had, in the meantime, been made known to the public, and it was fully expected, both by the slave-traders and the slaves themselves, that the sale, which they called the great "wandoo," (vendue), would include the slaves.

On the morning of the day named, the grain, stock,

agricultural implements, and household stuff were arranged for the sale. All the slaves were marshalled in front of the homestead, in families and in groups. The old people stood in a circle. Charley's mother was encircled by her ten children, weeping bitterly, as all the mothers were, at the prospect of immediate separation. Hovering around were many slave-traders, on the alert for bargains. Tubs of cider and vessels of peach brandy were conveniently placed about, but remained untouched by the slaves. The slave-dealers, however, partook of copious draughts. Heedless of the sorrows of the assembled slaves, they indulged in coarse jests at their expense, and before the executor and his auctioneer had come to offer the chattels for sale, they had walked around and among the slaves, and had made personal inspections, with a view to making good selections and profitable purchases.

Suddenly the buzz of undertone conversation ceased, and the sobs were suppressed, as the executor mounted a table, and commenced to read the will, which, to everybody's surprise, soon proclaimed every man and woman over thirty-five years of age free. A shout of delight and tremendous cheering stopped further reading for a time. The slave-dealers were noticed coming together in a group, and falling back from the crowd of slaves, who for a long time kept indulging in shouting, leaping, handshaking and embracing, in a frenzy of delight. At length quiet was restored, and the executor proceeded to read the next clause, which stated that all slaves under thirty-five years should be absolutely free at that age. Then the scene of rejoicing

just witnessed was again enacted, and during the excitement, the slave-traders were seen slinking away. As soon as order could be restored, the executor went on reading the will, which further provided that Fanny and Susy, Peggy Chance's two youngest children, should be freed at once, and that all the slaves of which the testatrix died possessed, who were not freed, should go to her nephew James Crocksell and other relatives. The will also provided that every man then made free should have \$100, and every woman \$50, with which to begin the world. The sale of the household goods and other personal property was then proceeded with by the auctioneer.

This freedom at once became the exciting topic of the neighborhood. Some of the freed men and women were compelled to remain in the vicinity, and some, indeed, on the same plantation, on account of their children, whom they could not leave, wishing rather to impart to them such parental care as they could. These arranged a hiring, while others were divided and scattered.

Charley's brother Sam was willed to Dr. Buchanan by the old "Missis," in payment of his services for managing and winding up her estate. Charley himself, then about eleven years of age, fell, with the great bulk of her slaves, to her nephew James Crocksell.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW MASTER.

FIVE years of Charley's boyhood were spent with James Crocksell, senior, a nephew of the great Richard Crocksell, to whom he had been bequeathed, with the plantation and other property, by the will of his aunt, the "ole Missis," and thus he resided still at the old plantation. In passing the quarters one day, the new master, who was a merchant at Baltimore, noticed Charley and some other boys playing and rolling on the ground.

"Mr. Ross," said he to his overseer, who had been overseer under the elder Crocksell, "these boys are fit to work. Let Nellie make them some trousers and jackets, and put them at work pulling grass from the corn. If they don't work, whip them."

Soon after coming into the possession of this master, a curious event took place, in which Charley was the principal actor. The account of it may be designated a "Pig and Puppy Story."

James Crocksell, senior, was a parishioner of Parson Brown. When the parson came, James senior, was always very attentive, and showed him around

his farm. If there was anything of especial interest, he was sure to show it to Parson Brown. On his last visit, there was something of this character in the pig-pen.

"They will be ready to wean next week," said he, "and if you would like one of them, I'll send you over one."

The parson, on going home, announced the coming gift to his boys, who went to work and got a pen ready for his pigship. The boys asked the parson a good many questions about the expected pig, so that the matter was in no way lost sight of until Charley came, one day in the following week, with a linen bag on his shoulder, and something alive within, a present from his master. The boys saw Charley coming, and, telling their father, ran to meet him, and commenced to ply him with questions. "How old is he?" "Is he heavy?" "Was he hard to catch?" and other boyish questions were asked, which Charley good-naturedly answered. The prisoner within, hearing the voices without, moved about restlessly. One of the little fellows commenced to stroke him, saying, "Poor piggy, piggy." The parson had, in the meantime, come out, and all had now gone to the new-made pen. Charley carefully dumped him out, and immediately threw up his arms. One of the little boys shouted, "It's a little puppy!" and the other clapped his hands with delight, and said, "Let me have him."

"What does dat mean?" said Charley, with a most puzzled expression of countenance.

The pup growled, and the parson alone remained

silent. At length, after gazing a moment at the ugly, chunky little pup, the parson, addressing himself to Charley, then a lad of about twelve years of age, said :

“I don’t thank your master for doing this.”

“He didn’t do nuthin’,” cried Charley. “Dat was a hansom w’ite pig w’en I lef’ home. Mass’r done put ’im in hisself. Black puppy now,” he added, in a sort of meditative voice.

The parson’s indignation was not so easily appeased, and he at once picked up the bag, which had fallen to the ground at Charley’s feet, in the midst of his surprise, thrust the pup inside, and said, “Take back the pup to your master, and tell him it is not needed.”

The parson’s sons would gladly have kept the pup, but their father’s anger rendered this impossible ; so away went Charley full of wonder at what had occurred at the parson’s. On his road home, at about half-way, there stood a tavern at which Charley had rested and had a glass of water to drink on his way to the parson’s, so dropping the bag containing the pup just at the end of the steps of the bar-room door, he went in to relieve his mind and tell the proprietor of the place, whom he knew, what had happened. The hotel-keeper came out with him and looked at the pup, and then both went inside to talk the matter over. While doing so, the hostler, who was a waggish fellow, was busily engaged in opening the bag, taking out his pup and putting in the pig he had taken out when Charley had called earlier in the day. Attracted by the movements of the pig, it had occurred to him that it would be a good joke to play on Charley,

although he knew nothing of his errand. The hotel-keeper had been let into the secret by the hostler, and instead of getting any explanation from him, Charley's wonder was, if anything, on the increase. He soon returned to his charge, threw the bag over his shoulder, and started for home in a perplexed frame of mind. When he arrived there, his master noticed the bag on his shoulder, and as it appeared to have its occupant just as he had left with it in the forenoon, said to him: "Why have you brought the pig back?"

"Kase it isn't a pig at all," said he, in a half-crying tone, as he proceeded toward the dog-kennel.

"It isn't a pig!" repeated his master, who now followed over to the dog-kennel. "What do you mean?"

The string was soon untied, and Charley gave the bag a shake at the door of the dog-kennel, saying: "I mean 'taint a pip-pip-pig."

The bag flew up high in the air, and so would Charley's arms if they had not been well fastened to his shoulders.

"Dat beats de ole feller hisself. It wuz a pig when I lef home, a pup at pa'son Brown's, an now it's a pig agin."

Charley looked on the pig in profound astonishment, until his master said: "Why would not the parson accept the pig as a present?"

"He wudn't. I mean he wudn't hab de puppy."

"What puppy?"

"Dis one, er—ah, de one I tuck ter em."

"Didn't you take the pig to him I gave you?"

"Sartin, I did, mass'r. It wuz a w'ite pig w'en I

started, an' it wuz a black pup w'en I got ter pa'son Brown's. Dog on't, dis nigger doan understan' it nohow. It changes fum a piggy to a puppy, an' fum a puppy to a piggy, as I nevah seed afo' Dat ar am de debil trick, shore."

Up to this point Crocksell had been out of patience, and inclined to be cross, but at this last sally of Charley, attributing his mishap to satanic influence, he burst out into a loud haw! haw! haw! and turning away said: "Go and put the pig in the pen."

"Pig?" said Charley, in a tone of inquiry.

"Yes, certainly; what else is it?"

"It's 'witchd, mass'r, shore," said Charley, as he caught it. When he got to the pig-pen, he placed it between his knees and commenced to slap it, first on one side of the head and then on the other side, interjecting between slaps such exclamations as, "Yas, piggy heah (slap), an' puppy at pa'son Brown's, piggy heah (slap), puppy dar, debil's pig heah, an' (slap) debil's pup yandah."

"Charley," shouted his master, who noticed him linger, without knowing the reason, "you are wanted to hoe in the corn-field." This was just in time to save the poor pig's life, as Charley's anger burned furiously. Piggy was hastily thrust into the pen, and was soon lost to view among the litter.

This master's wife and sister, about four years after the occurrence just related, wished Charley to become a waiter in the house. The former procured him a stylish velvet suit for that purpose, and then ushered him into the parlor to make his bow in them, for the

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CHARLEY AS WAITER.

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purpose of getting Miss Crocksell's approval of the outfit.

If one of the ladies let fall her handkerchief or a fan, it was Charley's duty to pick it up, and return it with a pleasant smile and graceful bow. He was, of course, not always so well dressed, as he had rough work to do, as well as that of waiting on the ladies.

James Crocksell, senior, managed the plantation pretty much on the same lines as his aunt, except that he had no conscientious scruples about the cultivation of tobacco, and used his slaves fairly well, without the indulgence which she was so fond of granting. The time for work was from sunrise to sunset, with the usual allowance for meals as on other plantations.

Five years after the death of old "Missis," James Crocksell, senior, died also. Then one-half of the great plantation was broken up. The land was sold in five-hundred-acre blocks to three different purchasers, who were George Rhynaker, Christopher Canahan, and Charles Coughlin, all of whom were well known to Charley. Cornelius Howard was the senior James Crocksell's executor, and was required to manage the estate until the testator's son, James Crocksell, junior, became twenty-one years of age.

The sheep, cattle and horses, and products of the farm were all sold, and the slaves that had not yet attained thirty-five years of age had now to be scattered. Some of them were sold, but the sale was only for the balance of the time until they became thirty-five, for at that age, no matter where they were, or under what circumstances placed, they were, by the terms

of the will of the old "Missis," to become instantly and absolutely free; terms which were, however, in some cases violated, as will be subsequently seen.

One of the master's last acts, while suffering from an attack of asthma, was an attack on Charley for carelessness. "Charley," said he, "why did you leave that wheelbarrow out in the sun to get warped? I told you to keep it in the shed; I shall give you a whipping when I get better." But neither the one nor the other of those events happened, as this master shortly after closed his earthly career. At his death Charley was taken in charge by Cornelius Howard, his executor, who took him home and put him at work in his flour mill at Gwinne's Falls. At this the miller, Jack Owens, rebelled, and declared, "he would never teach a Nigger a trade, and take the bread out of a white man's mouth." As if a black man had not as much right to earn a living and eat the fruit of his labor as a white man. Charley was still but a boy, and notwithstanding the miller's feeling of opposition to him, he determined to learn the business. On the most trivial provocation the miller would scold, pull his ears, cuff or kick him according to the humor he happened to be in. If he found Charley closely watching anything he did, this was considered a sufficient excuse to indulge in the sort of abuse mentioned. He, however, needed assistance, and in time the boy learned the art of milling, from picking the millstones to making the finest bolted flour. With his black woolly head and face all powdered white with flour the young miller was quite a sight at times. Although only about six-

teen years of age, he could take three 56lb. weights in each hand and lift the whole from the floor.

It was now near the close of the war of 1812-14. And as his tormentor, Owens, was drafted into the American Army, the mill-slave boy thereafter had peace at the mill. On Owens' compulsory retirement, Mr. Howard secured a new miller, and put him in charge. He was of Hibernian origin, sympathetic disposition and inclined to be superstitious. On learning of Charley's bad usage by the old miller, he at once attributed his cruelty to the fact that Owens was a Methodist, and declared that in the part of Ireland where he had lived no Methodist would be allowed to give evidence in "coort." He evidently had a bad opinion of Methodists, but was kind to Charley.

CHAPTER VI.

JOSH.

ONE of the oldest boys in the group with whom Charley played in those early days was Josh, who was his first cousin. He had been given to Betsey Crocksell, afterwards Mrs. John Willmore, and was a waiter in her house. He was called Josh for a short name, but his real name was Josiah, and no name was better known, both on account of the boy's outlandish pranks and the custom of his mother, then a little, dried-up old woman, who used to come out of her quarters in the evening, and putting her hand over her forehead to shield her eyes from the level rays of the setting sun, would send with her shrill voice far over the play-ground in a rising accent the call, "Josiar! Josi-ar! Jo-si-ar!" And before the echo had died away in the distance Josh, in obedience, could be seen rapidly scampering away from his play to his mother.

Charley and Josh one day talked over a whipping that Joe Ross, Crocksell's overseer, had given Charley's sister, and it was agreed that if he did it any more, they would hit him on the head, and bury him deep

in the field. Strange to say, Ross was walking right behind them, and heard all that was said, and told their parents about it. The boys were soundly punished by them; and that ended their scheme to knock the overseer on the head.

Once when slapped by his master, in the parlor, Josh turned and attempted to fight. His master said he would either subdue or kill him. Josh was then little and easily mastered, but nothing could break the buoyancy of his spirits or rid him of his fanciful notions.

Shortly after he had got over the fighting escapade he fell sick with a cold. His master called in a doctor, who, after a slight examination, told the attendant to make up a quart of catnip tea and give it to him good and hot. It appears that Josh had always been a great milk-drinker, and on one occasion, after some little talk between him and the woman who milked the cows, he undertook to drink a quart of milk fresh from the cow. Josh had just eaten a hearty breakfast, and got $\approx$ when about half the milk had been turned Δ . One of the milk-woman's girls, taking in the situation, offered to shake him, in order that he might be able to finish his task. He declined, and abandoned it. Clem, a companion, asked Charley to come and see Josh, as he had got low-spirited and believed he was going to die. Charley at once went to the quarters where he was, and found Josh down sure enough, but pretending not to notice it, said, in a cheering voice:

"Wal, Josh, how does yo' feel dis mo'nin'?"

"Bad 'nuff, I can't live," he replied, "an' nobody keeps."

"W'y, Josh, yo'll be up in a few days."

"Yas, up in de grabeyard," replied Josh.

"What makes yo' feel so bad?" asked Charley.

"Wal, Cholly," said Josh, "de doctah has jes' dun gon' out, an' he tol' me I mus' take a quart ob catnip tea."

"Wal, so you kin."

"Wal, so I can't, an' I hab ter die."

"W'y can't yo' drink a quart ob catnip tea?" inquired Charley.

"Kase yo' see I only hold a pint," said Josh.

"Haw! haw! haw!" laughed Charley, and said, "Josh, yo' kin take it in two doses, and so save yo' life."

"Oh," said Josh, "clah ter goodness, I nebber tho't ob dat afo'." His mind had been running on his failure to drink the quart of milk. He brightened up at once, and afterwards recovered rapidly.

When about twenty years of age, Josh became desperately in love with a young slave girl on Caldicott's plantation, and never was satisfied unless he got off every second Saturday evening to see her. The story had been told around, that the girl he went to see was only fooling him, that she had, in fact, a more favored lover. Josh, however, thought very differently, and continued his fortnightly visits.

One summer Saturday evening it threatened rain, and Josh's master advised him not to go. This did not dampen his ardor, however, and he replied in

effect that he thought it was only going to be a slight shower, and Lucy would be expecting him. Consent was obtained, and away he went, but did not reach his destination before a sharp thunder-storm came up. Overhead were thick black clouds, accompanied with a high wind; and a dense darkness, unequalled in his experience, settled about him. Chain lightning shot hither and thither, making an imposing display on the dark background. A rumbling sound, faint at first, increased in volume as it rolled along the sky, until it seemed to fill and shake the whole heavens, and then gradually died away, after the manner so fondly imitated in the production of a thunder-storm on the stage; this was followed in rapid succession by others, until it seemed as if heaven's artillery had indeed got into full play. A vivid flash lit up for an instant the whole surrounding country, and was quickly succeeded by a loud clap of thunder, which made him fairly jump from the ground, and this was followed by alternate flashes of lightning, and short periods of Egyptian darkness. Great balls of hail, such as he had never before seen, fell; and as they rolled along the ground, driven by the fury of the wind, which had now increased to a tornado, looked like balls of fire. Their weight on his head and body had, however, convinced him that they were fire in appearance only. In the glare of the lightning he saw, close by, a short, stout tree, and ran and crouched behind it. Each successive peal seemed louder than its predecessor. Many trees within hearing were twisted by the wind from their roots, and fell with a crash to the ground, and then

came a short downpour of rain. Josh was terribly frightened. He could not cry, and tried to pray; but even this he could hardly do, as the elements warred about him with such intensity and uproar, that his own mind fell into a similar tumult. His agony was, however, of short duration, as the pelting hailstones did not fall for more than a couple of minutes, and the whole storm, which was at the first wild, weird and awe-inspiring, next grand in its pyrotechnical display, and then fearful in its exhibition of destructive power, lasted scarcely half an hour, and disappeared as suddenly as it came. The black clouds carried away by the tornado, left a mild, full-orbed moon, and a bountiful supply of twinkling stars overhead. The elements so recently at war were hushed into silence and rest, and but for the scene of havoc about him, Josh could hardly have realized the wonderful transformation of nature from war to peace possible. The change assuaged his fears, and confidence returned to him. It seemed as if the words, "Peace, be still!" spoken by the Saviour of the world to the terrifying waves on the Sea of Tiberias, and those other words which claim close kinship therewith in grandeur, "Let there be light!" spoken by the Creator of the universe at the inception of the world, had just been re-spoken by the same Supreme Power in this wonderful storm.

At first, Josh purposed retracing his steps homeward, but as he was fully three-fourths of the way on his journey, he finally concluded, although drenched to the skin, that he would go on. The night was clear, with

an occasional drifting cloud, the air balmy, and the vegetable kingdom gave forth a fine fragrant freshness. All these instilled a new buoyancy of spirits, which cheered almost to elation the sole traveller of the locality. As he passed along, he noticed more particularly the havoc caused by the tornado. The grain, now in full ear, was completely cut off and shelled, fences were levelled, and on the side of houses from which the storm came, every pane of glass in the windows was broken.

In due time Josh reached the house in which Lucy lived. He rapped at the door, but there was no response. The fact was, Lucy's favorite was there, and she was determined she would not see Josh that night. As there was a light in the house, and he had walked all the way over, and got wet to boot, Josh thought he would talk with her, even if he could not get in; so he went around to her chamber window, which was on the ground-floor of the kitchen and shaded side of the house, and, tapping lightly, called, "Lucy, Lucy." Lucy answered, and intimated that she was very sorry, but it was impossible for her to see him that night. "Wal," said he, speaking in a lower tone, "lif' de windah, my lubly Lucy, an' put yer hed out, and jes' gib yo' Josh a kiss." Unfortunately he was heard by the favorite beau within, who stood at her chamber door. He beckoned for Lucy to come to him, and when she did so he whispered that she was to go to the window, and say that he would have to wait a minute for it. This she did, without having any idea of what he intended. When she returned, he said,

"Leave de res' to me," and, beckoning her to the other side of the room, immediately ran on tip-toe to the kitchen. On entering, a half-hour before, he had noticed a cleaned pig's head lying on the kitchen table, and wrapping it in a towel to conceal his intentions from Lucy, he again tip-toed it in, and went straight to the window, outside of which Josh stood impatiently waiting for the window to be raised. A chance cloud had wrapt Josh in a temporary shade, and as the precaution of closing the chamber door had been taken, it was moderately dark within and without. Quietly raising the sash, the practical joker placed the pig's head on the window-sill and, holding it with his hand, said softly, "Now, Josh." He at once felt the nose of the head come in contact with Josh's mouth, and immediately there was a smack of lips, upon which the head was quickly pulled in, and the sash closed down, lest there might be an embrace as well. Josh at once started for home, quite satisfied, and the favorite returned to the kitchen table and dumped down the head, and then tumbled and rolled about the floor with a chuckling laugh that quickly brought Lucy to the spot. What this all meant, she could not tell, and for a while he wouldn't. She, however, at length worried it out of him, and, in consequence, felt dumbfounded. As soon as she could gather her senses, she implored him not to tell. He did, however, and the story soon reached Josh, whose affections were thereby effectually chilled forever. He had loved her, and would have gone through fire and water for her; and indeed did literally pass through

these very elements to see her on that luckless Saturday night. He never saw her afterwards.



JOSH IN PERIL.

(Page 55.)

Soon after, Josh was sold to Reed, a fisherman, on the Patapsco river, and matters went from bad to worse with the poor fellow; for on being discovered

abstracting pullets one dark night, the owner of the roost determined to give him a good frightening, and at the same time have some fun at his expense. So a day or two after he arranged with a few of his friends to give Josh a toss in a blanket. Josh, seeing what they were up to, ran to a cluster of trees, and, being hard pressed, climbed one of them, and in his eagerness, went so high that his weight bent the tree over and placed him in peril, which did not appear to be lessened when his pursuers reached him, and one of them threatened with an axe to chop the tree down if he did not let go his hold. The leader gravely informed him as they opened the blanket, that they were a newly formed "Local Society for the Prevention of the Apprehension of Hens," and that they wished to initiate him into the Society, and were ready. Josh did not quite understand him, but let go. Subsequently he obtained a reputation which was more than a local one as a wrestler and boxer.

His master did a good deal of weir pocket-fishing in the winter season on Back, Middle, Bird, and other rivers, and used to buy his weir splits from Charley. Josh accompanied his master for years, until at last, as if one

" Whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster,"

while plying his vocation on the Patapsco river, he fell in and was drowned.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PICKET.

DURING the military troubles of 1812 to 1814, there was considerable excitement at times among the Negroes. In several places freedmen were enrolled and organized for service.

Shortly after Owens, the man in whose charge Charley was in the mill, had left for active service, a company was formed in the vicinity of the mill, and it was Charley's boyish delight to watch the men drill. Slaves were not allowed to join. A sort of exception was made in just one instance. Charley's master, Orrick Ridgeley, was friendly with the captain who had command of this company, and was very enthusiastic in the cause. In order to make their drilling and training prepare them as much as possible for active service, they had to camp out on certain nights. Pickets were posted, and everything arranged just as if an enemy was in the vicinity, and might at any time make an attack. Charley was employed about the camp in lightening the duties generally of the men. One night, one of the pickets was feeling poorly, and instead of making application to be

relieved from duty, he asked Charley to take his place for him. Charley consented, and was duly instructed as to his duties. He buckled on the regulation belt, containing half a dozen rounds of ammunition, and shouldered a somewhat dilapidated musket, and never felt prouder in his life. Conscious of newly attained power, he walked his beat with an unusually erect bearing, and was fired with all the enthusiasm which could be begotten by war stories. Nothing would please him better than to be enrolled in the company. As that could not be, he congratulated himself on one night's military service in his country's cause. Throughout the night, a very dark one, his mind ran over all the thrilling stories he had heard of the great War of Independence. In consequence, he became much excited, and at about two o'clock in the morning, when thus all aglow, he heard a crackling sound, and saw something apparently approaching him. Remembering his instructions, he shouted at the top of his voice, "Who comes dar, three times?" levelled his musket, and fired. Bang! resounded the musket with a terrible report, which aroused the whole company. "Whew!" shouted Charley, as he heard something fall heavily to the ground and give a deep moan. Concluding to make sure work, he loaded again, and fired in the same direction. Bang! bang! in all three reports.

By this time the "reg'lar sogers," in different stages of dress, began to arrive. They found Charley where the picket should have been, and so much excited that it was only after much anxious questioning and

uneasy delay, that they could get anything like an intelligent understanding of the cause of the disturbance at that dead hour of the night. Finally, they ascertained that the picket had told him to ask, in case of any approach, "Who comes dar?" three times, and if there was no response, he was to shoot.

"Whar's de picket?" shouted the corporal, who was now in charge, in the captain's absence.

"I lef' him in de tent in camp fas' asleep," said one of his comrades.

"Whar did you shoot?" was the next question put to Charley; and on his pointing in a certain direction, there was a general rush that way. They did not run very far, however, until the foremost runner tripped on something, and fell headlong over it. The next did the same, and such was the impetuous force of those behind, that at least a dozen were crowded over in the same way.

The corporal shouted "Halt!" but, except as to lessening the speed a little of those bringing up the rear, the command had no effect. The dozen men who had fallen in a heap were struggling to rise, and a hundred at least were crowding up with great force to ascertain the cause of all the trouble. These men formed a solid phalanx around the corporal, who was standing erect on some object at a slight elevation, shouting "Halt! halt!" in a thundering tone, interspersed with numerous cries by the soldiers, of "What's de mattah?" "Who's kill'd?"

"Keep back," said the corporal. "I kin 'splain it all."

So the restless, surging crowd quieted down, and the corporal explained that the picket had deserted his post, appointing a substitute, who misunderstood his instructions, and instead of asking, "Who comes dar?" three different times befo' firin', had jes' said, "Who comes dar, three times?" and den fired. "A wery different thing," remarked the corporal, "as it did not gib de unfortunate indiividual trespassah time to ansawah, or retreat, an' thus save his life. A fatal mistake has bin made, an' I'm now, in consequence, standin' on de dead body ob neighbor Jones—"

"Oh! O-o-oh!" groaned half a dozen soldiers.

"Who?" shouted others.

"Ob neighbor Jones' cow," concluded the corporal.

Then all joined in a hearty laugh. After duly inspecting the prostrate cow, the soldiers returned to camp. In the morning, the captain, on hearing what had occurred, ordered the delinquent picket to be tried by court martial.

"Thar is no othah way," he remarked, "dat we can legalize de death ob dat cow, an' squarely meet neighbor Jones' loss."

The trial was duly held, and the picket was convicted of disobeying orders. He was therefore degraded and drummed out of the ranks of the company. If Charley appeared in sight of one of those soldiers after that terrible night, the greeting he was sure to get was, "Who comes dar tree times, fire! bang! whew!" the last three words being repeated in an increasingly elevated and explosive tone. Charley, in

consequence, was troubled over the affair, and lost all relish for military life.

Just about this time a number of Negroes, male and female, who were prisoners of war, passed by Gwinne's Mills on their way to the city of Washington. The prisoners created no little interest, on account of having been brought from Canada. Charley, watching his opportunity, had a short conversation with one of the young prisoners, whose name was John Paul, and from him he learned that the whole party, which included nearly all Paul's relatives, had been taken in a battle fought at Canard river, near Amherstburg, a village on the Detroit river, in Canada.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE RIDGELEYS.

ONE of the oldest and greatest families of the State of Maryland was the Ridgeleys. Charles Ridgeley, who was elected Governor of Maryland in 1815, was one of the most extensive slave-owners of the State, holding 450 men, women and children. The measure of his Government which produced the greatest commotion among the slave population, as remembered by Charley, was the enactment that a Negro should take off his hat and place it under his arm as he passed a white man. The slave-owners would not permit their slaves to obey the enactment. General Swan informed his slaves that he would whip any one who did it. The idea of one of his slaves making obeisance to one of the "white trash," as the extremely poor were called, was something abhorrent to the haughty mind of the General.

In after years, when the old ex-Governor was on his death-bed, his daughter, Mrs. Dorsey, who came home to see him in his last illness, after great urging, got him to alter his will, so that all his slaves over twenty-five years old should be set free, and

that those younger should be set free on attaining that age. After the old Governor's burial, his will was read at a gathering of all his relatives. At the close of the reading, young David Ridgeley blamed his late father openly, on account of the clause about the slaves. His slaves formed, however, but a small portion of his wealth, as he had extensive iron works, and several thousand acres of land.

Nicholas Orrick Ridgeley was a first cousin of Governor Ridgeley, and was married to a niece of the great Richard Crocksell, on whose plantation, as we have seen, Charley was born. It was on a Friday in the same year that Charles Ridgeley became Governor of that State, and nearly a year after his master's death, that a Negro slave broke sad news to Charley thus :

"Boy, you'se ter leave heah ; you'se sold ter Orrick Ridgeley."

This was as unexpected as lightning in a clear sky, and filled him with great sorrow. Already he had passed from the old master, in whose quarters he had been born, to the old "Missis," and from her to her nephew, and from her nephew to his executor, during the minority of that nephew's son. But now, for the first time, he had been sold outright, like a bullock in the market, or a horse at the sale-stables. And, although there was some little consolation in the fact that he was falling into the hands of a great man, who was connected with his first old master's family, yet he knew not what kind of treatment he would receive. Hope and fear alternated in his breast. He had enjoyed a short respite at the mill, and greatly desired to

remain where he was. He was not long left in suspense, for on the following Monday morning, he was ordered to go with a team to the house of young James Crocksell at Baltimore, and from him learned that he had been sold to his uncle Ridgeley. Charley was soon sent over to the new master, and on arrival, was put on his horse behind him, and both rode out to the rear end of the farm. Here Ridgeley's men were picking up stones, with which they were making a stone fence. The men and the work were both strange to Charley, but he at once dismounted, and was soon at work with his new comrade slaves. From them he learned that Ridgeley had bought the farm unseen, and had been deceived by the representation that "there was not a stone on it that a man could throw at a bird," a statement which proved literally true, as the hard heads were all too big to be used for such a purpose. The slaves cracked many a joke as they rolled a particularly heavy boulder into the fence, about "de safety ob de birds frum boys frowin' stones in mass'r's fiels."

Ridgeley kept this farm for three years, and then traded it off for a timber lot of three hundred and thirty-three acres at Middle River Neck, and soon set about clearing up the latter farm. The timber consisted of hickory, oak, chestnut, black walnut, mulberry, and locust. The bark was allowed to remain on the black walnut a year after being cut down, and this gave the wood a dark, rich color, making it more valuable for commerce. Charley was soon after taken to Baltimore, to thresh grain. This was done in a house that was formerly used for storing tobacco,

and while at this work a night school was started in the city for Negroes. Charley went, and the first night thought there was no sense in it. He could not remember a single one of the letters. The teacher used Dilworth's spelling book. On the third night, however, he had mastered the seeming impossibility, knew his letters, began to spell ba, be, bi, bo, bu, boy, and got on rapidly. But just then his master spoke to him about the school.

"What good will this schooling do you?" said he.

"Mass'r," said Charley, "I want to l'arn to read de hymn-book." This is what he said, but he thought more. He thought he would like to learn to read the New Testament also, to see what right his master had to hold him as his slave. Further attendance at school was forbidden. The interest of pro-slavery men was in keeping slaves in the densest ignorance, except as to their daily work, and hence they wished no education, save in that direction.

After this, a white lady asked him if he would not like to go to another evening school. He told her he had been at one a short time, and would like to go again. She said she would have to get his master's permission, as it was against the law to teach Negroes without this. She asked for it, but his master refused, saying: "That boy has enough learning now." On hearing of his master's second refusal, Charley's heart sank within him, and, although then almost grown, he cried bitterly as he saw this fine opportunity of learning to read, the last he ever had, disappear.

On learning that a Sunday-school had been started

in the neighborhood, he went with a companion to see if he could gain admission. He was met at the door of the school-room by Mr. Buck, the originator of the school, who was a hotel-keeper.

"I heah yo've started a Sunday-school," said Charley, to the superintendent.

"Not for you," said the Sunday-school officer, coldly, eying his interrogator from head to foot; "it's only for white children."

Charley turned sorrowfully away, wondering if God cared for black people at all, if Heaven was only for white people, and after death whether the soul of the black man would appear different from the soul of the white man. He had heard a white preacher once say that God was no respecter of persons. If souls all appear alike in the next world, there should not, he thought, be such a terrible gulf between their bodies here, and there should be Sunday-schools to teach the black child as well as the white child the way to the Heavenly land.

CHAPTER IX.

JOHN PAUL.

SHORTLY after Charley was sent to Baltimore, Mr. Ridgeley had occasion to go into the northern part of Kentucky, and took Charley along to assist him. After crossing the Ohio river, about twenty-five miles, as they approached Flemingsburg, in Fleming county, they chanced to meet a young negro on the road whom Charley concluded he had seen in Maryland.

"Hi," said Charley, "ain't yo' de pusson I seed in Marylan' wid de prisoners from Canadey?"

"I cum a prisoner frum Canadey," said the young man addressed, "but I doan know you."

"Why, I seed yo' with de rest ob de pris'ners," said Charley, "when yo' camped at Gwinne's Falls, an' yo' tol' me yer name wuz John Paul."

"Oh, yaas! I reckomember yo' now," said Paul.

"Whar do yo' live?" asked Charley.

"Ober dar on de nex' plantation," - as the reply. "I'm Haskill's slave. P'raps yer mass'r ud let yo' cum wid me to my mass'r's quarters fer a lil while?"

On receiving this invitation, Charley asked and

obtained permission to go with him, first promising to meet Mr. Ridgeley next morning in Flemingsburg, at an appointed time and place. The two young slaves were delighted to have an opportunity to talk together.

Charley at once asked Paul how he came to be there, as when he saw him before he was on his way to Washington, and thereupon learned from him the following particulars. His mother, sisters and brothers and an uncle, numbering with himself twelve, were all in the crowd of prisoners he saw at Gwinne's Mills. They had been taken near enough to Washington to see that its capitol and other public buildings had been fired by the British, and there learned that the prisoners were ordered to the interior of the country by President Madison, who was then fleeing from the city. They were all taken to the county of Frederick, near Winchester, in Virginia, and kept there as prisoners until the end of the troubles between England and the United States, early in 1815. Then, instead of being delivered up or exchanged, they had all been made slaves, except a few who effected their escape, among whom was one of Paul's sisters.

Paul, who was himself part Indian, had been a scout with the Indians under Tecumseh, and skirmished all along the way between the Detroit and Niagara rivers. At Stoney Creek, near the last named river, he had been bayoneted in the leg, and although he did not think it very serious at the time, the wound was still troubling him. He never dreamed of being made a slave, but slave he had become, and was owned by one of the most cruel and passionate slave-owners of Kentucky.

"But how did yo' get frum Winchester heah?" inquired Charley.

"Wal," continued Paul, "Captain Cutlett, de man dat tuck me pris'ner fust, still kept me an' my mudder an' some ob my brudders an' sistahs as his slaves, fer 'bout three yeahs; den he los' all his property, an' we wuz all scatter'd, an' I've nevah seed eny ob my relashuns since. Dan Morgan brought me down heah, an' delivered me ter my Mass'r Haskill."

The two young slaves, in their wanderings about the quarters, continued to relate their personal history to each other, until they brought up at the whipping-house, a solid, square, dingy looking building, which they entered.

"Heah," said Paul, as he sat down and pointed to a seat for his comrade, "I seed a terrible whippin'."

"Jes' arter de huskin' las' yeah, two oomens, a big one an' a lil one, fit in de fiel'; an' de big one bit de lil one's lip, an' de lil one cum in an' tol' mass'r. Den he sent fer de big ooman, an' put 'em bof in de Spanish stoop."

"W'at's dat?" asked Charley.

"W'y, doan yo' know? De ooman's hans wuz tied togedder an' she wuz stoop'd down an' 'er arms put roun' 'er knees an' a stick wuz put through un'er 'er knees an' ober 'er arms, makin' 'er look like a ball. Bof oomans wuz fix'd dat way. An' mass'r he gib a cowhide to his son an' tol' 'im ter whip. Each gib' nine-an'-thirty lashes, an' den he cuss'd his son kase he didn't half whip, an' order'd all ob us heah to dis whippin'-house, an' tol' me to bring a pan ob salt.

Oh, my God! I nevah did see sech a sight. See dat rope an' pulley? De larges' ooman, wid wery lil clo'es on, wuz histed by 'er hans until she wuz on tip-toe, an' den he laid on de whip, an' de po' ooman kept on a-screamin'. Mistis an' her son wuz heah, an' de lil ooman wuz crouch'd in dat co'nah shakin' wid feah. I stood jes' whar yo'r settin', holdin' de pan ob salt in my hans. Mass'r 'peah'd crazy mad. He whipp'd an' he whipp'd. Mistis begged him fer God's sake ter stop, an' young mass'r said, 'You'll kill 'er, you'll kill 'er!' but he wuz bilin' wid rage, an' kept on whippin' an' cussin'. At las' 'er screams grew wery weak. Sudden, when I tho't she wuz jes' gone, she flung 'er knees roun' mass'r's neck. Den he jumped, an' de rope broke, an' de ooman fell writhin' in a fit on de groun'.

"'Dar now,' said young mass'r, 'I tol' yo' y'ud kill 'er, 'an hit's not de fust un either.'"

"'You brute!' screamed mistis, 'she's dyin'.' An' den de lil ooman let a great screech.

"'Yo' had no bizness histin' 'er eny way arter puttin' 'er in de Spanish stoop,' said mistis, cryin' an' wringin' 'er hans. 'You've killed 'er an' 'er soul's lost. Dis will go all ober Kaintucky.'

"Mass'r he sot down an' cussed hisself fer a cruel wretch, an' cried like a baby.

"It wuz dre'ful. In all my scrimmages from Detroit to Niagara, in de war, I wuzn't half so frighten'd."

"Did she cum out ob de fit?" inquired Charley.

"'Twuzn't eny fau't ob his'n she didn't die. Arter a

long time she got bettah, but nevah wuz 'zactly like herse'f ag'in."

The two young slaves then hastened away from the scene they had been contemplating, and strolled about the plantation again.

"W'at's dat young feller got de ball chain'd to his ankle fer?" inquired Charley, as he saw a chained slave weeding and hoeing in the tobacco.

"Oh, dat's Jim," said Paul. "Mass'r's jes' done havin' de greates' time yo' evah seed wid Jim. He ran away, an' mass'r got all de gemmans round, an' all de hounds. Why, 'twuz like a fox hunt; ovah de fiel' ob crops an' ovah de fences dey went. 'Twuz like a holiday, wid a great party bent on lots ob fun. I reckon it wa'n't no fun fer 'po' Jim, runnin' wid clo'es torn an' eyes mos' out'n thar sockets wid fear. He had a pooty good start, an' de hunt party rode seven miles, an' den dey cocht po' Jim. I reckon he won't try runnin' away agin. 'Taint no use tryin' to get away frum har, kase dey kin bring yo' back frum Ohio, altho' 'tis a free State. An' when yer cocht, der's no end ob de misery, an' nex' yer sold down to de cotton fiels."

Paul, at the close, took his companion through the oil-cake factory, where he worked the greater part of his time, and then over other parts of the premises.

"Awh!" said Charley, as his eye caught sight of the face of a beautiful white girl working in the kitchen; "what duz it mean havin' a white gal in de kitchen yandah?"

"White gal!" ejaculated Paul. "She haint no white gal. Dat's Mabel; she's a slabe."

"A white slave shore," said Charley.

"Wal," continued Paul, "dar wuz a great discose 'bout her onct, as to wethah she wuz weely white or not. Some Abolitionists claim'd dar wuz no Negro blood in her; but de slave-holder mass'r bought her frum showd de dark stripe down de centah ob her back, an' de mark behind her eah, an' so prov'd his pint 'clusively. Ef it hadn't bin fer de marks she'd a bin sot free den, on account ob de interference 'bout her. Thar's lots ob chil'n ob mix'd blood bo'n as white as de whitest an' grow dark arterwards, but Mabel staid white."

"I 'spees thar aint much ob de Negro blood in her anyhow," added Charley.

He subsequently remained all night at the quarters with Paul, and in the morning bade him good-bye, and arrived at the place appointed by his master in good time. Charley at once related Paul's story of his capture, detention, and master's cruelty. Whereupon Mr. Ridgeley expressed great indignation against Haskill, and said he would see before he left if Haskill would be allowed to hold Paul as his slave.

CHAPTER X.

TRADE IN SLAVES.

MARYLAND had now become a great slave-breeding state. Every city of this State of importance had its slave-market. Slaves were here raised for the great cotton-lands of the South; and slave-traders visited these markets and drove through the country on the lookout for purchases, as cattle drovers do in Ontario. There was money in the business. Money to the producer, as well as to the trader, who bought in the cheapest and sold in the dearest market. Hence the institution was dearly cherished, and the Marylanders, like slave-owners everywhere, became very sensitive on the subject and were easily irritated by anti-slavery sentiments. That slavery was an evil they would grant, but, as they viewed it, a necessary evil. There was, however, always enough of the abolition leaven to start an agitation when a new territory was to be admitted to the Union, and the question had to be decided as to whether the new State should be a slave State or not. During the Missouri compromise debate in Congress, in the year 1820, Calhoun "boldly

avowed his intention to carry slavery into the territories under the wing of the Constitution, and denounced as enemies to the South all who opposed it."

On these occasions the question became a burning one, and a source of great national agitation and irritation, and the subject of lengthy debates in Congress. The line of reasoning taken in these debates in defence of slavery was in some respects closely analogous to the arguments used in defence of the liquor traffic at the present day.

Lawrence Silverthorn, of Shoal Creek, used to raise slaves on the eastern shore of Maryland for the market. He sold them to Woodhawke and other buyers, for Georgia, South Carolina and for New Orleans. He usually sold the young people at from eighteen to twenty-five years of age. One day he said, "I think I'll go down to Centreville and sell thirty head or so." He went, and made a bargain with Woodhawke for thirty young men and women. He shipped them next day on his own vessel, and was to go down for his money on the day following. That night he was called away to give an account of his stewardship and never received the price of his slaves.

It was then a very common sight to see twenty or thirty chained together, going from Baltimore to the Ohio river, there to take the flat-bottomed boats for New Orleans. They were driven through free States in chained gangs, like herds of cattle, to some great city market; sleeping at night on board floors in bar-rooms and out-houses, under guard.

On one of these tramps a slave-owner, who was on

his way to a southern market, was taken sick at a place called Brownsville, in the State of Ohio. A physician was sent for, but without avail; for, after a severe illness lasting three days, he died. His gang of slaves consisted of about twenty men. The hotel-keeper and some neighbors held a meeting as to what should be done. The slave-owner had a small amount of money, and a good horse and rig, with which he was pursuing his journey. A committee was appointed by the meeting to sell the horse and rig, and take the proceeds, with the money found on the slave-owner's person, and pay the bills owing to the hotel-keeper, the doctor and the undertaker. It was resolved that the slaves should be at once set at liberty, and instructed to shift for themselves. They were informed in what direction they should go; and they hurried off lest some relative or agent of the slave-owner should come and claim them. It did not take them long to disappear; and doubtless most of them reached places of safety. It was one of these escaped slaves, named Elijah Smiley, who gave Charley the particulars of this case, as they worked together some years after the occurrence.

Jake Ramsay, who had been bought on the eastern shore of Maryland by John Stansbury, of Back River Neck, told his master that he would do his work, but would not be whipped. Stansbury informed him he must submit to be whipped, or he would sell him down South. Shortly after, Austin Woodhawke, the slave-dealer, came along and bought him; but the bill of sale was to be executed, and the price, \$500, was to be paid on his return in a few days.

At the time appointed, Woodhawke drove up with his carriage to Stansbury's house, just as Jake had come in from his tobacco weeding. "Jake," said the slave-dealer, "you are to go with me to New Orleans; I've bought you." Upon hearing this, Jake walked directly to the woodpile, where stood an axe, which he caught up, and, with one blow, cut off his left hand. Dr. Davis was summoned, and said he believed he could save Jake's life. The slave-dealer declined to take him, and went away. The doctor asked Stansbury what he would take for the injured slave, and on his saying he would now take \$50, the doctor at once accepted the offer. When the arm healed, the doctor got him a hook for a hand. Jake was a smart, active fellow, and became so expert with his hook that he could do about as much as other men with both hands.

The importation of slaves having been effectually cut off, and the demand for slaves for the cotton fields of the sunny South having become great, Maryland largely gave herself to an effort to meet the demand. The article of slaves, therefore became her chief product of commerce—and what a trade that was. The power of gold had aroused the avarice of the people, and a traffic in human beings, of appalling dimensions, resulted. Marital rights, and social and family ties, were set at naught among the people thus raised and bartered. Owners conscious "whose passion gave life, and whose blood ran in the veins" of fair-looking young slaves born on their own plantations, conforming to the absorbing custom of the country, exchanged

even such with dealers for money. It often happened that husband and wife were owned by different masters. The form of marriage among slaves was sanctioned by slave-holders not only from mercenary motives, but because experience had shown it to be preventative of frequent quarrels among the male slaves. The tide of greed rose high, and, like the rushing waters of Johnstown disaster, bore everything down with it, and nothing, or next to nothing, could be done to ameliorate the condition of the hapless victims of that nefarious and villainous trade.

“ Within earth’s wide domains,
Are markets for men’s lives ;
Their necks are galled with chains,
Their wrists are cramped with gyves.”

CHAPTER XI.

BIG BOB.

NELSON DEDRICK, a minister of the Baptist Church, residing at Hagerstown, owned a slave named Big Bob, who was an excellent mechanic, and earned a great deal of money for his master by ironing off carriages. Bob's great ambition was to obtain the freedom of himself and his good little wife Cassie. After considerable effort he effected an arrangement with his master, by which, on payment of a certain amount, over and above ordinary earnings, the freedom of himself and wife was to be granted. He had no children. The amount fixed upon was the large sum of \$2,000 ; \$1,250 for himself, and the balance for his wife, which was to be paid in from time to time as the slave blacksmith could save it. Bob worked unlike a slave, for he worked with a will for years, until at last he could see, as he supposed, the beginning of the end. As he made each successive payment to his master, his hopes rose higher. And at length, as the amount at his credit began to come near the total sum required, he conversed freely with his slave companions and with his customers, of his prospective freedom and

future plans, which included leasing a blacksmith shop for himself. He was in the act of hammering out an axle, and mentally consoling himself with the hope that at the end of another three months, if business kept as good as it had been for some time past, he would be able to pay the balance, and obtain the freedom papers for himself. Unfortunately for him, just at this crisis a Georgia slave-trader, in passing through Hagerstown, happened to see him at work as he made the sparks fly briskly by the rapid blows of his hammer on the anvil. The name over the door gave a clue to the ownership, and he soon obtained an interview.

"No," said Dedrick, "I can't sell him. I have promised him his freedom, and he has very nearly paid for himself now."

"Oh, that's nothing," said the trader. "I buy lots of 'em just that way. Don't you see, the price is all clear profit to the owner?"

"I know, but it isn't right," said the owner.

"Well, I have no time to discuss that question; but you know he's your property, and the law allows you to sell him, and Bob can't help himself, he has no papers. See here, I'll give you fifteen hundred dollars cash for a bill of sale of that Nigger. Here is the paper; I'll fill it out, and you can sign it. He is going to leave you anyway."

Dedrick hesitated, and while he hesitated greed was getting the mastery; and while greed was getting the mastery, the trader was busily writing. "There, sign that," said he, with a flourish, pushing the document

toward him, and, yielding to the temptation, Big Bob's master took the pen and signed "Nelson Dedrick." Thus was this man, endowed with brain enough to be an excellent mechanic, and with a soul fired by ambition and energy which had brought him to the verge of freedom, by a stroke of the pen in the hand of an unscrupulous and selfish owner, thrust back into slavery for the rest of his life,

"Bartered as the brute for gold."

The money was immediately counted down. The trader noticed that Dedrick did not touch it, and that he looked nervously at the paper just signed. Seeing this, the trader hastily seized the bill of sale and thrust it into his pocket, walked out of the house and into the blacksmith's shop, and said:

"Bob, you may put down your hammer, I want you to come with me."

"Whar d'ye wish me to go, mass'r?" said Bob.

"I'm yer new master, Bob, and I'm going to take you down to Georgia."

"No, dat can't be," said Bob; "I'se bought my freedom, an' I'se nearly paid for."

"See here, Nigger, no nonsense. Look here, that's the bill of sale. I have bought you, now be quick."

At this, Bob flew out of the shop and into Dedrick's house, demanding an explanation. Dedrick had shut himself up in a room, and would not see Bob.

"I couldn't help it, I couldn't help it, Bob," was the sickening whine of his treacherous master, which came from the next room. Bob then ran home and told

Cassie, his wife, what had happened. She at once became almost frantic and ran screaming to Dedrick's house, but she could not find him. Then following her husband into the blacksmith's shop, where both husband and trader were, the scene for a time beggars any description that could be given of it. Bob was allowed a few minutes to change his clothes at his cabin, where he lovingly embraced his wife and gave her a parting, sad farewell. Then he was chained with the rest of the gang, and hurried off for Georgia.

After this Cassie was never the same at her work ; and so to get rid of the unpleasantness, as he termed it, Dedrick sold her to the next trader that came along.

A year after Big Bob was heard from. He was working at blacksmithing, and was well used by his new master, who resided in the southern part of Georgia. His master fully appreciated his skill, but never would listen to any proposal from him for the purchase of his freedom. Failing in this he meditated on an attempt to escape, which he well knew would be attended with great risk and difficulty. But while so meditating he accidentally heard that his wife had been sold away South, too, to become a cotton picker ; then he lost heart, and, crushed to earth, he continued to toil as a slave without hope.

One morning, nearly two years after he had been so heartlessly sold, while he was blowing the bellows, and raking the hot coals on his iron in the forge, a mulatto slave led a horse into his shop to be shod. While shoeing the horse, the mulatto made himself as agreeable as possible to the shoer, whom he noticed

was very quiet, and talked but little. The mulatto was Sol, from a plantation about three miles distant, owned by a Mr. Dunwaddy.

"Massr's pushin' wuk wery libely dis season," said Sol, after a little talk about the horse; "an' he's jes' bot a new batch ob hans."

"Yes," said Bob, who knew Sol's master; "how many?"

"Three; two men an' one ooman," replied Sol; "but Lor' me, dem men don't know nuthin' 'bout pickin' cotton seed."

"Whar did dey come from?" asked Bob carelessly, as he singed the horse's fore-foot with a trial shoe, while he held the foot between his legs.

"I dunno 'bout de men, 'cept dat one cum from ole Virginny, an' Cynthey tol' me de ooman cum from South Car'lina, an' afo' dat she liv'd in Marylan'."

"Marylan'!" shouted Bob, in a voice that startled Sol. "What part ob Marylan'?"

"W'y, w'y," stammered Sol, "I think it wuz neah Baltimo'."

Bob let the horse's foot fall to the ground, and sat down. "Wat kind ob a ooman is she? Wat's her name? How old is she?" and other questions were rapidly put by Bob to Sol as the latter sat in dumb silence, wondering what was the matter with Bob, that he had got so suddenly excited, and acted so differently from what he did before he mentioned about the woman. He proceeded to answer Bob's questions as well as he could, but could not give her name or age. He, however, had seen her, and knew that she was small and

good-looking. It had flashed across Bob's mind that the new-comer might be his lost Cassie; and, while Sol's description was like her, yet there was something he said which led him to suppose that it must be another woman. After a moment's silence, he rose to his feet and proceeded with his work, and as he worked he told Sol the story of his wrongs. The silent tongue had become loosened, the "fountains of the great deep" in his heart were broken up, and for the first time to human ears, with hot tears coursing down his manly cheeks, he poured forth the sorrows of his soul to listening Sol, whose rattling tongue had been awed into silence in the presence of a heart-burdened man.

"My ole mass'r," said he, in conclusion, "wuz an on-grateful wretch. I wuk'd wery hard fer him fer yeahs, an' he tuck all my earnin's frum me, an' sold me away frum my po' lil Cassie. Dar wuz no gratitude whatsomevah in dat man."

"Dat's so," ejaculated Sol; "I heer'd my mass'r talk on dat subjec' yestidy. He said 'twuz a mighty skeerce commodity, an' dar wuz on'y one place in de hul worl' he know'd ob whar hit wuz shore to be foun'."

"Whar's dat place?" queried Bob.

"In de bookshunary," said Sol, all unconscious of his master's incisive criticism on human nature.

"Yo' mean in de dickshunary," said Bob, correcting him.

"I 'spex so," continued Sol. "Anyhow, mass'r's fairly bilin' ober wid book larnin'."

"Now," said Bob, as he rasped the last nail of the horse's hoof, "I want yo' to go straight to dat ooman an' ax her ef she eber liv'd wid Dedrick, at Hagerstown, in Marylan', an' liv'd wid her husband Bob, Big Bob de blacksmith, an' see if she is my Cassie. Go force haste to her an' cum agin, quick as dis horse kin carry yo'. Is she my Cassie? Bring me good tidin's. I'll watch fer yer cumin'."

Sol quickly mounted his steed and dashed off with high speed, for he was now almost as excited as Bob, who had wonderfully quieted down as he had talked of his great troubles. Sol, on arriving home, gave his master an account of what had happened at the blacksmith shop. His master could not tell anything about the woman, except that she had come from South Carolina and her name was Cassie.

"Hit's Cassie, is it?" said Sol. "Dat am Bob's wife's name."

Mr. Dunwaddy having become greatly interested in the account Sol had given of the matter, immediately summoned Cassie into his presence, and asked a few questions, which at once identified her as Bob's lost wife. Without the slightest intimation to her of what he had in hand, he despatched another slave, who knew nothing of what had taken place, for Bob, having first cautioned Sol not to utter a word.

While this was going on, Bob was pacing up and down the shop, every other minute looking up the road to see if a horseman was coming. Once two horsemen came down and galloped past. Having asked permission, he concluded he would walk over to

Dunwaddy's plantation, where Sol was, as he could not rest until he knew more about the matter. He had not gone far until he saw a cloud of dust in the distance, then a horse and rider. He strained his eyes to see if it was Sol. It was a bay horse like Sol's; but as he came nearer he saw it was not Sol, and so his excitement lessened, and he walked on. To his surprise, the rider reined up his horse when they met, and said:

"My massr's sent me to ask you to come over to his place." The messenger, whose name was Zeke, knew Bob.

"What fer?" quickly asked Bob.

"I dunno," said Zeke, "he didn't tell me. He only said, 'Tell him I want to see him.'"

The rider then dismounted, and asked Bob to ride.

"If yo' lemme hab de hoss," said Bob. "I mus' leave yo' an' go quick."

"All right," said the messenger, and away went Bob at a full gallop.

In the meantime, Cynthey had been ordered to get Cassie fixed up in her best clothes and sent to Mrs. Dunwaddy. The latter took her into the parlor and asked her to dust the room carefully, as she expected a visitor in shortly, and wanted everything to look nice.

When Bob rode up, he was disappointed in not meeting Sol, who was nowhere to be seen. Throwing the bridle rein over the gate-post, he walked up to the front door with his heart thumping terribly in his breast, and a ringing noise in his ears. "The mass'r

has sent for me, so I've a right to call an' ask for 'im," said he to himself, as he lifted the knocker at the door. Mrs. Dunwaddy herself answered the knock.

"Does Mass'r Dunwaddy want me?" asked Bob.

"Yes; come in," said Mrs. Dunwaddy.

Bob stepped in, hat in hand, and was the next instant shown into the parlor and told to be seated. The door was closed after him, and he supposed he was alone in the room, when he heard a little knock on a piece of furniture at the other end of the parlor, and looking in that direction just as the little woman dusting turned to see the visitor, the eyes of Bob and Cassie met.

"Cassie!" "Bob!" were exchanged words which flew across the room, as lost husband and wife rushed into each other's arms, and embraced each other with the impassioned ardor that would be expected under such extraordinary circumstances. Cassie immediately went into hysterics, laughing and crying alternately, as Bob supported her with his strong arms; while he, almost bursting with emotion, wept like a child. Mrs. Dunwaddy soon entered the room, and summoned Cynthey to assist her in getting poor Cassie's nerves quieted down. A little after, in came Mr. Dunwaddy himself, followed by Sol, who now wept with Bob. Soon Cassie recovered, and all were rejoicing together. Bob and Cassie received hearty congratulations from Mr. Dunwaddy and his wife. Sol said he never felt so happy in all his life; and as for Cynthey, she was fairly wild with excitement and delight. Then they learned of Cassie's efforts to get

her master in South Carolina to sell her, so that she might get to Georgia and search for Bob. She expected it would take years to find him, as she had been sold away by Dedrick before word came from Bob as to where he was. At this point Zeke returned, perspiring freely on account of his walk, which had been quickened by curiosity to know what Bob's anxious face meant. At the click of the gate, Bob went out to meet him. No sooner had he done so, than Zeke stood, as if transfixed, gazing upon the wonderful change in Bob. The face with the anxious look was now wreathed in smiles, and beaming with exultant joy; the dim eye now fairly sparkled; the head which drooped was tossed high, and the bending body now bounded with irrepressible animation. Zeke's eyes extended more and more in astonishment at Bob's transformation. His lips parted to inquire its cause, when Bob anticipated him by saying:

"Ole fellah, my wife's cum, my own Cassie. She's foun' me, an' Sol brot me de news, an' didn't know it. Cum an' see her, Zeke. She am one ob de bes' lil oomen on de top ob dis earth."

"So dat's w'at it wuz?" said Zeke, as he went in with Bob to make Cassie's acquaintance.

The news of the arrival and Bob's good fortune quickly spread, and they soon had plenty of friends. An arrangement was immediately made whereby Cassie was to live with Bob in the house of his master, and so they were again united, and lived together as in the days of yore, as happy as slaves could possibly be.

“God moves in many a way,
So de good ole Bible say ;
He counts de drops an’ all de grains ob sands,
An when de darkness falls
’Pon dese hyar cabin walls,
It am jes’ de break ob day in uddah lands.

“De great black cloud\$ on de fly
Kiver up de lubly sky,
An’ gibs many an’ many a rainy day,
But de gloomerin’ will pass,
An’ de sun shine out at las’,
An’ de darkes’ days ob sorrer pass away.”

CHAPTER XII.

AMUSEMENTS.

ON the Ridgeley farm Charley had much hard work, but after all, as he was of a buoyant and cheerful disposition, ever making the most of surrounding circumstances, he had much sport and enjoyment. With the exception of the period he worked in the flour-mill, he had never been ill-used, in fact, never once whipped since he had grown up.

One of the most pleasant features of slave-life on one of these great plantations, was the dinner hour. When the slaves were called upon to labor far from the quarters, in the tobacco or corn-fields, just at noon a pair of oxen, or horses, with a cart would bring the dinner. The cart was well loaded with provisions, as follows: a tub of bonny-clabber, great loaves of corn-bread baked in kettles and cut into thick slices, trays of boiled herrings and potatoes. The herrings were caught in the Chesapeake Bay, by slaves sent to fish at the fishing grounds there. "De sh^a ' wuz fer de great house; dey wouldn't 'low us shad nohow, 'less we stol' 'em," was information contributed in a half-soliloquizing

manner by Charley, as if he were again in imagination feasting on thick milk, brown bread, "a pone o' co'n cake," and salt herrings, beside the horse-cart in the field of some great plantation in Maryland, as in the days of yore. Many a prank, and lots of merriment, were now and again indulged in at the noon spell. The young slaves agreed well together, and it was rare indeed that play degenerated into a quarrel.

Patrolling was very much in vogue in those early days. The slave-owners, in order to put a stop to the very general custom of night-visiting between the slaves of different plantations, then prevailing, instituted a system of mounted night patrol. If a slave was found at large in the day time, and could not show his permit paper, any white man could treat him as an estray. He could arrest, and then advertise for owner to prove property, pay charges, and take his Nigger away. At night, however, it was quite different, the proceedings were of a more summary character, the slave caught out could be tied up and whipped on the spot. This was looked upon by the slaves as an innovation, and there was a very general and organized resistance on the part of the young men. The patrollers, too, had trouble. At the head of a road they would hear shouting, and putting spur to their horses, would gallop forward, and the first thing they knew they would be swept from their horses to the ground by a rope of grape-vine stretched across the road, just a little higher than a horse's head. Again, they would rush toward a bonfire elsewhere, only to meet a similar fate. At other times, a stirrup or

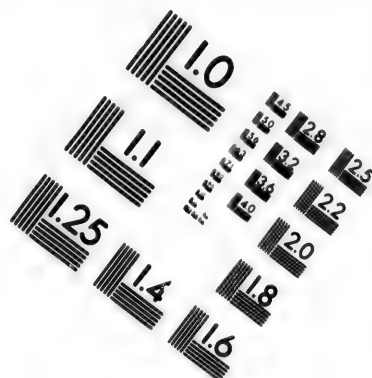
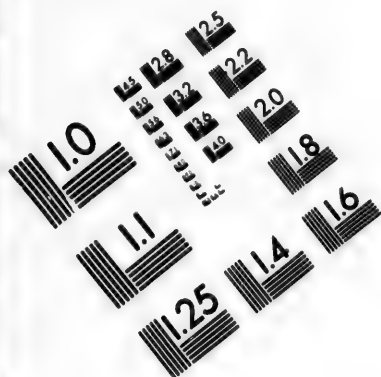
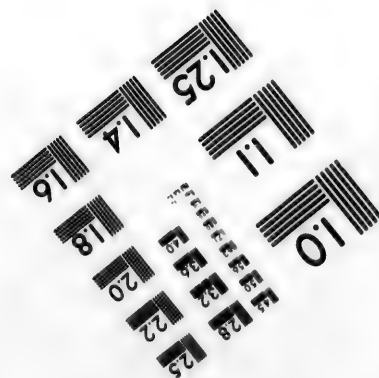
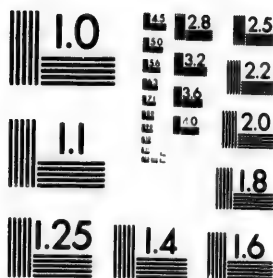


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



13 28
32 25
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20

10

girth, almost cut through, would give way, and let the rider turn half-way round and down suddenly. Nothing worked more effectually than the fox-grape vine, and for a change they sometimes stretched one across the road, about a foot from the ground. This would trip up the horse, and send the rider over his head, frequently considerably hurt. One of the patrols got his arm broken. So persistently were these pranks kept up, that it became impossible to procure men who would undertake the duty of patrolling. It was, therefore, soon abandoned, and then plantation visiting resumed the even tenor of its way. Charley took a hand in the amusement while it lasted, and although he experienced hair-breadth escapes, never once fell into the clutches of the patrolers, a good fortune for which he even now expresses great satisfaction.

One of the privileges permitted slaves was Sunday shooting. They were, however, not allowed to go off their master's plantation. Indeed, it was a general law of the State, that if any slave was found off his master's estate with a gun, his gun, powder-horn, shot, and other material could be summarily taken from him, and his case reported to his master; and the person detecting was entitled to a fee. The hunting consisted mostly of squirrel, opossum, rabbits, raccoon, pheasants, and, when the plantation was on a river, of duck also. There was a great temptation to roam over other plantations.

On Middle River, at Frogmore Landing, large quantities of wood, mostly oak and pine, were got out and

shipped down to Baltimore. It was here that old Mose, a well-known character in those days, on account of his bibulistic propensities, eccentric actions, and stuttering speech, lived. He was the general butt and subject of raillery at that time, and received many a gibe, just to see what he would say; and when drinking, he had plenty to say. It was here, too, that Harry Barr started a little grocery, and, as his place was the slaves' great Sunday resort, did a thriving business in New England rum and gingerbread. Of course, he kept other supplies besides these. Mose called at his little shop one day, to get a darning needle for his wife, who had sent as an exchange a hen's egg. In due course, the egg, a large one, was tendered and accepted as payment in full for the needle, and the needle was safely thrust into the lapel of the purchaser's coat.

"Sis-sis-see heah," said Mose to the shopkeeper, "isn't dis yer a tra-tra-trade atwixt us bof?"

"Yes. Certainly," said Barr.

"Wal, what's yer gwine to stan'?" continued his customer.

"Nothing," said Barr.

"Nuthin'?" repeated Mose, in a well-affected tone of surprise. "Cum, now, a tra-tra-trade's a trade, an' who evah heerd ev a trade thith-thith-thout a tre-tre-treat?"

Barr was at first staggered with the largeness of the demand compared with the smallness of the deal, but in a moment recovered his equilibrium, and yielding to the fellow's whim, just for the fun of it, got

one of his largest and best tumblers, poured in some excellent brandy, and handed it in good style to the seeker of his patronage.

"Mass'r Bib-Bib-Bib-Barr, not zactly did-did-dat way," said Mose, as he put the glass down on the counter, "I allus tit-tit-takes an egg in it."

"An egg?" demanded Barr, in real astonishment, but immediately recovering himself, concluded he would again humor his curious customer, went to the egg-basket, and picked out the identical egg he had a moment before exchanged for the needle, and broke it into the brandy; when, lo! it proved to be one with a double yolk. Mose immediately tossed the treat down, and as he replaced the glass on the counter, said, with a shrug of his shoulders, "Mass'r Bib-Bib-Barr, dat wuz a double yolk egg. I sis-sis-sold it ter yo' fer a sin-single yolk, so you may gimme anuthah dar-ar-ar-darnin' needle." And Mose brought two darnin' needles home instead of one. His great success on this occasion was soon clouded by a misfortune which befell him on his way home. Mose was so constantly attended by a companion, in the shape of a large, yellow dog named "Tiger," that everybody was familiar with the expression, "Mose and his yaller dorg." Tiger was not only company, but protection, and sat with his master many an hour in the evening, and sometimes half the night, as he fished from a log or a stump on the bank of Middle River. Mose was a great fisherman, and nothing pleased him like fishing in the river, attended by Tiger. A strong affection had grown between the dog and his master. Mose

had his doubts as to whether any person in the world cared for him, but he knew he had Tiger's affection, and loved him on that account. He knew of nothing he would exchange for his dog, which had but one failing. He was cross to strangers, and it was this that led to the misfortune referred to. On the road home, as a burly slave crossed the road from one field to another, Tiger attacked him with great fury. Unfortunately for the dog, the Negro happened to be carrying a pitchfork on his shoulder, and immediately lowered it therefrom, as if about to give the dog a warm reception. Mose seeing this, threw up his hands and said "Sis-sis-sis." 'n an instant a dull, heavy thud was heard. The fatal thrust had been given. The tines of the fork had pierced Tiger's body through and through, and the poor dog fell dead at his slayer's feet.

"Stop!" shouted Mose, in a voice almost explosive.

"Stop what?" asked the big, burly slave, in a somewhat regretful tone, as if already sorry for his act.

"Why, yo' kick-kick-killed my dorg," said Mose, half crying.

"Wal," retorted the stranger, "you sot 'im onto me."

"I nevah dun so," said Mose, indignantly denying the charge.

"Yas, yo' sed sis-sic-'im,"* continued the slave, "an' I wuzn't gwine to stan' heah, an' let yo' dorg tear me to pieces."

"No, I on'y tol' yo' to sis-sis-stop," stuttered Mose, as he strove to repeat the word which had been so unfortunately misunderstood.

*Sic 'im, doubtless a corruption for seek him.

Mose then began to expostulate with his antagonist on account of his cruelty. "Why, dog on't," said he, reprovingly and in anger, "why didn't yo' tuck de othah end ob de fo'k fif-fif-fif-fust, an' beat de dorg off'n you."

"D'othah end fust?"

"Yas, ondoubtedly."

"Wal, I 'spose—er—ah—" stammered the man with the pitchfork, "I would 'av tuck d'othah end fust ef yo' dorg 'ad come at me wid his othah end fust," hardly conscious of the humor concealed in the idea of the dog running backward at him extended tail-end first.

The loss of his "yaller dorg" was keenly felt by Mose for a very long time, but he did not, in consequence, give up his rod and line. The very next time he went fishing after the death of Tiger, he had a surprising catch. At the first bite he hauled up a mud-turtle.

"Aouw! dat's a queer fish," said Mose, as with broken pole he landed it safely on the pier. He took his captive home, and tried to make a pet of it. The slaves called it his "funny fish," and tried to tease him about it. Mose did not mind this, as he knew they did not know that he was playing with the mud-turtle only to divert his mind from sadness on account of Tiger's death.

In the course of a couple of years after these occurrences, a brick tavern was built a little farther up the river, at the forks of the roads, and ever after the "Bull's Head" was the great centre of attraction, and

headquarters for sport. It was the custom of sporting slaves of the gun, of the fishing-rod, and other amusement lovers, to assemble here. Shooting



A QUEER FISH.

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matches were frequently held. Some huntsmen would bring in a lot of wild duck shot on some of the many marshes of Back River Neck, Bush River Neck, and Middle River Neck, the home of a great

variety of wild duck. The ducks were generally bought from their owners, and put up at five cents a shot, at a pretty long range, and ten cents for a shorter one.

Not only on Sunday afternoon, but on Saturday evening, the "Bull's Head" was well patronized. Here were held and witnessed raffles, dice throwing, card playing, quoit pitching, wrestling, boxing, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and other amusements. Among them were many good singers and instrumental players, and frequently the evening was largely devoted to melody. All other amusements stopped at once when singing began. Old Mose was here often called on to contribute one of his favorite songs, and he always readily responded with great gusto, except when compelled to excuse himself on account of an affliction which he had contracted during some of his protracted night vigils, fishing in the chilly damps of Middle River, and which he designated his *catarrh*, invariably placing great emphasis on the first syllable of the word, so that it sounded like two distinct words, "cat" and "tar." The last time he said his "cat-tar" wouldn't 'low him to sing, Charley replied, "Dat aint nuthin'; dog-tar am fah wuss." At this some one laughed, and while some one laughed, old Mose nearly cried, for the sound of the words used by Charley had suggested to his mind his poor, long-lost, trusty dog Tiger. After a little coaxing, however, he commenced to sing, and exhibited what may be truly termed an open countenance, since his mouth opened so wide that his eyes shut, and besides this there was

little else of his face to be seen ; but there was no stuttering as he sang :

"I've bin to Tennessee,
I've sail'd de Mississippi,
Fer mass'r sot me free ;
I've seed the lubly Creole gal,
On Louisiana's sho',
But nevah seed a gal like
My pooty gal ob Baltimo'.

CHORUS.

"Ho ! de gal ob my choice
Hab a lemon-cholly woice,
But her figure an' her face
Make de Wenus ob her race."

Charley was fond of singing :

"Now, don't be foolish, Joe."

And all would join in its charming chorus :

"U-li-a-li, O-la-ee,
Courtin' down in Tennessee,
U-li-a-li, O-la-ee,
'Neath de wild banana tree."

This stirred the crowd, and "Dandy Jim from Caroline," "Lucy Long," "Uncle Ned," "Mary Blane," "Ole Dan Tucker," "Boatman Dance," and other songs followed in quick succession, until it grew late, and the impromptu concert closed with :

"Tech light de banjo-string,
An' rattle de ole jaw-bone,
Oh ! merrily sound de tambourine,
An' make dat fiddle ring.

CHORUS.

"Den commence, ye darkies all,
As loud as ye can bawl,
Commence, commence, ye darkies all, to-night."

Thus many and varied were the songs sung at the "Bull's Head."

Christmas was always a great day for shooting-matches, cock-fighting, and wrestling. The last named was a popular amusement, but sometimes degenerated into a fight. Charley worked hard in spare time making splints for weir fishing, for which he got thirty-three cents per hundred, and so did others, to get money to spend at these gatherings at the "Bull's Head."

A yellow man, who had not previously taken part in the sports at the "Bull's Head," one day entered the tavern, and threw down a dollar on the counter, saying, "I'll rassel eny man in de crowd ef he'll put down his dollar."

Bully Bill happened to be present, and accepted the challenge in the following impromptu :

"I'll bet him a dollar,
I'll catch him by the toe,
Should it make him holler,
Why then I'll let him go."

The crowd laughed heartily, and, as soon as the preliminaries were arranged, went out to witness the wrestling-match.

A short distance from the main crowd, beneath a clump of trees, were seven Irishmen, recently arrived

from the Emerald Isle, who had obtained a quart of whiskey, and were drinking it together, and appeared to be enjoying themselves very much. Charley felt pretty good that day, and, just for the fun of it, he went over to them, and demanded some of their whiskey.

"Go way, Naygur," said one of them; "go back to your crowd of black Naygurs beyant."

Charley got vexed at this, and called them "a sassy lot," and told them he could thrash any Irishman that ever crossed the Atlantic Ocean. In a twinkling they drew their sticks, and, surrounding him, commenced to belabor him around the head, shoulders and sides. Whack, whack, went their sticks as fast as they could fly. Charley wanted to shout fair play, and that he did not undertake to fight them all, but he had no chance to say anything. His great anxiety was to break their ring, and get away. After a tremendous effort, he succeeded, and started for the crowd, who were so intently watching the wrestling-match that they had not noticed what was going on at the trees. Charley was hard pressed, and the Irishmen followed close after, but at little different distances. Whack came a stick on his shoulder again, when he turned and struck the holder between the eyes, and he fell back; number two was then right on him, when he partially warded off his blow, and hit him in the pit of the stomach, which doubled him up in short order. By this time the crowd had found out what was going on, and came running down to the affray. At this the Irishmen all turned and ran away, one of them saying,

"The Naygur was as bad as any Ould Country bull." Charley was badly beaten, bruised and bleeding from the free use of their shillalahs, and immediately started for home; but his troubles were not over yet. In his anxiety to get home, for he was suffering greatly, he took a short cut through a field of tall rye, just in blossom. He hoped to escape notice, but did not; for, when about half-way through the field, he saw the owner on the fence, pointing at him, and heard his vicious dog coming tearing down toward him. He thought for a moment this might be worse than the seven Irishmen, and he would have to use some tact, or be torn in pieces. Directly the dog came up panting, with gleaming eyes and open mouth. Charley spread his legs far apart, and swayed his body as much as possible, and, as the dog jumped at him, he struck him just behind the left shoulder, and he fell as if dead. The owner then came running up in great anger, but as soon as he saw Charley's battered condition and bloody face, his countenance changed, and he at once asked what was the matter. Charley, of course, explained his recent encounter with the seven Irishmen. In the meantime the dog recovered his breath, and stood by quietly. The man wanted to take Charley to his house, and have his wounds dressed, but he thanked him, and pushed on toward home. This he reached in an exhausted condition, wearing a very large lump on the back of his head, and a bad cut on his cheek. One shoulder felt as if it was dislocated, and his ribs hurt when he breathed. In fact, so badly had he been used that he was unable

to do any work for nearly three months. Charley wound up his account of this adventure by saying, "I wuz so thankful to escape with my life! The Lawd wuz good; if it hadn't bin for Him, de Irishmen would have killed me shor', with their shillalahs; an' I kin take my qualification I nevah afterwards so far forgot myself as to say I could whip eny Irishman that evah cross'd de Atlantic Ocean."

Nothing, however, created such intense interest at the "Bull's Head" as a cock-fight. It would draw the largest crowd and produce the greatest excitement. The Christmas following the encounter with the Irishmen, arrangements were made for the largest gathering of the season, and no less than fifty birds had been promised for the main. When the appointed time came a motley crowd, of all ages, sizes and colors, assembled in the driving-shed of the "Bull's Head" for the great fight. Charley was among the number, and had a prize-winning chicken of former occasions under his arm. There had been several fights, some of them keenly contested, before Charley's turn came. The excitement by this time was intense. Already many plugs of tobacco, jack-knives, and bits of silver had changed hands at the close of the successive fights. As Charley's bird had already won a great reputation, three of the best birds at command had been reserved to match him in successive fights. Great was the excitement when it and one much heavier were placed in the pit for battle. As they stood for an instant, each glaring at his antagonist with fierce eyes and ruffled neck, the larger bird had much the preponder-

ance of favor. The cocks at once dashed at each other, and as each gained a temporary success, his backers cheered to the echo. The betting for a time kept pace with the fight. All the tobacco, jack-knives, pocket-books, and bits of silver in the crowd, were put up again, and when these were all up, some very enthusiastic ones put up fairly good hats against very inferior ones. A more excited, noisier and wilder lot, perhaps, never attended a main. Suddenly an extra thrust of spurs into the side of his opponent by Charley's bird, became the turning point. The heavy bird wilted and his wings drooped. It was evident he was vanquished, and immediately his owner snatched him from the pit, and thus rescued him from premature death. There were two others reserved to fight Charley's bird ; but the unanimous voice of the crowd was, that he had fought so nobly it would be unfair to put him in another fight. Charley was very proud as he held him in his arm, surrounded by the crowd, who were lavish with their praises of his great fighting qualities. The two birds held in reserve, some one suggested, should be placed in the pit to fight each other. This was done, and a somewhat guarded and tedious battle took place. It, however, served to let the highly wrought feelings of the crowd down gradually to their natural condition. At the close it was declared a drawn game, and as it was now dusk, the crowd, were about to repair to their respective homes, when two powerful dogs, one a mastiff and the other a bull, rose on their hind-feet with an angry half-growl and half-bark, and faced each other in a savage

fight. To the crowd, who immediately formed a dense ring about the fighting dogs, this was an unexpected and highly appreciated sport. Such was the eagerness with which they pressed around the dogs, that they swayed hither and thither as the combatants rolled about in the dust and changed their positions in their fierce contest. "Let 'em have it out." "Stan' back." "Give 'em room." "Doan' dey fight well?" and such like expressions were of frequent occurrence. Besides many words of encouragement, which appeared to be neither needed nor heeded, were directed to the dogs themselves. So well matched were they, that neither had gained the mastery when their owners, concluding they had fought long enough, asked and obtained assistance to separate them. This was accomplished with some difficulty, as the bull-dog could not be persuaded to let go until his jaws were pried open. The dog-fight, being an extra piece of sport, put everybody in the best of humor, and all were highly pleased with the day's proceedings.

There were many minor amusements, such as swooping down on an outlying and unguarded melon-patch.

"Ob all dats foun' beneaf de moon—
 Ham-bone, pigeon, possum, pullet, coon,
 Pineapple, cherry, sweet pitatah,
 Orange, banana, fig, tematah,
 Berry, prune, coconut and peach—
 Dat kin be in de darkies' reach,
 Dis am de bes' ob eb'ry kine :
 De watah million 'smilin' on de vine."

It took Sambo but a short time to give a melon

a whack across his knee, and, when it naturally fell into two or three parts, to scoop its delicious contents with his fingers, ejaculating only "er-um-yum-yum."

There was the risky amusement of the hen-coop, when the pullets were fine and fat. At a certain season of the year, skirmishing parties were frequent.

"Josephine," said old Mose to his wife, "has yo' got dem chi-chi-chickens shet up in de smokehouse, like I to-to-to-tol' yer?"

"No, I ain't, but w'at makes yo' so mighty 'tielar 'bout dem chickens?" inquired Josephine.

"Nebber yo' min', I know w'at's de mattah, an' dat's nuff sed till dem chickens is ke-ke-keerfully penn'd. W'en I heer'd yistidy dat de folks o-o-o-ober near de huddle's gwine to hab a buff-day party at dere house to-morrer night, I wants to be shor' dat my chickens don't 'tend dat ar pip-pip-party, d'ye har?" shouted Mose.

"O-ho, ole man, I see de driff ob yo' disco'se now," replied Josephine, as she started to lock up the chickens in the smoke-house.

Another amusement which may be mentioned was Negro serenades, which were of common occurrence in those days. They consisted of the solitary lover with his banjo, and of groups of all sizes with great varieties of vocal and instrumental music. Many a Dulcinea's heart beat quicker as she heard the voice of her lover in song, accompanied with the sweet strains of the banjo or guitar, float upon the balmy zephyrs of a summer evening. It was a form of amusement which involved more than a mere pastime, as it

developed Cupid's archery, and contributed to the ever widening domain of love by affording opportunities for susceptible and seeking hearts to come together. The following are given as specimens of the serenading custom :

" Come, come, darkies sing,
Listen how de banjo ring, ring, ring ;
Hark ! Niggers, hark ! de echo wake,
Anothah banjo in de brake,
His ansah to de strain we po'
Comes from de skiff by de sho'."

" Ole mass'r gib me holiday,
I would dat dey war mo',
Wid happy heart I push away,
My boat from off de sho',
An' paddle down de ribber,
With spirits light an' free,
To de cabin ob my darlin' May,
I burn so much to see.

CHORUS.

" Oh ! dearest May, mo' lubly dan de day,
Your eyes am bright as stars at night,
When de moon am gone away."

" Down in de cane-brake, close by de mill,
Dar lib'd a yaller gal, her name was Nancy Till ;
She know'd dat I lub'd her, she know'd it long,
I'm gwine to serenade her, an' I'll sing dis song.

CHORUS.

" Come lub, come, I've a boat to row,
She lies high an' dry on de Ohio ;
Come lub, come, come along wid me,
I'll take you down to Tennessee."

"Heigh ! Nellie, ho ! Nellie, listen, lub, to me,
I'll sing fer you, play fer you a dulcem melody."

" Oh ! deah Lucy Neal,
Oh ! good Lucy Neal,
If I had you by my side,
How happy I would feel."

" Oh ! Susannah, don't you cry fer me,
I'm gwine to Alabama wid my banjo on my knee."

During the eleven years of his slave-life with Ridgeley, Charley saw much of the great slave system of the country, in respect to its amusements as well as its vices and cruelties. He had the satisfaction of knowing that he was appreciated by his master, and thus he enjoyed many privileges denied the ordinary slave. With this master he grew from boyhood to manhood. While with him he became noted as a leader among the young slaves of that section of the country in the various sports of slave-life, and surpassed all his associates in strength and agility.

It was Ridgeley's practice to hire his slaves out, as they were required by his neighbors on their farms and plantations. Thomas Raven, whose fine wheat-farm was nearly ten miles away, for several seasons in succession hired Charley and other slaves from Ridgeley, to cut his golden grain with the sickle, for neither cradle nor reaper had yet come into existence. Charley was appointed leader of one of the gangs, and this was deemed a great honor. Out of a gang of fourty-four, the great heat of a harvest day had pros-

trated all but fourteen, who still followed Charley's lead. The thirty exhausted ones were stretched out beneath the shade of a large black walnut tree. The big tree was at once named the hospital, and a waggish fellow still at work, looking wistfully toward the thirty beneath the sheltering tree, as Mr. Raven happened to come up, said, "If I had my big duck gun, couldn't I kill crow?" "The crows are almost dead now," said Raven.

Charley, for his first ten days' work, carried home ten dollars to his master, who said, "Good boy, Charley." This was his only reward on that or any other occasion when he brought home his earnings. Mr. Raven was more generous, and paid him for his leadership, and for his own use a York shilling a day. This he was glad to get to spend at the "Bull's Head."

CHAPTER XIII.

IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

OLD Caskey, whose plantation was about fifteen miles distant, had some business with Ridgeley, and spent a good part of the day on his premises. Charley was working in the garden that morning, and had a conversation with him. He commenced by asking some questions about his master's plantation and Charley's personal history, and then talked quite freely about his own. The interest he appeared to take in Charley was unusual, and made him wonder what was coming. Perhaps, thought Charley, as he left him, "he's preparin' de way to buy me."

On passing the garden an hour later, Caskey spoke to him again, and broached a very delicate subject. Said he, "You're a fine powerful-looking man, and I would like you to see my cook, Lucinda; she and you would make a fine team." He mentioned several nice things about Lucinda, and closed by giving him a warm invitation to come down to his place and see her. Charley felt greatly flattered, and assured him that as soon as he could get through with the hurry in his work in the garden, he would ask his master's leave to go down.

About ten days after, on a fine Saturday afternoon, after putting on his best clothes, which included a white cotton shirt and stand-up collar, with large black neck-stock, and stuffing in his pocket a bright bandana handkerchief, the latter well perfumed, he started down the road to make his visit to Caskey's plantation. He was naturally anxious to make a favorable impression, and thought over what he was going to talk about. His plan was first to go straight to Caskey and report his arrival. He had not the slightest doubt he would receive a warm reception. As he mused on these things, his fancy was pretty active as to Lucinda. She was large he knew, because Caskey had said they would make a good team. To her person, he added good disposition, engaging manners, and beauty of face; and as Caskey had said nothing as to these matters, his imagination had full play. When full of these thoughts, a man drove up with a waggon and a pair of mules. He was returning from market empty, and invited him to take a ride. He gladly accepted, and his walk was thus shortened, so that in about three hours and a half from the time of starting he arrived at Caskey's front gate. He had just put his hand on the latch when, aroused by the noise of the waggon he had just left, a great mastiff came bounding toward him. He concluded to wait just where he was, and keep the gate between himself and the dog. This was a reception he had not counted on. The dog stopped inside, and contented himself with a deep growl and by indulging in a heavy, coarse bark, which was somewhat grating on Charley's nerves and discouraging to

his undertaking. At the back part of the mansion, which seemed old and out of repair, in what appeared to be the kitchen, a head encircled in a greasy paper cap popped out of the window to see what caused the racket at the gate. The head as quickly disappeared. Whether it was the head of a man or woman, Charley could not tell; but whichever it was, he expected its owner to see that he would be quickly relieved from his embarrassing position. "The course of true love never runs smoothly," and Charley was considering whether he should advance or retreat, when the front door opened, and Caskey appeared on the verandah, and shouted at the dog, using language which was, to say the least of it, more vigorous than polite. It had, however, the effect of calling off the dog. His way, which for a time had been seriously interrupted, was now clear, and he opened the gate and walked down the path toward the house. As he passed along, he noticed that the lawn was badly kept, that there were a variety of flowering shrubs, such as lilac, snowball, oleander and others, but they bore a neglected appearance. Both house and lawn seemed to speak of better days. There was, however, one redeeming feature; on either side of the path was a row of rose bushes now in full bloom, and, being in great variety, the sight was pretty, and made Charley feel somewhat reassured. As he walked up the steps to meet Caskey, he received the following salute: "Hello, Nigger! it's you, is it? Take a seat," he said, pointing to a wooden chair from which the back had disappeared. He then went on to speak of his dog. "Captain," said

he, "is very cross, especially with Niggers, and it was lucky that I happened to be in when you came, or you would probably have fared badly."

Charley began to think he was faring pretty badly as it was, but he thought of the "true love" adage, and said to himself, "This will 'pear as nuthin' when I meet de wision ob lubliness within."

Caskey scarcely appeared to be the same man. When Charley saw him before, he was dressed in a good black cloth suit, with a broad-brimmed felt hat, and had with him a fine horse and buggy. His language was then smooth and pleasing. Now he wore rough clothing, a dirty old hat, and his shoes were run down at the heel, and altogether his *tout ensemble* was decidedly "tacky." His language, too, was as repulsive as his garb. As he commenced talking about his dog "Captain," Charley's eyes began to wander over the plantation. He could see both to the north and to the west. There were corn fields and tobacco fields. In these were perhaps a dozen slaves, all told, hoeing and doing other agricultural work. Among them he noticed a few women and girls, but knew that the object of his search was not without, as her occupation would, of course, confine her to the kitchen.

"I got Cap from a Virginian when he was about half-grown," said Caskey, who seemed proud of the immense size and good qualities of the dog. "You see," he continued, "I used to be a great dog fancier, but my wife was opposed to dogs. I had two pups; one was a mastiff and the other was a bloodhound, and they used to fight and make great rackets, and

my wife used to grumble about those pups. I knew there was money in those pups, and hated to part with them unless I could get a good price. This Virginian took a great notion to my mastiff pup, and wanted to buy him. I refused, unless I sold both. I valued the pups at fifty dollars apiece. 'Wal, stranger,' said the Virginian, 'I can't give such prices as that, but I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll make an even trade. You take my bull-dog, he's cheap at a hundred dollars, and I'll take the pups.' We traded on the spot. I had to send the pups to the 'Dew Drop Inn,' a tavern in which he put up at Baltimore, and on doing this I was to get the bull-dog.

"After he left, I went into the house, and told my wife I had sold the pups. 'Both of them?' she asked. 'Yes, both of them,' I said. 'How much do you get for them?' 'Fifty dollars apiece,' I replied. 'Fifty dollars,' she repeated, and seemed greatly surprised. She, however, recovered at once, and asked another question. It was, 'Where's your money?' I then, of course, had to explain that I had first to deliver the pups at the 'Dew Drop.' 'Good deliverance, good riddance to bad rubbish,' said she, rather tartly; 'and the money?' 'Oh, I don't get any money,' I had to say. 'No money? What do you get, then?' she asked. 'Why, I'm going to get one of the finest bull-dogs you ever set eyes on. He's worth a hundred dollars, at the least.' At this, my wife gave me a very strange kind of a look.

"Well, I've never been sorry for my bargain. For aught I know, the Virginian had just the same kind

of experience with his wife, only in his case he got a hundred dollars for his bull-dog, and took his pay in two pups, at fifty dollars each. Cap is a fine dog."

Charley wondered when this dog tale was going to end, and he was to be ushered into some sitting-room to meet Lucinda. Caskey, however, went on, and gave the dog's history, from the time he became his lucky owner down to his attack on Charley. He had gone through a number of wonderful exploits; had rescued a child from drowning in the river, had beaten all the dogs in the country round fighting—there was nothing to match him. He had played a very important part in the capture of runaway slaves on more than one occasion. Just then Charley saw a white man coming from the tobacco-field. Caskey said he was his overseer.

"What shall I do now?" thought Charley. "I didn't come heah to see these men; I came to see Lucinda."

"I reckon," said Caskey, "the overseer wants to see me. I suppose you came to see Lucinda."

Charley was about to make some remark about their former conversation, when he stopped him by saying, "That's the way," pointing to a path that led round to the kitchen door, and started off to meet the overseer.

It must have been full three-quarters of an hour since Charley arrived at the gate, and now it seemed that he was no nearer than ever to Lucinda. In fact, he felt farther off, because he had counted on Caskey's assistance, and now, just on the threshold, when he

could have paved his way with ease, and broken the barrier which he felt still existed between him and the object of his visit, he had suddenly left him to work out his own salvation, it might be added, "with fear and trembling."



"CAP."

(Page 114.)

His first look was for that wonderful dog Cap, and there he lay, stretched his full length on the lawn, beside a camp stool, apparently fast asleep, and he wanted him to remain asleep, at all events until he had reached safe quarters in Lucinda's presence. Not to arouse him, he stepped softly on the pebbled

walk pointed out to him, and proceeded around the house toward the kitchen door. If ever he felt like a fool it was then. He had been talking with Lucinda's master a long time, indeed, to him it seemed an age; and yet, while he had learned much about Cap, he had not gleaned a single bit of information about Lucinda. He did not know whether she was expecting him, or even if she knew there was such a man in existence. Would she be alone? What should he say? And a great many other questions harassed him exceedingly. But he had got to the door, and the next thing was to rap, in doing which he turned half round, in order that he might keep one eye on the sleeping dog. But Cap did not stir; this he considered a favorable sign that his mission would after all be successful. The door was opened by a large, heavy-boned woman, whose bullet shaped head he immediately recognized as the one he had seen three-quarters of an hour before, when he stood facing the furious dog at the gate, but the greasy paper cap had disappeared. The woman invited him in, and he saw at a glance that he was in the kitchen, and that preparations were going on for supper.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CRUELTY AND VICES OF SLAVERY.

IN his time, knocked about as he was from pillar to post, Charley became acquainted with a great many slave-owners and their overseers. Some of the former were genial, splendid men ; others of them were like their overseers—coarse, cruel, and profligate. Some of them, Charley claims, acted as if they had the world in a sling, and could do what they pleased with it, and as if they were unaccountable either to God or man. A few samples may be given by way of illustration.

His old slave-master, Richard Crocksell, was rich, haughty, cruel, and passionate. His wife was naturally of kindly heart, but sometimes excessively severe with her female slaves. Both were Episcopalians, and attended the little Episcopal church, which stood on a corner of their own plantation.

One summer Sunday morning, Mrs. Crocksell wished to wear a particular muslin dress to church, but it was not done up, and was not fit to wear as it was. She became angry at this, threw the dress on the brick floor of the kitchen, spit and stamped upon it, and ordered Charley's mother and her sister Poll to

have it washed and ironed by ten o'clock, so that she could wear it to church. The women knew it was an impossible task, but they went at it, and, although they did their best, it could not be got sufficiently dry to iron in time. On account of this their master was called in, and he gave his orders to two male slaves for their punishment. The two women were marched to the whipping-house. Here they were made to stand on the floor, and were bound with a small cord by the wrists. Their hands were then drawn up toward a beam in the ceiling by a pulley, until they stood on tip-toe. In that position the rope was tied, and then their master and mistress stepped into their carriage, and drove away to church to worship (?) God. Taking revenge on two helpless female slaves, and at the same time praying the blessing of heaven to rest upon themselves, and expecting forgiveness without forgiving, was inconsistency itself. Oppressing the creatures of His hands, in forgetfulness of the fact that it is beyond mortal's power to do anything for God, except by benefiting his fellows, and that it is impossible for man to injure Him, except by injuring his fellow-creatures, betrayed ignorance of the first principles of Christianity.

What a weary waiting by the two women for two long hours—and then relief? Oh, no! but instead, their bodies were stripped to the waist. The lash was vigorously applied to their backs, which were cut through the skin in many places, and were then hastily washed with salt and water. The two slave-women feebly walked away to their quarters. Their

owners had been their own avengers, and were satisfied. To their mistress all the difference was she had been compelled to wear a striped gown instead of a checked one, which was no better, although made of lighter material. To the slave-women the difference was stripes, indeed, and almost death—the cruelty of slavery!

Not quite two miles from Crocksell's plantation there lived a slave-holder named John Leester, who was very old, exceedingly distrustful, and as wicked as he was old. One day, when drawing near the end of life, he requested his overseer to get Nellie, the cook, to prepare some soup for him to eat. The man ordered the soup, and went out to his work. Half an hour after, the cook sent him word that the soup was ready. On hearing this, he came to the kitchen, obtained the plate of soup, and took it to the old master.

"Did you stand over the cook while she prepared it?" he asked.

The overseer admitted that he had not.

"There is poison in it," said Leester, "and I won't take it. Tie her and whip her."

The overseer tried to calm his fears and reason him out of his delusion, but failed. Leester reminded him that he was his overseer.

"Whip her, as I tell you."

"I will not," he replied with firmness; "and now I tell you more, from henceforth I cease to be your overseer."

At this Leester became more enraged than ever, and said he would whip her himself, and suing the action

to the word, took up the overseer's whip and tottered into the kitchen, and there he used up his remaining strength in whipping Nellie, who was taken by surprise, and soon fell in a fainting fit. Before she recovered a child was born. The whipping was equally disastrous to Leester, for the over-exertion produced a nervous prostration and paralysis, and he passed away the same night. Nellie lived, but the child died. Soon after, the Leester plantation was broken up, and the slaves were all sold off by public auction, and scattered far and wide. This occurred in the adjoining county of Hartford, and the circumstances, as here related, came direct from a lady who lived on the farm adjoining the one on which Leester lived. The lady was much affected, and wept as she told the story of Leester's suspicious rage and Nellie's unjust punishment.

Old Ben Pickle, who lived five miles away on the opposite side of the river from Leester's plantation, owned a great number of slaves, kept two bloodhounds, and for devilish cruelty to his slaves outstripped Leester. He seemed to delight in torture, and if a slave died under his process of punishment, he would become enraged and still more hardened. Owing to the vast marshes and swamps of the locality, mosquitoes and gallinippers of enormous size swarmed in abundance.

A slave of his, named Pompey, endowed with great stubbornness, had now fallen under his master's displeasure for a petty theft that had been committed. Ben said he was tired whipping him, and he would

resort to severer measures. So he had Pompey taken to that part of the marsh at Back River Neck most lonely and most infested with bloodsucking gallinippers. Here he ordered poor Pompey to be stripped to the waist; then the usual order, "nine-and-thirty well laid on," left many bleeding cuts on his back. His hands were tied behind his back, and he was further stripped of all clothing, except a loin cloth. Two stakes were driven into the white sands of the marsh ten feet apart. Pompey was stretched on the ground between the stakes with ropes. His head was tied to one and his feet to the other so that he could not move, and thus he was left by his fiendish owner for torture by the ravenous gallinippers. In the morning, at break of day, he sent two slaves to release and bring him home. These, on coming to the place of torture, found poor Pompey dead. Through the night, so great was the agony inflicted by the relentless bloodsucking gallinippers, that it became more than the beaten slave could endure, so appealing to God to establish his innocence of the charge laid against him, and offering up a prayer to receive his soul unto Himself, he drew heavily with his feet and produced strangulation.

"And his lifeless body lay,
A worn-out fetter that the soul
Had broken and thrown away."

Round and about that lifeless body was a thin, bright, red line made by his life-blood as it trickled down upon the white sand, so that when his body was re-

moved there was a perfect outline of its form. The two slaves returned to their master, and reported what they had seen. On learning the news, Ben cursed terribly at his loss, and ordered them back to bury the body. This they did in the spot which witnessed his death and was outlined by his life's blood. They removed the stakes to which he had been tied to the head and feet, to mark the lonely grave, and then fell upon their knees and wept over poor Pompey.

"Thank de Lawd," said one of them as they turned to leave, "mass'r kin beat po' Pompey no mo'; he's free frum de lash an' de gallinippers."

"Yas," said the other, "Pompey wuz wery good an' 'ligious, an' I'm shore his spirit is now at rest in de bright worl' on high."

The news of Pompey's death created a great sensation, not only on that but on neighboring plantations. And three days had not passed over before the discovery came that Pompey was entirely innocent of the paltry theft with which he was charged. Ben Pickle was ever after both hated and despised by the whole slave population of that section of the country.

On Back River Neck there was a small plantation owned by Oscar Raymond. He had no quarters, and his few slaves lived in his kitchen. His youngest son Horseth, a boy of about nine years of age, was accustomed to play with a child slave of his father's house, a boy of nearly the same age, named Pete. Pete was one of Charley's cousins, and is well remembered by him as shoeless and hatless and scantily clad. With a bright, laughing face he played on the home lawn,

or ran an errand when required. His natural sprightliness and activity made him the leader of the slave children of his own age. These qualities endeared him to his parents, and made him a general favorite on the Raymond plantation. One pleasant summer afternoon Horseth and he were amusing themselves beneath the shade of a large walnut tree. They were gathering the walnuts which grew on the branches above them. Horseth suggested that they should see who could first get a kernel out whole from the shell. After a few moments, Pete called out that he had got one. Horseth at once came over to where Pete stood, and ordered him to give the nut to him. Horseth's tone offended Pete, and he refused. Then Pete received a blow, and quickly returned it. A rough-and-tumble scuffle ensued, in which Horseth got the worst of it, and went into the house crying and bleeding at the nose. His mother, looking out of the window, saw the fight, and on seeing the plight of Horseth, became enraged, and took down her husband's gun, cocked it, and gave it to Horseth, and said, "Go right out and shoot Pete." The boy immediately ran out, fired, and shot him in the breast. Little Pete dropped dead. The dead child's parents lived in the woman's own house, and dared not make any outcry, but were compelled to stifle and hide their convulsed feelings.

Hundreds of slaves from adjoining plantations came to see the murdered boy. So did a good many white people; among others were Mrs. Ashton Raymond's daughter and her husband. They had come from

their home, several miles on the other side of the Back River. Every one seemed sorry for what had happened, but no one dared to sympathize with the heart-stricken parents. This was strictly watched and forbidden by the Raymonds. Preparations were made for the funeral. A platform was built under the trees near the house. The preacher, a freed Negro, preached a sermon to suit the slave-holders. He said a great deal about obedience. He enforced the scriptural exhortation, "Servants, be obedient to your masters according to the flesh." Slaves should be obedient to their owners, and children should be obedient. The sermon over, Pete was carried to his little grave, given him in a corner of the plantation on which he had lived a sunny, happy life. There was no investigation of any kind in connection with the matter. Horseth, however, never prospered. As he grew up, he became very wild, took to drinking hard, and finally became insane. His parents sent him to the insane asylum, where he died some two years after. Mrs. Raymond was never quite herself, nor free from trouble, after the day she had ordered the fatal shooting, and died within a year after Horseth's death. At her death it was whispered about that it was all a judgment upon them on account of little Pete, over whose little grassy grave the wild daisies were then in full bloom.

In the earlier times Charley's mother used to say to him, "A heap o' barbarity's gwan out ob slavery, chile; you'se bo'n free ter what I wuz." And yet he saw for himself enough of its working to show him it was the

field for bad men's avarice, lust, and cruelty, and that it was prolific in toil, torture, and premature death. It was, by many slave-owners, deemed as necessary to provide whippings as it was clothing and food, and they easily fell into the habit of being more lavish with the former than with the latter.

Acts of cruelty may have been the exception in slave-life, as is contended ; but the number of cruelties perpetrated within a radius of ten miles of his several different homes, as he was hustled about from plantation to plantation, and from master to master, would of themselves fill a book. He knew slave-masters who thought nothing of giving one hundred and fifty lashes, and would then have their victim's back washed with salt and water. What wonder that these victims occasionally sank beneath such fiendish torture. Often had his mother told him of the cruel murder of her sister Polly by her drunken master, Walter Quigley, to whom she had been sold. It was after the Methodist meetings had been started among the slaves. Polly was a strong, sweet singer, and was fond of singing at all times. While busily engaged over the wash-tub in the laundry one day, and singing as hard as she was working, the old, well-worn hymn :

"Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast,
Let every soul be Jesus' guest ;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all mankind,"

Her master, fired up with peach brandy, happened to be passing, and ordered her to stop singing. Re-

turning shortly after, he heard her singing another verse of the same beautiful hymn.

"Po'r woman," sighed Charley, "I spex she forgot hersef."

Her master rushed in, and struck her across the back with his heavy ivory-headed cane. She was within a few days of her confinement, and fell down in convulsions, and died in a few minutes. What did this dealer in human flesh and blood say and do? He went away whining, that by an unlucky blow he had lost \$1,000 worth of property. Was he arrested? No. Not a bit more was said or done than if it had been one of his horses he had hit on the head, and by an unlucky blow killed. It was slavery, and no white man would, and no black man, in those days, dare, say one word in condemnation. This was then one of the dark places of the earth, and the land was "full of the habitations of cruelty." How the blood boiled in the veins of her brothers and sister at this terrible murder, and yet they dare not condemn it. The laws of God and nature had been brutally violated, but the law of man had nothing to say against it. So there was no help for it. He was but one, a brute man, why did not the slaves combine and slay him on the spot, you say? Why? What then? The whole power of the State would immediately have been brought to bear on them. Although there was no law to help them—for their evidence against a white man was inadmissible in court—they would soon have found law enough against them, and death by that law and the power of the State

would have been the sure fate of every one who had yielded to the impulse of revenging poor Poll's untimely death.

A gradual change, however, was working in slavery's dark domain. The old and middle-aged, who had been stolen from Africa, tamely submitted to the brutal punishments incident to early slave-life ; but the rising generation, with the influence of a constantly increasing number of freedmen about them, became restless, and imbibed a spirit of rebellion against it which increased with years.

By Walter Quigley's death, his two sons, Philip and Charles, became wealthy. Both freely spent their father's accumulation of money in the common vices of the day. They were particularly addicted to horse-racing and gambling. Shortly after his father's death, Philip got into trouble in connection with some of the chattel property which fell to his lot in the division under the will, from which he extricated himself with difficulty, by the payment of a large sum as hush-money, and setting his female slave Josey free.

Charles, in addition to Philip's failings, had a great weakness for peach brandy. This liquor made him irritable, and one day in the field one of his slaves was guilty of an act of disobedience, and, when ordered to strip for the lash, fled. Charles had driven out to the field in his gig, and immediately gave chase with a drawn pistol. The culprit ran across a ploughed field, whose uneven surface somewhat impeded the speed of his horse, and made it difficult for the slave's master to keep his seat. The horse was whipped on, regard-

less of the uneven surface, when directly a wheel struck a stone and upset the rig, and Charles, in falling off, got his leg broken. The slave, looking round to see what distance there was between him and his pursuer, saw the horse running in another direction with a part of the gig, and his master lying helpless on the ground. At this he stopped and looked for a few seconds, and then this man, whom his master wished to shoot, returned, and, ascertaining the misfortune which had befallen him, caught his horse, which was taking a circular course around him, temporarily repaired the broken gig, lifted his now penitent master into it, and took him home.

When Bill Black went into the employ of Quigley as slave overseer, he was quite a young man, probably not more than twenty-two years of age. Bill was not a hard driver, but managed to get as much work done by the slaves as many a one more harsh. He would rank probably as an average man on the point of whip service. He never lost sight of his master's interest, and this quality caused him to be greatly appreciated by the Quigleys, who paid him a salary of \$1,000 a year. He was addicted to no great vice, save one. The very first year he ruled over the Quigley plantation, he formed an alliance with one of the young female slaves under his charge, named Bell White, a full-blooded black. The names of Bill Black, a white man, and Bell White, a black woman, were associated together for years by the slaves.

The charge of immorality has frequently been hurled against the Negro race. But good white peo-

ple should think for a moment of what these black people have been subjected to; how they have been dragged through the cess-pools of pollution, treated in too many instances like cattle, with much to degrade and little to elevate them as a race. The children of Israel, contaminated by the idolatrous Egyptians, had to undergo a training of forty years in the wilderness before they were permitted to inherit the promised land. During that time many of the abominations of Egypt must have been effaced from their minds, and have ceased to be practised by them. But here, without special training or gradual manumission, millions were thrust into freedom; what wonder if in many instances liberty has been confounded with license, and that evidence of the contaminating influences of slave-life has been only too apparent. All the Hebrew children who were in Egyptian bondage, save two, perished outside the border of the promised land; so vast multitudes of slaves may, in a sense, seem unworthy of their freedom; but it is only in appearance. The power of education and Christianity is at work, and slowly, but surely, the black race is rising, and becoming more intelligent, more elevated and refined, and will eventually take a social position which will prove to the world a general capacity for intellectual work, and high social and moral attainments. Forbearance and patience with these people should be exercised. History shows remarkable race improvements, and it will yet record grand achievements of the descendants of the old slave nation of the South.

CHAPTER XV.

SOPHY AND HER BABY.

ABOUT thirty miles away from Ridgeley's farm there lived a slave-owner named Mallory, who tolerated a very passionate overseer, called Dan Hunter. His cowhide whip, which was looked upon as a weapon of defence as well as offence, was heavily loaded at the butt-end with lead. Many a poor slave had writhed beneath the lash of this terrible whip. One of the slaves under his 'contro' at the time now referred to, was a mulatto woman of about twenty-one years of age, named Sophy, who had a babe about a month old.

There was considerable excitement just then among the slaves on account of a recent occurrence. That section had become suddenly infested with bald-headed eagles. And one day, when a slave mother had left her little infant beneath the shade of a black elderberry bush, as she worked binding in the field, a very large eagle swooped down and took the infant in its great talons, spread its wings, and bore its precious burden away. If ever there was excitement, it was then. The distracted mother screamed and ran in the direction of the bird, but too late to rescue her child.

Up went the eagle with its prey to the top of a very tall pine tree. The slaves quickly ran shouting in the wildest manner, and gathered around the tree. Every face was then intently upturned to see what would happen. Every moment seemed a day. Will the bird let it fall? was the anxious inquiry. He seemed to be holding the child with one of his great claws, while resting with the other foot on a limb of the tree-top. Some one suggested running for a gun and shooting the eagle; others said, "No, that will never do; the bird will let go, and the fall will kill the child." Up to that time the baby had not cried, and the bird had remained quiet on the limb. Now, however, the eagle began to move, his feathers ruffled, the wings began to outstretch, and, raising himself up, he seized the little infant with the great foot which had rested on the limb, and drawing it close to his breast, soared away in an easterly direction. Intently they watched the flight of the immense eagle. He was evidently heading for the great swamp about four miles distant. Permission was at once obtained to follow, and all the slaves of this plantation, and many from those between Mallory's and the swamp, joined in the search for the eagle and the baby, but no trace of either was ever found. From that time forth, slave-mothers had the greatest of fear that their young children might be carried off by bald-headed eagles, and many were the commands given by mothers to those in whose care the small children were left, as they went to the fields to hoe or bind, to look out for the bald-headed eagle.

It was nearly a year after that in which the baby had been carried off, that Sophy was ordered to the harvest-field for the first time since her child was born. She would not take it to the field, a distant one, on account of her fear of bald-headed eagles; so she left it in charge of her grandmother at the quarters, and started with the rest for the field. She was in a bad humor, on account of having to be separated from her baby. Owing to the distance of the field, dinner was brought for the slaves. Sophy would not eat. She complained of a pain in her breast, and said she must go to the quarters to see her baby. The overseer said she should not. At about two o'clock in the afternoon, when in great distress, finding the overseer in another part of the field, she took the opportunity of slipping off. It was noticed that before going she put a carving-knife, used at the slaves' dinner, under her apron. When Dan returned he missed her, and at once asked what had become of her. He was told that she complained of pain in her breast, and that she had gone to the quarters to her baby. At this Dan grew savagely angry.

"I'll teach the huzzy," said he, "to disobey me. I'll knock the stubbornness out of her before I'm done with her." Then, mounting his horse, he started at a gallop for the quarters. On the road near the quarters, he passed two men who were at work with a whip-saw, cutting lumber.

"Did you see a yaller nigger gal pass here?" he inquired.

"Yes," they answered, "she passed nearly an hour ago, and went into the quarters."

He swore some great oath, and dismounting, rushed into the quarters. No sooner had he entered, than they heard blows of a whip, and the peculiar whistling sound a lash makes as it flies rapidly through the air. They stopped work and listened, and heard Dan's voice saying, "Quit, Sophy." Then the whipping ceased, and all was quiet. An instant later, Sophy's grandmother rushed out of the door, screaming: "Tell mass'r to cum." In her hand was the carving-knife Sophy had brought from the field, now covered with Dan's life-blood. "Dan an' Sophy wuz fightin', an' she's killed him," she screamed. "Oh! tell mass'r to cum."

The two men ran in, and found it even as she had said. Dan lay on the floor covered with stabs, weltering in his blood, dead. Sophy was wringing her hands and crying in a corner of the room. Mallory came shortly after, and was appalled at the sight which met his gaze. Dan's body was borne away by four male slaves, and Sophy was shortly afterwards arrested, and conducted to gaol. The tragedy was the talk of the whole country round.

When the time drew near for trial, Lawyer Hickey announced that he would defend the woman without fee or reward. The prosecuting counsel put the old grandmother and a couple of girls of about sixteen or seventeen years of age (all of whom were present at the time) in the witness-box. The story told by all three varied very little in the main points. From what they said, as the result of the examination by both lawyers, it was clear the

deceased had brutally attacked the prisoner with his great whip, first laying on the lash, and then, as if this did not satisfy him, he closed in to strike her with the butt-end of his whip; and it was at this crisis of the attack that one of the witnesses first saw Sophy grasp a long knife from a table close by. The other two did not see the knife until Dan was bringing down the butt-end of his whip on Sophy's shoulder; then they saw the gleam of the blade, which in an instant was buried in his side. He fell, but she did not stay her hand until her grandmother got to her and caught her arm. The two men at the whip-saw were also put in the witness-box, and gave the information they had as already stated. It was clear from what one of the young female witnesses said, it was when Sophy first caught up the knife that Dan said, "Don't, Sophy!"

Lawyer Hickey pleaded earnestly before the jury for the life of the prisoner. He pointed out that "she was untutored and improperly cared for, that the unnatural treatment in separating her from her offspring for so long a time was harsh and uncalled for, and that the instincts of her nature and love for her babe swayed her as powerfully as nature would influence the most refined lady of the land. Her whole soul on that fatal day cried, "Give me my child! I will have my child, come what may!" Then, on the other hand, he pictured to the jury "the brutal nature of the man who sought to stay the long pent-up yearnings of her soul, and dared to treat her as he would not a brute beast under the same circumstances; and then, because she disobeyed his cruel and unlawful—yes, in the sight

of God, unlawful—command, like a savage let loose, to bear down, trample upon and perhaps kill, as he supposed his helpless victim. Then, and then only, in self-defence did she draw the weapon which cut short his hellish rage. Without father, without brother, without husband or natural protector, shall she now suffer death, because she slew her oppressor to save her life? She had been brutally beaten for her offspring; and now, in turn, she struck a blow for the same offspring. It always was, it is now, and ever shall be, the law of nature and the law of the land that an antagonist may be killed in self-defence. Gentlemen of the jury, I ask you, in the name of humanity, nature, and justice, that you let this captive young woman go free.”

These were but some of the closing sentences of his powerful appeal, of an hour's duration, to that attentive jury. When he took his seat there were not many dry eyes in the court-room.

The prosecuting counsel even seemed visibly affected. His words appeared to be powerless, and after talking about fifteen minutes, he sat down. The judge then went carefully over the evidence, and finally left it for the jury to find whether the prisoner had given those fatal stabs in self-defence; if not, it was murder. If done in self-defence, then it was justifiable. The jury retired, and in less than ten minutes filed into court again.

“Gentlemen, have you agreed upon your verdict?” asked the clerk.

“We have,” said the foreman, amidst a profound and painful silence in the court-room. “Not guilty!”

Then every one seemed to draw a long breath, at the same time the judge said, "Prisoner, you are discharged."

Mallory, hard-fisted man as he was, had been greatly moved by the painful case, and immediately announced, in presence of the whole court, that "as the jury had acquitted Sophy, he would now set her and her child free." The whole court-room of people cheered his magnanimity to the echo, and it was all in vain for the crier to cry, "Silence! silence!" The enthusiasm of the crowd was too strong to be easily suppressed. Many now gathered round Sophy, and congratulated her upon her double escape, from death and from slavery. Mallory was as good as his word, for he immediately took her to Lawyer Hickey's office, and had freedom papers made out for herself and child.

CHAPTER XVI.

A TRAGEDY.

JOE EAST was one of the worst slave-holders of the Ridgeley neighborhood. He had a great many slaves, and wished to get a more severe overseer for them than any available in the locality. He heard of a hard man in Virginia he thought would suit him, and wrote for him. In the course of a few weeks, Ted Eastman, for such was his name, arrived, and was duly installed as knight of the slave-whip over his half-namesake's herd of slaves. East's slaves had been somewhat troublesome and difficult to manage, and hence this new policy. The commission he gave Ted was, "Take charge of 'em. They're a bad lot, and have got ahead of me. If they want floggin', flog 'em. Take all the work out of 'em you can get."

"That's just what I like," said Ted. "I know just what to do with a Nigger." And, suiting his action to his words, he gave his lead-loaded whip a swing and terrible crack, as if finally to convince the slave-master that he would carry out his wishes to the letter.

The slaves in their quarters, who had before heard of their master's intentions, now learned of the new

driver's arrival, and knew there was trouble in store for them. The crowd of slaves and Ted met next morning. His appearance was coarse, his voice harsh, and his words threatening. He was a large, loose-built man, and held in his hand, as a symbol of his power, the whip he had so significantly cracked in the slave-holder's presence the day before. He made a short speech to the slaves, in which he told them of what he had heard of their laziness and insubordination, and closed by telling them, in coarse language, that he was fond of flogging Niggers, and he would take care that they should get plenty of it. "I was fetched here," said he, "to whip, and I will whip, and make lots of raw backs;" and, claiming that one of the quailing crowd before him was inattentive, he called him out, and proceeded to strip him. He lashed him cruelly, and sent him, in charge of two others, to have his back washed off with brine. Then the slaves were put at work, and every day, on some pretext or other, a slave was whipped; and when the whipping was severe, as it usually was, there was the customary accompaniment of pickle-wash.

This brutal man, in the faded likeness of God's image, went on from day to day, and from week to week, and from month to month, with his inhuman treatment, until every field-working slave had felt the sting of his lash except two. These were two mulatto men, who were brothers, Jack Bain and Sam Bain. They were tall, lithe men and fine workers, and were supposed to be the sons of old Joe East by their slave-mother. They had been eye-witnesses of a terrible

flogging given to their mother by this monster Ted, and their hearts craved revenge. After six months, during which time his reputation for harsh treatment had travelled over many surrounding plantations, Overseer Ted and his half-namesake, the slave-holder, held a conversation. The latter was much pleased at the increased volume of work by his slaves, and the former was quite elated that he had been so successful.

"I've done it with this whip. I told you I know'd what to do with a Nigger. The fact is," said he, with a coarse laugh, "I've flogged every one of 'em, except Jack and Sam." These were the two brothers.

"Why didn't you flog them?" said the slave-holder.

"Why, they never gave me any chance. They are splendid workers, and I never could find fault with the way they worked. They always mind me promptly. I could not wish for better Niggers."

Just at that moment Jack happened to be passing.

"Look here, Jack," said Overseer Ted. "Get down on your hands and feet."

The slave did so.

"Now trot around the yard in that position," was the second command.

The slave obeyed.

"Now gallop," said Overseer Ted, at the same time giving his great whip a crack, as if he were a horse-master in a circus-ring, and away Jack scampered around the yard, in a circle about the slave-owner and his overseer, as if he were a veritable horse. By sundry cracks of his whip, he urged the slave-horse to his utmost speed. It was great sport for the two, East

and Eastman, but it was hard work for Jack. The latter began to get out of breath, when "Whoa!" was called, and he was allowed to go on his way.

"Yes," said Overseer Ted, after he had gone, "these two Niggers are the only ones I haven't whipped, and I'll catch 'em yet."

Unfortunately he had not long to wait for an opportunity. Close to the quarters, on a neighboring plantation, lived their Uncle Steve. He had been superannuated, as clergymen term it, for he and his wife Dora had grown too old to work, and were allowed to live by themselves in their own little whitewashed cabin. This cabin was crowned with a moss-covered chimney and mantled with a Virginia creeper which left little of the front to be seen save the door and a couple of windows. Within everything was kept scrupulously clean by Aunt Dora. They were both of industrious and economical habits. Steve made and sold wood-split brooms, and was a great lover of fowls. His wife attended to the fowls, and raised chickens, and marketed eggs, chickens, and the fruit and other produce of their little garden. As their home was neat and comfortable, it was not strange that their children, nephews, nieces, and other young folk, were often found visiting old Uncle Steve's cabin. Sam, knowing his uncle's admiration for bred fowl, had formerly left with him a fine game cock. There was a great deal of cock-fighting in this neighborhood. On Sunday afternoon, just as at the "Bull's Head," it was a favorite pastime for the young Negroes to gather in some tobacco or other outhouse, and have

a cock-fight. Sam and Jack were as fond of it as others, and one fine summer's morning in the month of June, when their Uncle Steve was away at meeting, Sam went over to his cabin, and carried the game-bird away, intending to have him fight elsewhere that afternoon. When Uncle Steve returned, and found what had happened, his righteous soul was vexed. He was what the slaves termed "a locus preachah."

"In de fust place," said he, to his wife, "it wuz wrong for Sam ter cum an' take de bird unbeknown'st ter me. Seconly, it wuz wrong fer him ter do dat on de Sabbath day; and in de nex' place, it wuz bery wrong his gwine a cock-fightin', 'specially on de Lawd's day; an' las'ly, Sam mus' be punish'd fer de sin."

Sam, all unconscious of his act being divided up into so many different heads by his uncle, was enjoying himself immensely at Nicholson's great tobacco-house. Sam's bird had been very successful, and had won in two engagements, on account of which Sam was in high spirits. On his way home, he called at his Uncle Steve's to return the bird. He was surprised at his reception. Uncle Steve, always so kind and good heretofore, was angry, and scolded, threatened, and even accused Sam of stealing the bird.

"Why, unc', how could I steal my own bird? He's mine. I nevah gib 'im to yo', I on'y lef 'im with yo'!"

"Doan' talk, shet yo' mouf, chile; look at dat bird's head, see de blood an' dese cuts; he's been a-fightin', fightin' on de Sabbath-day. Afore de Lawd it's a great sin, an' you mus' be punish'd. Does yo' heah? I'll tell Oberseer Ted, an' he'll flog yo' fer it. Go 'way, an' leave my doah."

Sam saw that his uncle was angry, and that it was useless to argue with him in his present frame of mind. So he turned and left him, simply saying, "I doan' keer ef yer do"; never once thinking that his uncle's threat to tell Overseer Ted would ever be heard of again.

On Monday afternoon the overseer rode out to the fields as usual. After staying with the slaves in the tobacco field about an hour, he rode over to where Jack and Sam were putting in two large posts for a gate. Sam noticed that he looked strangely at him, but never suspected the cause.

"Sam, I've got a crow to pick with you; have you got a bag to put the feathers in?"

"I reck'n," said Sam.

"I hear that you stole your uncle's chicken, and went fighting on Sunday. Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Ted, gloating over the chance that had come at last.

Then Sam knew his uncle had carried out his threat, and after the coarse laugh had ceased, replied:

"I didn't steal dat chicken. It's mine; I on'y lef' it with my unc'."

"Sam," said he, "there must be a stop put to this chicken-fighting on Sunday," and jumping down off his horse, said, "Off with your shirt!" Sam did not move or speak. "Off with that shirt, Nigger, I say, quick!"

"No, my shirt won't come off."

"Nigger!" howled Overseer Ted, as he rushed forward and struck at him with his whip.

In an instant the whip was jerked out of his hand

and the two men were in holds. Both were powerful men, and in fierce anger dealt heavy blows against one another. The mulatto was the most lithe of the two, and put his antagonist down.

"Reach me de broad-axe," said Sam to Jack; "dis am de villain dat whip't mothah."

Jack, fired by the same spirit of revenge, lifted the broad-axe from the spot where Sam had let it fall when the overseer first ran at him, and handed it to Sam, who, with one hand holding his antagonist down, with the other drew and struck him on the head with the pole of the axe. The overseer fell back, as if dead. They both thought he was dead. But while they were deliberating as to what they should do with his body, to their amazement, he came to, got up, and sat upon the log intended for one of the gate-posts.

"Heah," said Sam, "let's finish 'im, an' take his head off, an' make it bettah fer de rest. He'll nevah whip mothah agin."

The overseer begged piteously for his life, but all in vain, for the men were fired. All the wrongs and injuries that had been done upon them and their fellow-slaves, appeared to cry for vengeance, and it seemed as though the whole hatred of the past six months was concentrated in the passing seconds. They quickly laid his head on the log, and with one blow of the great broad-axe, Sam severed his head from his body. The head fell to the ground, and Ted the slave-driver was dead. Instantly their feeling of anger and revenge gave place to an intense desire to conceal their crime and hide the beheaded body, for

though they justified themselves for becoming self-constituted executioners, they knew they were amenable to law. And almost as quickly they were aroused to a sense of their peril by the shrill scream of the little boy Tommy, who had brought out their dinner and had remained playing around, but who, in their excitement, had been entirely forgotten by them. The little lad had, from a short distance, all unknown to them, been a silent witness throughout the enactment of the terrible tragedy, until he saw the overseer's head fall and his life-blood flow. Up to that time the brothers fully supposed that they were alone, and the spot being hid by a ridge of hill on one side, and the old tobacco-house on the other, they never dreamed that any one witnessed the execution of their terrible deed. They were, therefore, startled beyond measure at the boy's outcry. They well knew, however, that they were too far away for any one to hear him. They, therefore, first directed their attention to the boy, and succeeded in getting him quieted. They at once told him that he must never tell what he saw, and that if he did, they would surely kill him. The boy promised he would never tell. They then set about disposing of the body. Close by, as intimated, there stood a tobacco-house and press, and they concluded to put the body beneath the tobacco-press. The press rested upon a couple of short, heavy pieces of timber, beneath which, after some hard work, they succeeded in placing the body. They carefully littered the spot where they had been digging with tobacco leaves, leaving it very much in appearance as the

found it. They next hewed the blood off the log, where the fatal blow was given, and then gathered the chips and set them on fire, and kicked the pile of ashes about. It was now growing dark. The lad had been sent home. The overseer's horse had now to be disposed of. They knew it was the practice of their victim to ride over to the post-office in the evening for his mail. So, under cover of the darkness, they took the horse over near the post-office, on the opposite side of the road, in the bush, and tied him to a tree. They then went to their quarters, made some reasonable excuse for being late, and thought they had fixed the job beyond power of detection, if the little boy did not tell.

That night the overseer's wife wondered why her husband did not return. The next morning she sent word to East, the plantation owner, that Ted had not been home all night, and she feared there was something wrong. Inquiry was made, and the slaves in the tobacco-field said the last they saw of him was when he went toward the back fields, where Jack and Sam were building the big gate; and Jack and Sam said the last they saw of him was when he rode over to the post-office for his mail. Inquiry at the post-office revealed the fact that he had not reached it. The alarm was given, and a searching-party was formed. They searched the first and second days without result, but upon the third day they found the horse in an almost famished condition opposite the post-office, tied to a tree in the bush. The ground was all pawed up about him; he had evidently been

there all the time the overseer had been missing. The search was continued day after day the first week, without further results; but, in the second week, a singular circumstance was noticed. On all hands the conclusion was that Ted had been murdered; but, if so, where was the body? The strange circumstance noticed was, that every day after "Friendship," the overseer's little dog, was fed, he quickly disappeared, returning in the evening. In the excitement of the search, it was not until the second week that this had been noticed. Mrs. Eastman concluded to watch "Friendship," and see where he went. She had noticed that he had howled a great deal at nights during the time of the search. This she attributed to the unusual bustle and excitement then existing. She found, when she followed him, he would return to her, and go wherever she went. So she returned home, and arranged with a young man who was one of the searchers, that he should watch the dog the next day, after he was fed at the usual time. This was done, the young man keeping a long distance behind, so as not to attract the dog's attention. The little dog went straight to the back field, and into the old tobacco-house, which had not been used since the preceding season. There it was found that he had been busily occupied, from day to day, scraping up the earth from under the tobacco press. He already had a large hole excavated in the light, sandy soil. The young man, concluding that he had now discovered the place in which the body had been hid, returned to the house, and reported what he had seen. Word was immediately

sent in every direction to the searchers; shovels were obtained, and all hastened to the old tobacco-house. Here they soon found the body, with the head severed. It was clear the deed had been perpetrated with some broad and sharp instrument, and the broad-axe Jack and Sam had been working with at the gate was immediately recollected, and suspicion at once fell upon these men. They, however, stoutly denied all knowledge of how he had come to his untimely end. Again, it was remembered, too, that "Friendship" had gone with his master on the last day he was seen alive, as was his custom, and, hence, had seen the terrible fate of his master, and knew all about what the searchers so long sought for in vain. Jack and Sam both thought the boy was the sole witness, and never dreamed that the little dumb brute, which trotted along behind his master's horse, could tell the tale of blood.

If great criminals could always completely cover up their tracks, they would, of course, never be found out. Some little slip or mistake gives a clue, and one clue leads to another, until the "murder is out." Some one remembered that little Tommy took their dinner to the two brothers on the day the overseer was missed.

A lady loved by the child was selected to see him, and ascertain if he knew anything about the mystery. She saw him alone, and began a long way from the terrible deed all were anxious to learn about. The child had taken out the men's dinners several times before the terrible occurrence. She commenced talking about little "Friendship," and then spoke of "Billy," the overseer's horse, and asked if Mr.

Eastman tied up the horse the last day he went to the back field. His answers, without divulging the secret, soon gave evidence that he was present when the overseer rode over to these two men. By skillful questioning, shreds of information came one after another, until it became clear that he was present when the overseer met his death. Then with tears and feeling she begged him to tell his Aunty all about it, when he burst out crying, saying,

"They will kill me."

"Who will kill Tommy?" was the next question.

"Sam."

"Why?"

"He said he would if I told," said Tommy, faintly.

She assured him "that was not true, and if he told her all, Sam would not hurt him." Then he told her all. Shortly after, these two men were arrested for this murder, and not they only, but Tommy as well.

Owing to the long suspense and search for the missing overseer, and the excitement following the astonishing discoveries made in connection with the murder, the matter was known far and wide, and when the day of trial came, the court-room was crowded to its utmost capacity. The prisoners, who were now sitting in the dock, had obtained a clever and rising young lawyer to defend them.

All eyes had scanned the prisoners, and a loud hum of conversation was heard in all parts of the court-room. Directly the door opened and the judge entered, the counsellors-at-law stood up, and the crier shouted, "Order!" The judge took his seat, the coun-

sellors then sat down again, and a profound silence reigned in the court-room, as the crier proceeded to call "Oyez! Oyez! Oyez!" and open the court. After a little time, a jury was selected, and the trial commenced, and lasted all day, as many witnesses were called, and counsel for the prosecution and defence each addressed the jury in a speech of about an hour's length. Then came the charge of the judge to the jury. In the evidence, addresses and charge the overseer's little dog was frequently referred to. At the close of the judge's charge, the jury retired. The court-room was, if anything, more closely packed than in the morning when the trial began. The jury's return was anxiously awaited, and when they filed in there was a painful silence. The evidence pointed clearly to the adult prisoners, and the opinion prevailed that they would be found guilty, and the lad Tommy allowed to go free. The main interest throughout the whole trial had centred about the boy Tommy. All were in breathless suspense when the clerk of the court asked the foreman of the jury if they had agreed upon a verdict.

"We have," was the reply. "We find all three guilty of murder in the first degree."

A murmur of dissent immediately ran throughout the court-room. The contention of the State prosecutor, that Tommy, in withholding the information so long as to how the overseer met his death, was an accessory to the murder, and equally guilty with the other two, had prevailed with the jury, but was surely a perversion of justice.

The judge at once asked the prisoners if they had

anything to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against them. They did not speak. He then wrote on the margin of his Record, opposite the name of each prisoner, the significant *sus. per col.*,* put a black cap on his head, and sentenced them to be hanged on the twenty-second day of the following month. And at the time appointed, the two men were hanged, but Tommy had been previously pardoned by the Governor of the State.

* *Suspendatur per colum*—"Let him be hanged by the neck." This marginal note was formerly the only warrant the sheriff had for so material and terrible a task as taking away the life of another.—*Blackstone*.

CHAPTER XVII.

STILL IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

CHARLEY, as we have seen in chapter thirteen, had arrived safely in Caskey's kitchen, but felt ill at ease. As well as he could, he stammered out that Mass'r Caskey had invited him to call, and that he would like to see Lucinda. The woman first handed him a seat, saying as she did so :

"Yas, Mass'r tol' me he'd seed a man at Mass'r Ridgeley's dat he'd tuck a great fancy to, an' he 'spected him down, an' w'en I tol' 'im dar wuz a man at de gate, he sed, 'Lucinda, dat's de feller I spoke ter yo 'bout.'"

"Is your name Lucinda?" Charley managed to gasp, while his courage was falling rapidly to zero.

"Dat's w'at dey call me," she replied, with a half-and-half grin and smile.

With that answer, hope died in his bosom. The contrast between the vision of beauty he had pictured for himself and the great, muscular, thick-skinned, high-cheeked, wide-mouthed, heavy-voiced woman standing before him, was distressing in the extreme, and for a few seconds he had to struggle against a

sudden outburst of disgust; but he conquered his feelings, concealed to the utmost his chagrin, and entered into general conversation with her. Although two or three young girls, who appeared to be also engaged in getting supper ready, were flitting in and out, for the most part of the time he was alone with Lucinda, and felt, perhaps, less embarrassed on this account. He had now time to look about him. There was a long deal table set with wooden dishes, and laden with abundance of coarse food. The kettle was boiling at the hearth-fire, and it was evident that his stay must be short, if he was to get away before the slaves came in for supper. He began to scan Lucinda more closely, as she walked to and fro, busied about her evening meal. Her walk was awkward, and her step heavy. Her hands were like a man's hands, her features decidedly coarse, her nose flat, lips thick, teeth good, but coarse and irregular, and her ears were disproportionately small, while her eyes were excessively large. She was ugly. As she talked on, however, of her duties as cook, and of the slaves on the plantation, and of her "Mass'r an' Missis," the latter being away just then on a visit, her voice seemed to grow less harsh and more pleasing, and he found himself taking more interest in her than he thought possible a few minutes before. She had evidently fixed up subsequently to the time of his seeing her head in the window, and he now suspected the reason of his having been detained by the dog-talk.

Although perhaps a year or two older than himself, there could be no great objection on that ground, and

he had no fault to find with her dress ; but when he compared her with half a dozen of his acquaintances, any one of whom was probably within his reach, his whole nature rose in rebellion against Caskey's proposition, and while he kept up a running conversation with the woman, he was also philosophizing on the situation. He saw that his trial was a purely mental one. He had been building a castle in the air, had built high, and when it fell, great indeed "was the fall thereof." Already he found reason coming to the rescue. No harm had been done. No one, as far as he was aware, knew anything about the object of his visit at Caskey's. He would get away as soon as he could reasonably, and that would be the end of the matter.

Lucinda evidently wanted him to stay for supper, and when she gave him a pressing invitation to do so he consented, although it was not without fear that some of the slaves might soon get an inkling of the object of his visit. Soon Lucinda tooted the long dinner-horn, and the slaves came flocking in. There were, perhaps, of men, women and children, in all about a score. Washing of hands and faces was soon over, and they arranged themselves at either side of the long table. Lucinda stood at the head of the table to pour out the coffee. Tea was reserved for sickness in those days. A rather good-looking, gray-headed man, nearly full black, sat at the other end of the table. On his right hand sat a middle-aged mulatto woman, who was evidently his wife, and opposite her on his left hand sat a brown-skinned girl of about

seventeen years of age, and who, from the likeness to both the man and the woman, Charley concluded must be a daughter. She was of medium size, good figure, and was somewhat darker than her mother, but her features were clear cut and exceedingly regular. She had a broad, high forehead, beautiful eyes, with long, dark lashes, graceful neck, and a splendid set of pearly teeth. She was pretty.

As she sat on the opposite side of the table from him, although at the other end, he had a good chance to scan her features. He was as pleased with her appearance as he had been displeased with Lucinda's. She and her mother came from the laundry to the supper-table, and returned after supper. The father appeared to be much respected by the slaves generally. After supper, he had a few words of conversation with him, and learned his name was Johnson; and he would have given all he possessed to have had the same chance to talk with his pretty daughter, whose name, he afterwards ascertained, was Emily, but he had the fear of Lucinda in his mind's eye and dare not do such a thing. In fact, when looking at her across the table, he was very careful that Lucinda did not catch him at it.

After supper, the slaves soon scattered, and as he had a walk of fifteen miles before him, he concluded to start at once. So he said good-bye to Emily's father and to Lucinda, who said, "You mus' cum agin," and of course he promised to do so. That was easy to do, for he wanted to return and make Emily's acquaintance. He took the same pebbled path round

to the front door, glancing around to see if "Cap" was about, and was glad to find him absent. On reaching the front door, he found Caskey on the verandah, enjoying his evening pipe, and "Cap" stretched at his feet. "Well," said he, in a low, confidential tone, "how d'ye like the gal?"

Charley was not exactly prepared for the question, and at the same time thinking how much better Emily was, said, "Wal, she's a bouncin' big ooman, healthy, an' 'pears to be a gran' cook."

Caskey then commenced to give him her history, praising her cooking ability greatly, and would doubtless have continued for a long time on the subject, had not Charley, who had lost interest in that quarter, fearing as long a delay as had occurred over the tale of the wonderful dog "Cap," and knowing that he dare not even suggest a word as to Emily, cut his conversation short by saying that he had to get home that night, and it was necessary for him to go at once. In leaving, he, however, did not forget to say that he would probably be back again.

"All right, old fellow," said Caskey in a kind voice, which sounded in strange contrast to his greeting on his arrival, "I've no objection to your co'tin' Lucinda."

Charley then turned and walked up the same pathway between the lovely tinted roses, now partially hidden from sight by the dusk of evening, but loading the air with their sweet-scented perfume. On reaching the gate, and turning to shut it, he saw Lucinda's head in the same window as at first, that Caskey had disappeared from the verandah, and that "Cap" was bound-

ing up to the gate. If he had had any disposition to linger a moment at the gate, it instantly vanished at sight of that massive bull-dog's rapid pace. The gate shut with a click, and he started off on a sharp run. Looking over his shoulder, he found "Cap" drew the line at the gate, and so he ventured to slow down to a brisk walk. On the way, he thought over his strange adventure. His expectations had been raised, and his affection had been drawn out after the creature of his imagination, only to receive a rude shock when he came in contact with the original. He had, however, gathered up the shattered remains of his broken hopes and wrecked affections, and transferred them all to another who was real flesh and blood, fair to look upon, and her name was—Emily. His thoughts ran on Caskey's conduct from beginning to end, and it all seemed a puzzle. Was he in earnest, or was he playing a practical joke? And with this doubt he was harassed many a day.

He arrived home about two o'clock in the morning, glad to get back and be free from Caskey's rough reception, Lucinda's watchful eye, and "Cap's" evil intentions. He had promised to return, but there were two great obstacles in the way—Lucinda and "Cap."

CHAPTER XVIII.

EMILY.

WEEKS had rolled by, and still Charley had not mustered up courage to visit Caskey's plantation, and face such an experience again. And yet the longing to get acquainted with Emily had only increased. At length, a lucky idea came into his mind. She would surely be at some of the corn-huskings in the coming season, and this would be his opportunity. He then began to lay his plans to bring about the desired acquaintance. Patience and perseverance, he had heard, accomplished great things, and he was willing to try what these would do for him. He resolved to visit, if possible, every husking in Caskey's neighborhood, commencing at once, and continuing up to the last husking, or until he should meet his idol face to face. She lived fifteen miles away. He was pretty well acquainted about half the distance toward Caskey's plantation, but beyond that, with the exception of those he had met at Caskey's, he knew as little of the slave population as he did of the people of Africa. He saw at once that it would be necessary for him to extend his field of acquaintances farther, at least in

the direction in which Caskey lived, when, possibly, good-fortune would enable him to meet Emily.

After this, he always made it a point to talk with any one he met with who came from the vicinity in which he was interested. In a short time he got pretty well posted as to all the intermediate plantations.

About a month after, when down in that direction about four miles, he fell in with a man who lived quite close to Caskey's, and who would shortly return home. He was a slave, and appeared to have good sense, and to him he confided his secret. This man promised to render what assistance he could. He said he would keep a look-out, and would try and get him word when Caskey's slaves were invited out to a husking match. He sometimes got his master's little girl to write for him, and he would get him word in that way, if no other. They parted, and Charley's hopes were brighter and higher than they had been since the time he presented himself at Caskey's gate, just before he had caught sight of "Cap."

In about two weeks the expected letter came. It was short, but significant, and read as follows:

"CHALES CHANCE:—

"I've Bin at Mass'r caskey's—he's Bad enuff. Cap was chain'd and i manag'd it All Right with my BanJo and a little singin. Bee at Mass'r rutleges huskin—Be toosday weak. The Girls will Bee there, so will i. No more at present from your frend,

"HENERY DEBBs.

"P.S.—I'd have sent word Befour only i coodent get LiBBy to rite for me till now."

Rutledge's plantation was only about two miles from Caskey's, this side, fortunately, so that he had a tramp of thirteen miles before him. There was, however, the difficulty of getting permission to be away so early in the week. He, in consequence, became especially industrious for the few intervening days, and, fortunately, he was able to secure the necessary leave of absence, without divulging his secret. At the time indicated in the letter, he reached the Rutledge plantation. The first person he saw was his friend Debbs, who had arranged for his attendance, and was on the look-out for him. As he had the opportunity, he at once told Charley of those who were present from Caskey's. He was disappointed; Emily had not come. More than that, Lucinda had. In the midst of this gloom, there was a ray of hope, which shot across his mental horizon, when he learned that Emily's father was among those present. Already the husking was in full play; all hands were busily engaged except Debbs, who asked Charley to go with him and join the rest. They started, and just as they turned the corner of the great barn, who should they meet but Lucinda herself. Her look of surprise surprised Debbs. The bushel-basket of corn she carried before her fell heavily at her feet. Up went her arms, and back went the top of her head, something like the upper half of a hinged snuff-box, as she exclaimed, "Why, Cholly, is dis you?"

She then slipped off the red bandana handkerchief, which formed a band around her head, and wiped off the perspiration from her face.

"I didn't 'spec ter see yo' heah," said she.

"Needer did I 'spec ter see you," was Charley's rather crestfallen answer.

Debbs picked up her basket, and carried it to its destination. Lucinda, after recovering from her surprise, seemed pleased, and grew very chatty. All three kept pretty close together throughout the husking. At supper-time, as Lucinda waited on the table, Charley noticed that Debbs' eyes followed her. Subsequently he got a chance to see Emily's father for a few minutes, and learned from him that Caskey, who was a heavy drinker, was in financial trouble; that his lands were heavily mortgaged, and that some proceedings were going on against him in the courts.

Shortly after supper he rose to go home, when some one commenced to sing, and the whole company burst forth in a grand melody :

"Way down upon de Swanee ribber,
Far, far away,
Dar's whar my heart is turning ebber,
Dar's whar de ole folks stay.
All up an' down de whole creation,
Sadly I roam,
Still longing for de ole plantation,
And for de ole folks at home.

CHORUS.

"All de worl' am sad an dreary,
Eb'rywhar I roam,
Oh ! darkeys, how my heart grows weary,
Far from de ole folks at home."

Gladly would he have remained and enjoyed himself with that musical and jovial crowd, but he knew he must get home in time for the following day's work ; so, after lingering half an hour, he started, arriving, after a weary tramp, at daylight in the morning. He had not succeeded, and yet he felt that he had made a long step in the direction of his idol, and so his hopes beat higher, for he now fully believed he would yet win the beautiful brown-skinned girl Emily.

CHAPTER XIX.

CORN-HUSKING.

IN the month of November, soon after the corn was harvested, the great corn-huskings began. Every plantation that grew corn to any extent had its annual corn-husking. A corn-husking match was a sort of night bee, for which the owner made great preparation. For some days before the husking, there was an unusual bustle in getting ready for the event. If anything had been left unfinished at the harvesting, this was now attended to, and the granaries were got ready. A large quantity of sweet cider was prepared, or obtained ready for use. An unusual supply of provisions was laid in, and the kitchen slaves were busily employed in preparing the husking supper. In the midst of all this bustle, a trusty slave was mounted on a fleet horse, and dispatched to the neighboring plantations, with invitations for the husking match, and was required to ascertain the quota of slaves that each plantation would contribute.

At the time appointed, the slaves could be seen coming from all directions toward the great centre of attraction, the husking-match. These events were

looked upon by the slaves as high days and holidays, or rather, high nights. Two captains were chosen, who alternately called their assistants for the contest, which consisted in an effort on the part of each side to husk its half first. The corn had been previously gathered into a long pile, which looked in the distance like an extended haystack. Across its centre a rail was laid to divide the pile equally. The huskers were then arranged at each end of the pile. Sometimes there were two tiers, and then, of course, each gang took a tier. Work commenced, the husks fell rapidly from the golden ears, which the attendants gathered, and carried in baskets to the corn-bins. While their hands were thus busily employed, so were their tongues. Stories were told, local news retailed, plantation songs were sung—exercises not always free from obscenity, but frequently exceedingly humorous and grotesque. An attendant passed round with a great pitcher of sweet cider for the thirsty.

For a variation, a good singer would mount the corn pile, and start some such plantation song as the following, a hundred or more voices joining in the chorus, which in the instance here given consisted of the single word "buglelo," which, though short, did duty for a great variety of sweet chords.

"I will start de holler! Buglelo!
I will start de holler! Buglelo!
Oh, don't you hear me holler? Buglelo!
Massa's got a bugle! Buglelo!
A ten-cent bugle! Buglelo!"

No one ever called *encore*, for the same song was kept up until the crowd got tired of it, and the leader was persuaded to stop by a volley of corn in the husk, hurled at him. The corn-throwers invariably brought their man down hastily, only to be succeeded by others in succession, who would ring the changes on :

“ Who’s dat knockin’ at de do’ ? ”

“ Oh ! O-ho ! de ole jawbone.”

“ ‘Possum up a gum tree, ‘coon in de hollow.”

“ Hey, git along, git along Josey,
Hey, git along, Jim along Joe.”

“ My Aun’ Sal she dream’d a dream
Dat she wuz a floatin’ down de stream.”

“ In ole Kaintuck in de arternoon
We sweep de kitchen wid a bran new broom ;
An’ arter dat we form a ring,
An’ dis am de song dat we do sing.

CHORUS.

“ Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks ;
Clar de kitchen, old folks, young folks ;
Ole Virginny nebber tire.”

The leader frequently improvised words for the song, all the rest crashing in on the refrain. Verses were multiplied *ad infinitum* to suit the occasion.

“ Walkin’ in de light ob de moon,
 I spied a lubly coon,
 Sittin’ on a rail, sittin’ on a rail,
 A sleepin’ wery sound.

“ I jump’d across his back,
 He started on his track,
 An’ gallop’d roun’ de fiels,
 De dust flyin’ at his heels.

REFRAIN.—“ I spied a lubly coon,
 Sittin’ on a rail, sittin’ on a rail,
 A sleepin’ werry sound.

“ De dog, he gib us chase,
 An’ make a mighty race,
 All de darkies come to see,
 De lubly coon an’ me.

“ At las’ he reached a knoll,
 Den he popp’d in his hole,
 Left me an’ went down below,
 To put a stop to de show.

“ As stupid as a log,
 De darkies an’ de dog
 Stood lookin’ at de mound
 De lubly coon had found.

“ I spied a lubly coon,” etc.

Impromptu efforts were numerous, and heartily enjoyed. They naturally frequently pointed at peculiarities of the great institution of slavery itself, as in the following:

“ Missis an’ mass’r’s mad at me,
 Kase I wouldn’t eat de black-eyed pea.

Missis gib me one,
 Mass'r gib me two,
 An' broke my jawbone
 Berry short in two.
 Heigh ho ! de ole cowhide
 Wilts de Nigger's pride.
 Missis an' mass'r's mad at me,
 Kase I wouldn't eat de black-eyed pea."

As the pile began to grow small and "beautifully less," the night would fairly echo with :

"Lookin' fer de last eah !
 Ring a ding, a ling, ling.
 Round up de co'n pile,
 Ring a ding, a ling, ling.
 Lookin' fer de last eah !" etc.

Precisely at midnight the owner announced supper, and, if popular, would probably be seized, lifted up and borne away by strong arms, the whole crowd of huskers following, singing as they went to the great house some well-known song, as :

"Now, I am growin' faint an' old,
 I cannot wuk much mo',
 Oh ! carry me back, befo' I die,
 To Ole Virginny shore.

CHORUS.

"Oh ! carry me back to Ole Virginny,
 To Ole Virginny shore."

Or,

"Round de meadows am a ringin'
 De darkey's mournful song ;
 While de mockin' bird am singin',
 Happy as de day am long.

Whar de ivy am a creepin'
O'er de grassy mound,
Dar ole mass'r am a sleepin',
Sleepin' in de cold, cold ground.

CHORUS.

"Down in de co'n-fiel',
Hear dat mournful soun';
All de darkies am a weepin',
Mass'r's in de cold, cold ground."

At the end of the march they came to the supper tables spread in the yard, convenient to the kitchen of the great house. After the feast, and indeed often during the feast, the fun and frolic commenced in accordance with the humor of the crowd. This feature of the corn-husking was as heartily enjoyed as the rest. An hour was allowed for supper, and then, if the harvest was a heavy one, another hour or two would be given before the last ear would be found and the break-up would take place, which was generally preceded by a "break-down," or general dance in which old and young would participate amid the enlivening strains of fiddle, banjo, bones, tambourine, and other instruments. Except in case of a press of work as mentioned, the music and dancing commenced immediately after supper. This dance was generally held in the large kitchen or yard of the great house, and was often witnessed by the slave-holder and his family. Dancing in the olden times was of the jig type, performed heartily, and accompanied with many gyrations of the body and comicalities in word and facial expression.

In later times there came an innovation in the shape of round dances, slower movements, and calls. The dance calls partook of the same hearty, rough-and-ready style as the dance itself, and seemed to make the entertainment more generally enjoyable.

These calls were at least expressive, as may be seen in the following specimen :

“ Salute yer pardners !
 Opposite de same !
 Swing yo’ honey !
 All cut away !
 Right han’ ter pardner an’ gran’ right an’ lef’ !
 Cheat er swing !
 Fust boy skips ter de right !
 Gal foller aftah !
 Hoe er down !
 Gal in de centre an’ three hans roun’ !
 Lead ter de nex’ !
 Swing yer duckies !
 Cage de queen !
 Cheat ’em ef yo’ kin !
 Break down de floa !
 All shake yer feet !
 Each gal grab a boy !
 Fust team pull ter de right !
 Grab hans an’ cut away ter de nex’ !
 Six hans round !
 Doe, se does, and a doe, doe, doe !
 Fo’th couple sa-shay down de cent !
 Sa-shay back !
 Whoop ’em up !
 Get away gal ; get away fas’ !
 Boys in de centah an’ four hans round !
 Dar you go. Whoop la ! ”

The hilarious shouting and song-singing might at times be heard a mile away.

At some of these great husking-matches as much as two thousand bushels of corn in the cob would be husked. It sometimes happened that there would be two or three husking-matches in a week and as the slaves were not expected to lose any time on account of attending them, it became very trying to work all day after enjoying the husking all night, especially when the huskings had been attended two or three nights in the same week. After such an experience, Charley felt dreadfully fatigued one Saturday morning, because he could not get a chance to sleep.

"Chawles, ain't it time to pull the cabbage?" said Nicholas Ridgeley, his master.

"Yas, mass'r," he replied.

"Very well; you may pull them to-day," said Mr. Ridgeley.

There were over four hundred heads, and what was worse, they grew in front of the house, plainly in sight. Eliza the cook knew how he felt, and sympathized with him. At the work he went, and cabbage after cabbage came up by the roots and was stood on its head. Some of them were very large and required considerable strength to dislodge from their firm hold in the soil. Eliza was peeping through the venetian blind in the kitchen at him, he knew, and he was afraid the master was doing the same from the front parlor. The thought of his doing so had nerved him for the work; but after an hour's pulling he felt himself growing weak, and his head bewildered. The

next in the row was a monstrous, large cabbage. Charley laid his chest on its head, and dropping to the ground on his knees, he folded his arms around its great stalk, and then lost consciousness. How long he lay in that state he knew not, but remembers falling into a dream. He was at Hoskin's husking-match. The house was finely lit up with tallow dips. He knew every one at the gathering, and was surrounded by several fine young girls, who paid him great attention. One of the number was Emily, and she looked especially handsome to him that evening. Her eyes sparkled and her words pleased everybody, and when she laughed it seemed catching, for the rest were sure to laugh, too. They were talking over something that had happened at Seagrist's husking the week before, when two young fellows had quarrelled about a girl. Emily, looking right at him, said, "Shorely, dar's gals enuf fer—" A voice saying, "Chawles! Chawles! get up, what are you doing here?" accompanied by a slap of the palm of the hand on his back, quickly woke him. He was in a supplicating attitude, if not in a supplicating humor.

"You've been sleeping this half-hour. This is what comes of attending husking-matches," said his master.

Charley was greatly confused, and stammered out:

"What—what a big—er—um—head of cabbage dis is, de biggest I evah seed in my life."

"Yes," was the sarcastic reply, "you seem to have mistaken it for a bed."

"O, mass'r," exclaimed Charley, "I wuz so sleepy."

"Well, get these cabbages up. You may sleep to-morrow all you like, you sleepy-head."

Charley was glad his master had omitted the word "cabbage" in his designation. It was, however, a heavy disappointment to him that his master broke in upon his dream and prevented Emily from finishing her sentence. "Poor Emily, I'll see her," said he to himself, "an' see what she wuz gwine to say when I wuz in me great nap." He learned from Eliza afterwards that she saw him drop across the big cabbage, and that she became uneasy for fear the master would see him asleep. She was afraid to go out herself, because that would attract attention, and so she kept passing between the old fire-place and the window, while she was ironing, during the half-hour he lay dreaming of Hoskin's husking and of Emily.

On the same day, Jim Dingley, who had been hired from his master for that purpose, came to pull corn on Ridgeley's plantation. He came a little late, and was seen climbing over the fence into the corn-field at its farthest corner. Nothing more was seen of him until sunset, when he was seen going toward home. During the day Ridgeley inquired for him, and said that it was strange that his friend Hamilton would disappoint him. In the evening the two slave-owners met at Hamilton's place, and, after the usual greetings, the former said, "Why didn't you send Jim over?"

"I did," said Hamilton.

"Did you? Well, I didn't see anything of him, and I looked for him in the corn-field."

Jim was summoned into the presence of his master.

"Jim, I thought I sent you to Mr. Ridgeley's, to work in his cornfield?"

"Yas, mass'r," said Jim. "I was in Mass'r Ridgeley's co'n-fiel' all day."

"I didn't see you," said Ridgeley, somewhat astonished. "What were you doing, Jim?"

"Sleepin', mass'r. You see I'd bin at Mass'r Wicker's huskin'-match all night, an' wuz kinder tired, an' gettin' ober de co'nah ob de fence in de co'nah ob de co'n-fiel' yandah, I fell lengthwise in de co'n, my head restin' on a co'n-hill, so I thought I wu'd res' jes' a minit. All I reckamember mo' wuz de rustlin' ob de breeze 'mong de tassels an' leaves ob de co'n stalks. W'en I waked up, I didn't know wethah de sun wuz risin' or settin'; an', wethah it wuz risin' or settin', I thought it wuz bettah fer me ter go home. I'se very sorry, mass'r, but I on'y meant to res' a minit, jes' a minit." At this both slave-owners broke out into a loud laugh at the length of Jim's minute's sleep "in de co'n-fiel'." Both agreed that, in view of his explanation and eloquent defence, he ought to be forgiven.

"But, then," said Mr. Hamilton, "to let it pass would make the Nigger disobedient."

So Jim was ordered to strip to the waist, when Mrs. Hamilton, who was old Major Badgley's daughter, learning what was being done, stopped it. She detested whipping at best, and when she heard the circumstances of the case, she told her husband he ought to be ashamed of himself. Thus Jim escaped. He was, however, never afterward known to fall asleep again in "de co'ner ob de co'n' fiel'."

CHAPTER XX.

WONDERFUL MEETINGS.

SLAVE-HOLDERS were very much opposed to religious meetings being held by slaves. To assist them in their opposition, they obtained various legislative enactments, of which the following may be given as a sample :

“ A slave shall not attend any preaching in the nighttime, although conducted by a white minister, without a written permission from his owner, overseer, or master, or the agent of one of them.

“ No slaves, free Negroes, or Mulattoes, shall preach or exhort, or hold any meeting, either in the day or night ; and no slave, free Negro, or Mulatto, shall attend any assembly held, or pretended to be held, for religious purposes, or other instruction, conducted by any slave, free Negro, or Mulatto preacher.”

The latter enactment was a prohibition, and was difficult to enforce. As a compromise, they would allow a meeting to be held with the overseer or young master present to control the proceedings, his duty being to prevent excitement. As soon as any ebullition of feeling was exhibited, he would order the

speaker to "go slow," as he did not want his slaves to become excited. This espionage and supervision was not acceptable to the slaves themselves, and hence their wonderful secret meetings, which were all the more numerous attended, and all the more intense, on account of being forbidden. Occasionally they were discovered, raided, and routed. A watch-night service, which Charley attended, was in this way broken up. They could dance, drink, whoop, and make a great racket till near morning at a husking, without fear of disturbance; but when it came to holding a religious meeting, the slave-holders felt it necessary to draw the line just there, and suppress it, and when it was found impossible to do that, the next best thing was to control it. The restrictions, however, were in time gradually relaxed. Religious meetings, after a few years, became common, and revivals broke out among the slaves in all directions. There were some wonderful meetings in those days, in which melodious singing was a prominent feature. They had inherited soft, sweet voices, and with these voices exquisitely blending, they poured forth their souls in their own native lore, in rapid flights of rapturous melody, as they worshipped the Creator of the universe, in accordance with the feelings and dictates of their untutored natures.

How they would ring the changes as they sang their favorite pieces:

"Dar's a meetin' heah to-night."

"View de lan' way ovah Jordan."

“ I’m rollin’, rollin’, rollin’ through an unfriendly worl’.”

“ Britah am de Heabenly Glories.”

“ Hear dem bells, don’t you hear dem bells?
Dey’s ringin’ out de glory ob de Lamb.”

“ Sweet by-an’-by,
Oh, my sweet by-an’-by ;
Eh ! heh !
I’m gwine to leave
Fer to put on de starry crown.”

“ Keep inchin’ along, inchin’ along,
Mass’r Jesus comin’ by-an’-by ;
Inch by inch I sought de Lawd,
Inch by inch He saves my soul.

REFRAIN.

“ Keep inchin’ along, inchin’ along.”

“ I ain’t got time fo’ to stop an’ talk,
Keep in de middle ob de road ;
Coz de road am rough an’ it’s hard to walk,
Keep in de middle ob de road ;
Turn yo’r back on dis worl’ ob sin,
Knock at de doa an’ dey’l let you in,
Now, you’ll nebber git sich a chance agin ;
So keep in de middle ob de road.

CHORUS.

“ Den, chil’ren, keep in de middle ob de road,
Den, chil’ren, keep in de middle ob de road ;
Don’t you look to de right, don’t you look to de lef’,
But keep in de middle ob de road.”

The men would sing at their work in the fields, and the women would sing at their work in the houses. With nothing in this life that they could call their own, they were ravished with the thought of becoming entitled to a wonderful inheritance in the next. In this, they had neither houses nor lands; in the next, they were to enjoy some of the "many mansions" in the skies. In this, they were treated as chattels, whose bodies were owned by others, and the existence of whose very souls was denied; in the next, they would enjoy heaven's treasures as an inheritance by an heirship of the Creator and a joint-heirship with the Saviour of mankind. Frequently, in the transport of ecstatic hope, with an eye of faith they would catch a glimpse of the mountain-tops of Beulah Land, gorgeously tinted with the reflected rays of the rising Sun of Righteousness, and shout "Hallelujah! the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth," and will deliver those who put their trust in Him, by "binding up the broken-hearted, proclaiming liberty to the captives, and by opening of the prison to them that are bound."

A great revival broke out at Gregory's house, at Middle River Neck, conducted by two freedmen preachers, named Jerry Williams and Joe Wilson. The former was a fine singer, and the latter a wonderful preacher, who, by his fervid eloquence, had almost unlimited control over his audience, and could make them weep or laugh at pleasure. The house, a large one, was seated with rough boards, and had a raised platform at one end. Overhead, one-half the board ceiling had been taken out, and the remaining half, opposite

the platform, did service as a gallery, in all making a seating capacity for about five hundred persons. The house had, in fact, been converted into a temporary church. There was a narrow aisle up the middle of the building, on one side of which sat the men and boys and on the other the women and girls. On the platform on a certain night, when the meetings created the greatest interest, were the two preachers named, and three large Negro slaves who lived in the vicinity. Every inch of available space was occupied. Here were men and women of all ages and all shades, from the light yellow tinge up to the full-blooded black. There was also a large number of young people, but not one in all that crowd through whose veins did not course Negro blood. Enthusiasm and religious fervor were everywhere apparent. Williams had not proceeded far in his discourse, when the responses, "Amen!" "Bress de Lawd!" "Hallelujah!" "Glory!" and others, rolled up in great volume as he discoursed on the beauties and happiness of heaven. He pictured the city of the King Eternal, with its walls of twelve foundations of precious stones, and "street of pure gold," "gates of pearl," "a pure river of water of life," and "the tree of life," whose leaves are "for the healing of the nations," and closed with an impassioned appeal to his hearers to secure the rest and rewards of the heavenly city.

One of the three mentioned then stood up, and sang, with great compass of voice:

"He rose, He rose an' burst de bans ob death,
An' went to heaven in a cloud."

As soon as he had finished, the other two stood up with him, and each one, with outstretched arm, placed the right hand on the left shoulder, and left hand on the right shoulder of the man next him, thus forming a circle of three. The man who had just sung began to improvise words and music. All three kept circling round in a sort of dance, and then crashed in with a tremendous chorus :

“ De Lawd our King, He’s on our side,
He’ll he’p us all our foes o’erride ;
We’ll shout old Satan down to hell,
An’ bid his kingdom fare-ye-well.”

Suddenly a great enthusiasm broke out all over the audience, and as soon as they caught the words they joined in the refrain. It seemed as if electrical fervor took possession of the entire assembly, and every one was not only singing, but keeping time in some way with the dance and melody of the three men on the platform. This was done by tapping the floor with their feet, slapping their hands together, and rapping on the wall with their knuckles. Old men tapped the floor with their canes. Bodies swaying to and fro, arms gesticulating, faces fairly shining with happiness, shouting, occasional rippling laughter, and not a few throwing their bodies in such a manner as to endanger their lives by falling off the gallery—all went to make it a most animated scene, and the most memorable meeting that had ever been known in the vicinity up to that time. In the midst of this excitement Joe Wilson sprang to his feet and announced his text, “ What shall it profit a man if he gain the

whole world and lose his own soul, or, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul ? ”

The three dancers immediately dropped exhausted into their seats, and the standing audience became seated, and the wild, weird commotion became hushed in a comparatively short space of time, considering the high tension up to which it had been wound. Soon all were listening to this eloquent man; and as he talked of the rich and his temporary enjoyment, of his riches turned into ashes, of the fleetness and uncertainty of life; of the poor man, and the pleasures of an endless life, they settled into rapt attention. He naturally glided to the subject of the great Judgment Day, which he proceeded to portray with pathos and power. The long and high tension of his audience now began to tell, and one female after another fell in a swoon, and was quickly carried out, and tenderly cared for. His closing application was an eloquent appeal to be ready against that great day. The congregation, led by Jerry Williams, then sang with great spirit :

“ We'll walk about Jerusalem
When we arrive at home ;
My brothah am gwan ovah,
I really do believe ;
Go sound de jubilee.”

This was repeated many times, with a change of the word brother, to suit the different relationships of a family. The meeting, which was kept up till very late, was known among the slaves of Middle River Neck for years after as “ De wonderful meetin'.” Soon after, revivals broke out in various sections of that part of the country, and hundreds were converted.

CHAPTER XXI.

A CAMP-MEETING.

THE very next summer, after the wonderful meetings at Gregory's log-house, great preparations were made for a Negro camp-meeting. It was talked of far and near, and was to be held in Dr. Jamieson's beautiful grove, in the month of August. When the time arrived, upon the first Sunday, there was a vast crowd in attendance, among whom was a slight sprinkling of white people. Canvas tents and temporary shelters surrounded the rough, pine board seats placed among the trees for the people. Opposite the entrance to the grounds was the preachers' stand, from which hung a long tin horn; and a little to the right of the entrance was a remarkably well-patronized refreshment stand. The latter stood directly opposite the prayer-meeting tent. In front of the preachers' stand was a platform for the singers, and an extensive cedar-pole railing, still lower upon the ground, for the seekers of religion. On the stand were the following notables: Dan Coco, a slave, from eastern shore Maryland, a shoemaker by trade, and owned by Edward Lloyd,* in whose slave-quarters the celebrated Fred Douglass was

* Since the above was put in type, the following paragraph has appeared in public print:—"Just before Fred. Douglass sailed for his post as Minister to Hayti he was called upon by Lieut. Edward Lloyd, of Maryland, whose great-grandfather owned Douglass and his mother when they were slaves."

born; Nathan Lyon, and Joe Young. The last named was sometimes, curiously enough, designated old Young, but was more generally known as "De Man ob Thundah in de Woods." He was a freedman, and a full cousin of the well-known lay preacher Thomas Miller, of Owen Sound. There were besides, Nancy Smith, the great woman preacher, and several others of more or less celebrity. As Charley entered the grounds Joe Young stood with his back against a tree, and a crowd about him listening to him as he fairly made the woods ring with his singing.

"I'se trabbling on de heabenly road, Chil'en, come along,
I'se left de one dat am so broad, Chil'en, etc.
De way am rough, and narrow too, Chil'en, etc.
But I'se shod wid de Gospel shoe, Chil'en, etc.

"Dis sinful heart won't ache no mo', Chil'en, etc.
I'se shoutin' louder dan befo', Chil'en, etc.
I'll keep a shoutin' till I die, Chil'en, etc.
On Canaan's land I'se fixed my eye, Chil'en, etc.

"It ain't no use a hangin' back, Chil'en, etc.
You better jine me on dis trac', Chil'en, etc.
Den hurry up, or you'll be too late, Chil'en, etc.
Dey's gwine to shut de golden gate, Chil'en, etc."

• Joe had been heard in the morning prayer-meeting a mile and a quarter from the camp-ground. The sound of his voice had travelled that distance along the silvery stream that threaded its way through the lovely grove of the camp-ground. Directly Elder Joyce, who was as black as ebony, and wore a large pair of spectacles; took the meeting in charge. He began by

"tooting" the long horn, and calling out to the vast crowd to be seated. "De fore part ob de congregation, at least," said he, "must sot down, so de hind part kin see de fore part, fer de hind part can't see de fore part, ef de fore part persist in standin' befo' de hind part, to de utter selusion ob de hind part by de fore part." They sat down, and he proceeded to give some of his own personal experience, as follows:

"I'se bin in de ministry," said he, looking over his spectacles, "nigh gwine on twenty yeah, an' I'se buried ober a hundred people, but I'd a heap sooner marr'd a hundred couples, specially ef de bridegroom planks down de money fer my marryin' fee, as he orter fer jinen him to his female bride. What's de reason dere willin' to pay so lil fer de job? Lots on 'em would arterward gib a heap mo' to be unmarr'd. I once marr'd a big man an' a lil 'ooman togedder. In a week he cum back to me, an' said, 'Parson Joyce, see heah,' an' I said, 'Wal, sah, wat's de mattah?' an' he sed, 'A great deal's de mattah—I want you to take dat wench off'n my hans.' 'O brudder,' said I, 'I can't, you tuk her fer bettah an' fer wuss; an'—' 'So I did,' he broke in, 'but she's all wuss an' no bettah, you mus' take her off'n my hans.' I said, 'My brudder, I can't, fer de law on'y 'lows me to marry, but not to unmarry.' 'Is dat so?' said he, as he lef' me in great dis'pintment."

The Elder concluded with an urgent appeal for a good collection to defray expenses. The singing and preaching of the morning service were both good. Dan Coco preached. He was, however, occasionally

disturbed by a racket at the refreshment stand. A mild expostulation from the Elder generally had the desired effect, although it must be admitted, he was not as prompt as he should have been, owing, it was said, to his "harborin' a feelin' of animosity agin de preachah fer outpreachin' 'im." Dan's subject was "The wages of sin and the power of the devil."

"Yo' sins," said he, "are shore to fine you out. De wages paid by de debil is po', an' doan' pay. W'en he gits you into his powah, he makes yer toe de mark eb'ry time. In de end he'll use you mean, an' bimeby he'll tyrannize ovah you fer evah an' evah, ef he gits de chance. De debil's true keractah am seen in dat po'-tion ob de Scripters which says, 'De debil as a roarin' lion walketh about, seekin' whom he may devouah.'"

"Dat's so," ejaculated Preacher Lyon.

"To-day I wants to tell you about de debil, dat ole sarpant de dragoon. De wolf gets de stray sheep. Come inter de sheep-fold," said he, pointing to the cedar pole railing, "an' be safe frum de debil's powah an' wicked wiles, fer he's an unremittigated deceiber."

Just then another racket occurred at the refreshment stand, and the Elder shouted at the top of his voice, "Will Brudder Johnsing keep de bar a lil mo' quiet ober dar. De perlice will please see dat de noise is not repetishunated."

"A great cry an' lil wool, said de debil, as he ketch'd a pig. Dat's 'bout de way ob it at de refreshment stan'," said Dan, complainingly.

"Wuz dat pig ketch'd unner a gate?" shouted a black man with a white head, who sat far back in the crowd; at which everybody laughed.

"De debil makes great promises, but he doan' keep 'em wuth a cent, an' disappoints eb'ry time, an' his followers will turn out to be fools in de long run," continued Dan, as soon as the hubbub had subsided. "De Lawd," said he, "pays de best ob wages, bof heah an' in de great heahaftah." He then proceeded to illustrate "de kontras' twix de two kines ob wages," and to warn his hearers against Satan's seductive power, making many uncomplimentary references to his Satanic majesty throughout his discourse.

After singing and taking up the collection, the vast audience was dismissed for dinner. There was great expectation as to the afternoon service, as, besides Nathan Lyon, Nancy Smith, the great freedwoman preacher, was to speak. Nancy's personal history was well known. She had been a slave in Maryland, but was now a freedwoman of Philadelphia. Nancy once took a notion to return to eastern shore Maryland, as she said, "to tell what de Lawd had done fer her." When about to return home, she was interviewed by a member of her church, who said to her, "Wait, Sistah Nancy, till nex' week, an' I'll call a far'well meetin' fer you. Sens you've got ter be sich a great preachah, de people will be glad to har you preach." She consented to wait, and her kind friend made all the necessary arrangements for "de far'well meetin'," and at the same time notified the authorities of the breach of the law committed by Nancy in remaining in the place longer than the permitted ten days. At her meeting she was, in consequence, arrested, and was only released on bail being secured for her after much

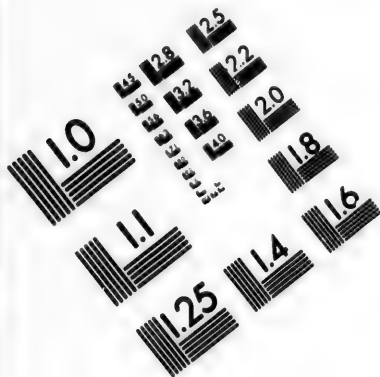
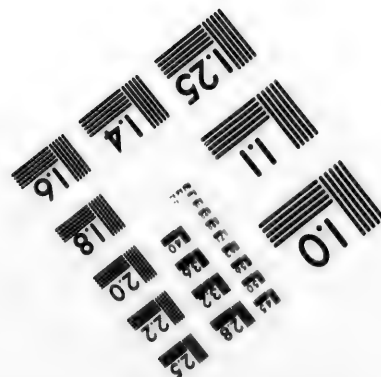
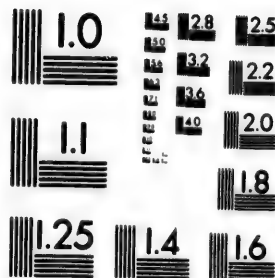
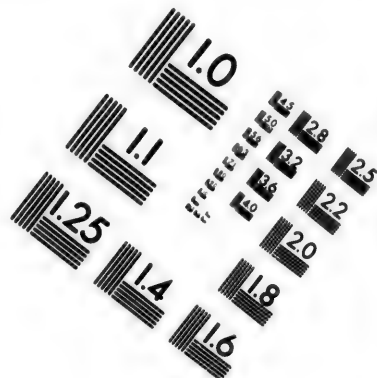


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trouble. Her old master became her surety, and paid the expenses, and the scheming church member pocketed half the fees.

Elder Joyce opened the afternoon service with the usual "toot" on the long horn, and an appeal to the singers on the platform to "do dere bery bes'," as "good singin' al'us hep'd de colleckshuns." "De cryin' evil ob de day," said he, "is bumpshusness. De bumpshus man am de man who plants hisse'f right agin eb'rythin' othah people do or say. He wants his own way al'us, like a spild chile, knows eb'rythin', an' w'at he doan know ain't wuth knowin'. An' dere am lots ob bumpshus sinnahs heah on de camp-groun' dis arternoon. De great cure for dis sin is sanctified gumpshun. It removes bumpshusness, an' he'ps a man to rejoice mid de troublesomeness ob dis present wicked worl'."

The Elder stopped just in time, as his dusky audience began to be restless. Then followed some excellent singing, and a practical and telling discourse by Nathan Lyon, which, however, was considerably marred by a row among some roughs at the far end of the camp-ground.

As soon as Nathan had finished, the Elder introduced Sister Nancy Smith. On rising to her feet, Nancy pulled her bonnet off and threw it on the platform, and announced her text to be, "I am the way." "Chil'n," said she, "we're all fella trabellers ter de ete'nal worl'. W'en yo's gwine ter a strange part ob de kentry, yo rekamembers ter enquire about it 'fo' yo' go. Yo' doan fail ter larn all yo' kin 'bout de

place yo gwine ter fer de fust time. Jes' so yo' orter larn all 'bout de heabenly kentry fo' yo' cross de ribber ob Jerdan. Ef you doan, how kin yo' eber reach de promis' lan'? Yo' ax me how yo' orter larn. De Bible is declar'd to be "a lamp to our feet, an a light to our pathway." De preparashun mus' be got heah; an' ef by chance yo' got ter de heabenly lan' widout larnin' de propah way, an' widout dis preparashun yo' wouldn't feel at home dar, an' yo' 'ud want ter cum back. Dar is a way dat leads ter death, hit's de way ob disobedyance, an' dar is a way dat leads ter life everlastin', an' hit's de way ob obedyance. Enmity to'ards de Lawd mus' be slain by de so'd ob de Spirit. De tommyhawk ob war agin de Lawd mus' be buried, an' yo' mus' foller de still small woice ob His teachin'. Den yo'll know de way, an' kin walk in it, an' be a bright an' shinin' light to odders. Dif'rent histories an' commentatories," she continued, "say dat de book ob Rebelations am a sealed book, but in dis present disposition it am not so; fer hit has pleas'd de Lawd to make His will known in dese las' days to de chil'n ob men, by de powah ob His own Word, instead ob by prophecies, dreams an' wisions, as afo' time."

Occasionally, in her discourse, she grew excited, and her voice went up to a scream. Her imagination found full play, as she gave a description of "de separation ob de sheep from de goats," and of the regions of the lost, which was as realistic as Dante's "Inferno" itself.

"De Lawd," said she, in conclusion, "am no respecer

of pussons. Hits no mattah 'bout de complexshun ob de face. Hits de complexshun ob de soul dat will count den. Ebery man for hisse'f, an' ebery ooman fer herse'f, in dat las' great day."

"Amen," shouted Elder Joyce.

The effect of these discourses upon that vast assemblage was very marked, and when the invitation was given by the Elder not to be "back'ard in comin' for'ard," the cedar-pole railing was filled from end to end.

In the evening, the fire-stands were lit up, and as the shades of evening fell upon the leafy temple, and the crackling fires threw their unsteady light in every direction over the sable crowd, the effect was odd and weird. The Elder, in opening, as usual referred to the collection, and reminded his hearers that "de contribution box wuzn't he'p'd a bit by de loudes' kind ob amens." The collection was then taken up, and after some congregational singing, Joe Young stood up, and announced his text: "Men love darkness rather than light, because their deeds are evil."

He referred to the beautiful grove in which they then worshipped. It would be all dark but for the platform fires. Light was contrasted with darkness. Man's heart was by nature dark, "deceitful above all things and desperately wicked." The Sun of Righteousness had risen, the Gospel was lighting up "the dark places of the earth," still so "full of the habitations of cruelty."

"But," said he, "dere is a city which has no need ob de sun to light it. Dere is a lan' free frum de scourge

ob sin, an' whar all is bright, peaceful an' happy.
Dere is a place whar man kin enjoy de society ob
angels an' de pure an' de good ob all ages."

He closed with a powerful exhortation for his
hearers to turn in with the overtures of mercy, and
enjoy the liberty of the Gospel and the rich rewards
of an endless life. "An' when yo' cross de rivah ob
Jordan," he continued, "yo'll find yo'se'ves on de fair
banks ob deliv'rance,

" 'Far from a worl' ob grief an' sin,
With God eternally shut in.' "

His hearers, who were greatly moved by his power-
ful address, were more than pleased when he announced
that he would sing another piece. All were completely
captivated by his rich baritone voice, which filled the
leafy temple in which they worshipped as he sang :

" Oh ! how I long to reach dat heabenly shore,
An' meet ole Petah a standin' in de door,
An' dip in de golden sea.
He'll ask me to sit in his ivory pew,
To look an' listen to de music new,
An' dip in de golden sea ;
To drive with his ebony coach an' snow-white steed,
Enjoy de glories ob de saved indeed,
An' dip in de golden sea.
I'll wear a crown an' float in de air,
I'm awaitin', waitin' to go up dere,
An' dip in de golden sea."

Great was the crowd of seekers at the close of this
meeting. Many were loosed from the bonds of sin

and entered into the liberty proclaimed in the Gospel to the captive.

The next morning, at nine o'clock, the whole camp assembled for a grand fellowship meeting. This was conducted by the last speaker of the previous evening, "De Man ob Thundah in de Woods," who, after a short, earnest address, a reference to his personal experience, and quoting the passage, "Ye are My witnesses, saith the Lord," threw the meeting open. Testimonies and singing followed in quick succession, and were accompanied with hearty outbursts of responsive remarks. When the excitement and noise were on a rapid increase, an exceedingly large Negress, whose avoirdupois was probably not less than three hundred pounds, rose on her feet, and with uplifted arm, shouted in a high key, "Hooray fer King Jesus!" and glided back into her seat, at which the whole meeting rose and cheered, as if to give vent to their fervor.

A white sister, named Duke, who occasionally spoke at religious gatherings, felt grieved at such proceedings, and immediately stepped forward to the railing, and inveighed as strongly as she dare, without giving offence, against noise and confusion at religious services.

"It was quite unnecessary to get excited and shout so loud," she went on to say. "God was not deaf that He could not hear. People who made the most fuss did not always do the most work. The power that split the tree into splinters was the noiseless lightning, not the belching thunder. The steamboat made a deafening noise as she blew off steam, and yet the

wheels revolved not, nor did she move an inch." Giving these and other illustrations to press her subject home, she wound up by quoting the passage, "Let all things be done decently and in order," and by saying nothing was to be gained by noise and confusion.

A cold chill had, in consequence, struck the meeting, and the suspense was painful. Fortunately it was of brief duration. A Negro with a head large compared with his diminutive body, of keen eye and nervous temperament, who was called "Happy Hunchy," or "De Ingee Rubbah Man," and who sat within the railing, and had been pretty demonstrative up to the commencement of the remonstrance, rose and said :

"Good sistah Juke likes de quiet road to de Heabenly lan', but wuz dar no noise when de priests blew on de crooked rams' horns, as dey went roun' an' roun' de walls ob Jericho." While he spoke his arms fairly whirled about his head, and his body swayed back and forth till his head at times nearly touched the ground. "Wuz dar no noise, no confusion," he demanded, "when de big blast ob de horns made de great walls ob de city fall down flat," and suiting action to word, he turned a complete and exceedingly neat summerset before the people, and proceeded with his address as if nothing unusual had occurred. "Sistah Juke says de Lawd isn't deaf. Wal no, nor wuz He deaf when 'Joshua said unto de people, Shout! an' all de people gib a great shout'? nor when dey 'shouted aloud fer joy.'" Here he shouted "Hallelujah!" and was quickly followed by the meeting with a chorus of hallelujahs, in the midst of which he

turned another sunset. It was now evident that Happy Hunchy was having one of his good times, and that he had the meeting with him in full swing. From the constant action of his limbs and body, it was quite apparent why he was called "De Ingee Rubbah Man." Suddenly he straightened up, and sang in a clear, musical voice :

"When Israel come to Jericho,
I mus' cross to see my Lawd.
Begin to shout, sing and blow,
I mus' cross to see my Lawd.
Jordan's waves I mus' cross,
I hope to cross an' not get loss.

CHORUS.—"Give way, Jordan,
Give way, Jordan,
Give way, Jordan,
I mus' cross to see my Lawd."

As his voice rose so did his arm, until the highest note was reached, when the hand and fingers extended to the utmost, and pointing upward, quivered with the intense emotion of the singer.

By this time, as may be readily supposed, every vestige of the chill had disappeared. His listeners had caught his inspiration, and were demonstrating it with tremendous enthusiasm.

"Sistah Juke," he continued, "wants wu'k widout noise. Doan de bizzy bumble-bee make a noise as hit gathahs honey frum de clovah fiel' ? Bim-im-im, says de wucken bee, but de drones am as silent as de grabe. Sistah Juke's content wid de lil draps ob honey dat falls by de way uv peace an quiet ; but gib me de bustle ob

de bizzy bee, an' de big honey in de honey-comb. Hi! ho-oo-o!" he shouted in a prolonged and powerful tone, then over he went again. "De lightnin' kills," he went on to say, "but de thundah clars de air, an' brings de needed rain. De Lawd promis'd to open de windahs ob heaben an' pour out a blessin'. Sistah Juke's satisfi'd wid de droppin's, I wants de big showah an' de storm," and then turned another summerset, amid a shower of amens and hallelujahs from the meeting. "Sistah Juke is afeer'd ob 'frontin' de fine people wid excitin' noise in 'ligion; but w'at 'bout 'frontin' de King ob kings an' Lawd ob lawds by unbrokin silence? Some people is stiff in de back, stiff in de jints, an' stiff in de neck, an' treat dar Creator like a strangah. Stillness shows death—action, life. Bettah wear out dan rust out. Gib me de commotion ob life." At which he revolved like a ball before his astonished hearers. "Sistah Juke says, de mo' noise de less speed on de boat. Hi! ho-oo-o! crowd on de steam, breth'ring an' sistahs; crowd on de steam. De mo' steam, de fasser de wessel will go, an' de sooner she'll git safe into de haben ob res'. Crowd on de steam; crowd on de steam, breth'ring an' sistahs. Hit's a noisy worl' at bes', but dar's mo' noise an' wuss in de nex' ef yo' gets to de wrong one." Here over he went again, making the sixth revolution, adding, as he came on his feet, "We's gwine to sail through de sto'my sea ob dis rife straight up to de lan' ob de blest, an' leave dis wexashus wor'l cl'ar out ob sight." As he dropped into his seat, the amens and hallelujahs, and other ejaculations, broke out afresh over the camp ground, in the midst of which some one struck up:

" We'll stand the storm, it won't be long,
We'll anchor by-and-by."

Then came

"Steal away to Jesus."

The hallowing influence of this slave-hymn subdued every heart. A sacred awe fell upon the worshippers as they felt the saving presence of Him of whom they sang in their very midst.* A touching prayer from Nathan Lyon brought this wonderful meeting to a close.

In all, about 250 persons openly professed conversion as the result of the services of this great camp-meeting, held in Dr. Jamieson's grove.

*The pagan Indian is no singer; but becomes one when his sympathies are enlisted under the banner of the Cross. The Negro, naturally musical, moulded by the influences of Christianity, develops a surprising capacity for music, and becomes master of wild, thrilling melodies, which not only meet a hearty response in the hearts of the people of his own color, but touch and melt the hearts of the people of every "nation, kindred and tongue." The descendants of musical slaves in the persons of Jubilee Singers and others have held audience before the Presidents and Governors of America, and before the Kings and Queens of Europe. One of the musical wonders of the present age is the well-known Negro, "Blind Tom."

CHAPTER XXII.

TURNING OVER A NEW LEAF.

AT twenty-four years of age, Charley had unfortunately become much addicted to drinking, and was, as we have seen, passionately fond of cock-fighting, headquarters for which were still at the "Bull's Head." At Easter, a number of young fellows at Lower River Neck made up a purse of fifty dollars, against one of the same amount put up at Middle River Neck, for a great match. A couple of hundred assembled to witness the fight. Great interest was felt on account of the number of birds entered for the contest and the largeness of the stakes. There was a heavy slaughter among the birds that day, and conscience, upbraiding Charley, seemed to say, "Ain't it a shame fer yo' to put steel gaffs on ter kill dem birds." Just then, Harry Bowey, who was on the opposite side in the match, came to him, and said:

"De debil's gib yo' de greates' luck I evah seed in my life. I'll nevah fight 'gainst yo' side agin, but I'll jine yo' side."

"Jine my side," said Charley, "dat's cur'us, fer I'll nevah put a spur on a heel agin."

"Sho ! how yo' talk," said Harry.

"Yo'll see," replied Charley.

Before the fight came off, Charley had gone over to old La Pere's, who claimed to know something of the "black art."

"Dey tell me," said Charley to him, "dat Harry Bowey am a conjuror, an', as we's gwine ter fight game cocks, I want yo' to he'p me beat him."

He said he would, and instructed him to go to the Roman Catholic church, and get a bottle of holy water, and sprinkle it on the floor of the cockpit. This, he said, would break his power. "Tell the caretaker," said he, "you assemble with the Bennett people."

Charley went to the church, and being questioned by the caretaker, answered as directed. The caretaker was satisfied, and told him to do as he did, and then took him to the marble pool, crossed himself, and bowed. Charley filled his bottle, and hastened away to the cockpit, which he sprinkled well with the holy water. As soon as his bird killed his opponent, his heart smote him because he had obtained the victory by such deception. He determined to quit the business forever, and left the company at once, taking his bird with him. His share of the money won in his pocket only seemed to increase his misery.

A couple of weeks before this main, good old Eli Hawkins, a colored preacher, had taken him to task on account of his reckless manner of life. "Such a co'se," said he, "leads down to de place ob eberlastin' to'ment. You will be call'd befo' de bar ob God on de day ob judgment, to answer fer de deeds done in de

body." His earnest words troubled him. They rang in his ears while he stood in the cockpit, watching the varying success of the fighting birds, and just then he was convicted. He felt he had a soul to save, and it might be lost, and became deeply troubled in spirit, and concluded to leave the cockpit forever. He now lost his natural sprightliness, and his spirit of joking left him. To others he was dull and forbidding, while he was conscious only of his lost condition, and withdrew from his companions. In this frame of mind he visited the preacher who had so faithfully warned him as to his headlong career, and asked him to read a chapter in the Bible to him.

"Chile," said the preacher, "I can't read de Bible."

"Can't read?" said Charley. "Den how do yo' manage ter preach?"

"Wal, yo' see," said Brother Hawkins, his face lighting up with a smile, "my wife Isanthe reads ter me, an' I 'spounds an' 'splains ter de people."

As Isanthe was away from home, no chapter was read, but, in its stead, Charley received a goodly portion of advice.

At the following Whitsuntide, a great horse race was advertised to be held at the city of Baltimore, and Charley concluded to go, and see if he could not throw off this feeling which oppressed him night and day. A number of horses were speeding. Ridgeley's "Lady Lightfoot," which had never been beaten, was among them. After a little speeding and a few false starts, they got away in the race. There was a large number of spectators, perhaps two thousand, or even

more. General Sleeper was one of the managers. Contrary to all former experience, the race gave Charley no satisfaction. "If de groun' war to sink," thought he, "w'at a lot ob people would go ter ruin. It would be bad fer me, fer I'd hab ter go wid de rest." He then went to a tent where a black man was selling whiskey, bought a pint bottle, and put it to his mouth, hoping to drown the strange feeling of misery that had taken such a deep hold of him; but to no purpose, for something seemed to say, "Quit that!" and he threw bottle and whiskey away. He felt terrified, and started for home. In due time he reached, but did not enter, the house. All night he walked the streets of the city. At this time he was chopping in Ridgeley's woods, and next morning started at his work. After being some weeks in distress, he went to see and talk with some old Methodist Negroes about the way he felt. After explaining his sorrowful condition to them, they said to him, "Yo' mus' fas' an' pray, an' look ter de Lawd fer he'p." To make sure work of it, he neither ate nor drank anything the next day, and the following is his version of what happened:—

"When de horn blew, I didn't go ter breakfas'. I thought I would nevah be forgiven my sins, an' would have to go down to perdition shor'. I spent de noon-spell prayin' between two woodpiles. I said, 'O Lawd, it peahs how I mus' be lost, I'se bin so wicked.' At sundown I went agin' to my prayin'-place, an' wrestled all nite, with a great weight restin' on my sholders, but at break o' day, a faint light strove with

de darkness of my soul. Some one seem'd to speak to me like de voice of a man, saying, 'Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Then I seed a Saviour able to save 'to de uttermos', one 'who His ownself bare our sins in His own body on de tree,' and I sed to Him, 'I believe Thou dost save even me.' All in a minit, de light got de mast'ry, my great sorrow lef' me, my load roll'd off'n my shol'ers, joy filled my heart; I felt de Lawd owned me fer his chil', an' wuz so overcome, I wu'd have fell ter de groun', but fer a saplin' I ketch'd hol' of. Soon my strength return'd, an' I shouted my praises to de Lawd, an' would have shouted ef thar had bin fifty cannon pinted at me. So loud did I shout in my joy, that they heard me at Hamilton's, a mile away. I kept on shoutin' till night. Jes' a short time befo' life seem'd almos' unbearable, but now I wuz saved an' joyful. My Master encourag'd me. I wuz happy all de day long; although my body wuz in slav'ry, my spirit wuz free in de Lawd. An' de fust time I tol' in de meetin' how de Lawd had saved me, didn't they strike up an' sing:

" 'Twuz jes' about de break o' day
When Jesus wash'd my sins away.'

"An' that hymn jes suited my 'sperence, an' wuz wery precious to me then, an' is wery precious to me still."

CHAPTER XXIII.

VISITING VIRGINIA.

THE last summer that Charley was Ridgeley's slave, two preachers, friends of his, named Rattray and Ringo, of the British Methodist Episcopal Church, from the State of Delaware, attending a Church Conference at Washington, concluded to take a sail down the Potomac in a steamer, for the purpose of visiting the city of Alexandria. They had heard much of the beauty of the city, and anticipated a more than usually pleasant day. On arrival they were interviewed by a sharp-featured man, who made himself very friendly. They talked freely with him of their Conference just ended, and of their respective charges at home. Besides this, their white neck-cloths, pretty liberally displayed, and the frequent references of the one to "my reverend Bruddah Ringo," and of the other to "my deah bruddah, Reverend Mistah Rattray," precluded any possibility of mistaking their social position on the part of their new-found friend, who, after enumerating many points of interest in the city, wound up by offering to take them to one or two of the city's chief attractions. They were both

highly pleased at the deference thus shown them, and never felt prouder of their ministerial standing and Conference connexion, and accepting the proffered offer, they immediately started to see the city. They were conducted straight to a point which was daily the subject of much interest, but which had not been enumerated by the obliging Alexandrian. It was known as the Police Station. Their smooth-tongued guide, who proved to be a policeman in plain clothes, at once ushered the city visitors into the presence of the chief magistrate of the city.

"Here are two Niggers," said the policeman, "I arrested at the steamboat wharf. They say they belong to the State of Delaware."

The magistrate was a large, rough-looking man, with a thin, squeaky voice ; and peering over his spectacles at the prisoners, said :

"What you Niggers doing here ? Come to decoy other Niggers, eh ? You must know you're in Virginia, and Virginia law don't allow anything of that kind."

The preachers, who had quite overlooked Virginia law, which forbade freedmen from entering the State, were now greatly crestfallen.

"I'll fine you well," he continued, still staring at them over his spectacles, "and put you in gaol ; and if you can't pay, you'll have to be sold out for the gaol fees."

As they both knew of many instances of Negroes who had been arrested on suspicion of being runaways, and thrust into prison, and who, on being advertised, remaining unclaimed, were sent to the slave-market of

the city, and sold for the expenses of arrest and imprisonment—or, as it was generally termed, “sold for gaol fees”—they now fully realized the seriousness of their situation, and fairly quaked with fear at the thought of such a fate. Reverend Mr. Rattray was the first to crave a hearing, and rehearsed the story of their ministry, the recent Conference, and the object of their visit.

“I wuz bo’n an’ bred,” said he in conclusion, “in de city ob Washington, an’ now live in de State ob Delaware. I had nevah seed yo’ booful city, an’ propos’d de trip to my good friend, Bruddah Ringo.”

The Reverend Mr. Ringo also stoutly disclaimed any object other than that of seeing “de booful city ob Alexandah.”

“I cum,” he declared, “spressly fer dat purpose.”

The magistrate was, however, quite incredulous as to their every statement, and was about to deal out summary justice of an unjust nature; but on learning that Ringo was acquainted with a merchant in the city, postponed the hearing for half an hour, and sent for him. On his arrival the merchant at once recognized Ringo, and said from what he knew of him his statement could be relied on. Thereupon the magistrate eased up considerably, and after stating that the law must be obeyed, deemed it a sufficient vindication of the law in its majesty, to inflict a fine of \$5 upon each prisoner, with costs, which amounted to \$2.50 each. They were thus mulcted in all in the sum of \$15, and allowed to go. On being released, they went straight back to the steamboat, which was being

loaded with freight. Here they remained for five hours without anything to do or anything to eat. They had, of course, lost all desire to see the "booful" city they had heard so much about, and anxiously awaited the boat's departure. Never did hours go more slowly, and never did a day seem longer. They feared another arrest and detention, and hence were on the jagged edge of suspense through all that weary waiting. Rarely was a word spoken between them, so greatly were they dispirited.

At last the time for departure came. "Ding-a-ling-ling," rang the bell. The last freight was hurried on board. "Haul in the gang-way, let go the bow-line," shouted the captain. "Ding-a-ling-ling," rang the bell. "Puff, puff, puff, sis-s-sis," said the steam-engine, as the paddle-wheels began to move. While all this was going on, the two sable visitors got in a high state of excitement. "Cast off the stern-line," finally sang out the captain, upon which the boat moved off from the wharf. When three feet away, Rattray, standing on deck, took off his hat, and waving it high in the air, shouted to the crowd on the wharf: "Ah! farewell, farewell, farewell, Alexandah," making a complete circle in the air with his hat, with each word farewell pronounced in dramatic voice and with swaying body. The crowd gazed in wonder. "Ho!" he continued, "fair city ob Alexandah, with yor big-bellied, resumpshus ole squire. Yo' may be full ob rats frum cellar to garret, an' yo' may set yor traps fer all de rats yo' like, but yo'll hab a chance to ketch dis Rat-ray in yor booful city dat we come to wisit an' didn't see neber

mo'. So farewell, Alexandah, booful city, with yor sweet mouth'd perlice, to yo' I say fare-ye-well for evah!"

As the boat moved away slowly and quietly, the crowd got the full benefit of Rattray's exulting performance, and catching its significance from a remark made aloud by some one on the wharf who knew of the arrest, gave him a hearty cheer for a send-off, the crowd on shore and the passengers on the boat both uniting in a loud and hearty laugh at the close.

On their way home their minds were greatly relieved to think they had escaped the meshes of Virginia law.

"All's well dat en's well," said Ringo, "but our bitter 'sperience ter-day shews dat curiosity mus' at times be 'spress'd or it leads ter trubble. Hits a strange circumstance ob dis life dat de wery 'casion yo' specs ter realize yer highes' wish brings dis'pintment. W'en yo' look fer de fruits, dar's nuffin' but ashes."

"Dat reminds me," said his companion, "ob de great debatable queshun: 'Which affords man de mos' happiness, anticipashun or participashun?' Wid me dat queshun wuz settled some yeahs ago when trabbling one day in de kentry on foot to my 'pintment. Passin' frough a fiel', I cum' 'cross a hardy lookin' yaller boy 'bout seventeen yeah ole, an' I wuz s'pris'd at de way he laff'd. As I cum up to him I heer'd, 'Te-he! he! he! ha! ha! ha!' An' I sed, 'W'at yo' laffin' at boy?' an' his answer wuz, 'Ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha!' My curiosity wuz rous'd, an' I ax'd him agin. Den he hel' up fer a minit, an' pinted wid a sharp-pinted stick up de side ob de hill I wuz passin', an' sed: 'Do yo' see dat donkey?' I

look'd fust at his stick, an' seed hit had a sharp steel prod on't, and den I look'd at de donkey grazen a lil up de hill. Den I sed, 'Yas, but I see nuffin' to laff at.' 'Doan yo'?' sed he, an' he laff'd agin. 'Wall,' sed he, 'ev I wuz to gib him a few prods wid dis stick 'bout whar his tail is jin'd ter his body, wouldn't he kick?' an' he laff'd agin, an' kep' on laff'n'. He couldn't help laff'n, hit tickl'd him so. De souns ob 'Ho! ho! ho! ha! ha! ha!' still fell on my eahs, an' wuz grad'lly dyin' away as I trabelled on, w'en wery sudden I heerd a scream. Den I turn'd an' run back an' up de hillside, fer I seed de boy layin' in a heap, an' de donkey, wid head down an' heels up, kicken ober him wiciously. On de way, p'raps twenty feet from de scene, I pick'd up de prod, an' wid it I beat off de donkey. 'Po' chile,' I sed, as I pick'd him up, 'is yo' kill'd?' De fust answer ob de boy wuz a groan. Arter his breath cum' to him, an' he kinder straighten'd out like, he sed, 'Plague take dat mean, treach'rous, contempt'able jackass. I'd no soonah tech'd him wid de prod, dan he up an' hit me in de stumjack, an' sent de prod flyin' in de air; an' arter I fell, he kep' on kicken as no donkey evah kick'd afo'. But fer yo' he'd uv kill'd me shor'.' Den I sed to him, 'I guess, boy, yo' wish now yo' hadn't laff'd so much 'bout ticklin' de donkey?' An' would yo' beliebe it, he gib me de mos' su'prisin' answah I evah heerd in my life."

"What did he say?" said Ringo, as Rattray had unexpectedly stopped speaking.

"What did he say?" repeated Rattray, in a mechanical way, as if his mind were elsewhere, and then he

burst out laughing, as if he were enjoying the boy's fun previous to the mishap.

" 'Why,' said the boy, 'No, I don't. Hit's well I had my laff fust, or I couldn't uv had it at all, fer I can't laff a bit now.' "

" Bruddah Rattray," said Ringo, " I see de prod—er—ah, I mean I see de p'int. You've mo' edication dan me, an' yo mean to 'ply dat principle to ouah wisit to Alexandah."

Then both these sable brethren, forgetting, for the moment, their recent troubles, and as if to snuff the remembrance of them out forever, laughed a good, hearty, rollicking laugh.

" Ouah Alexandah sperience," continued Ringo, " corroborates de great poet Alexandah Pope, in his ' Essay on Man,' when he sez :

" ' Man nevah is but allus to be bless'd.' "

CHAPTER XXIV.

SOLD AGAIN.

IT was G. W. Rollins, a slave-holder, who put Charley in the notion of running away from slavery. Said he: "There are not many bigger men than you here." This was quite true, for he then stood six feet two inches, turned the scales at two hundred and twenty-five pounds, and had prodigious strength, as shown at the close of this chapter.

"They tell me you are a great worker. You ought to be free. Your master has made a heap of money out of you these last two years. He has made a thousand dollars out of the knees you have grubbed, and has put the money in the bank, so he told me himself. You are worthy of your freedom."

Charley, for two winters previous, had been grubbing knees for vessels in Ridgeley's woods. It was the strongest appreciation of his work he had ever heard from any one, and he said:

"Yas, mass'r, I know I've wuk'd hard, an I hope to get my freedom in a few years."

The words, "you are worthy of your freedom," were now deeply pondered. Until this conversation, he had

had no idea of shortening his allotted term of slavery. He had hitherto striven to serve his several masters the best he could, and looked for nothing better than servitude in slavery, until he should reach the age of thirty-five years. This was to be to him the year of jubilee. Then, by virtue of his old "Missis'" will, the shackles would fall, and he would stand a free man, amid bond and free. In an instant he would pass from a chattel to be a man among men. Of this wondrous change he had many a day-dream, and had his eye fixed upon the date as a rising star of hope. But now he chafed, and longed to break the chain which bound him.

By purchase, at seventeen years of age, he became chattel property, and labored long and well. In bush and field, at home and with the stranger for hire, the service had always been satisfactory to his master. Early in his slave-service, he had won his master's confidence, became his trusty slave-foreman, and held his position to the end. He was now, however, uneasy and discontented; and Ridgeley, seeing this, concluded that, although a profitable slave, it would now be to his interest to dispose of him; and hearing that W. H. Freeman, a leading lawyer of the city, wanted a man, went to see him. Shortly after, both master and slave went to this lawyer's office. After a little conversation, the lawyer and Ridgeley went into another room, leaving Charley alone. What took place between the two was afterwards revealed to the waiting slave, namely, that he had been sold. A Bill of Sale had been executed, the price had been paid, and Charley was the slave of Freeman the lawyer.

He subsequently learned from his new master that his age had been put down at twenty-six, and the price paid was five hundred dollars. Charley's actual age was twenty-eight. As he could not be held after attaining thirty-five, the reduction of age, of course, enhanced his price, as the slave would, doubtless, be governed by the last Bill of Sale. Charley took little interest in the proceedings, as his burning desire for freedom crowded out all other thoughts; as he put it, "My heart an' bones wuz full of freedom."

His new master had a stony farm of one hundred acres. It was covered with small hard heads which were to be picked up and thrown into fences. This was the first work Charley was put at, just as eleven years previous it was the first work he did on Ridgeley's farm. It seemed monotonous. On the opening of spring, however, more congenial work was assigned to him. His master cultivated a market-garden, in which he had a couple of hands—two Irishmen. One of these was a good worker, and the other was a good talker. The talker would show Charley what to do, look on, and talk; the other would rather do any particular piece of work than be bothered showing how he wanted it done. There were now three hands in the garden, but only two workers, as the talker had concluded to substitute Charley's work for his, so that the lawyer was to a partial extent in the same position as old Colonel Biglow, who used to say, "When I had one boy, I had a boy; when I got two boys, I had only half a boy; and when I got three boys, I had no boy at all."

From the examples afforded by the two Irish gardeners, Charley concluded "that a lazy man wuz bettah than an industrious one to larn a trade frum."

At this time, Charley's brother Sam, still owned by Dr. Buchanan, worked in a shot factory in the city. One day, when visiting him, a trial of strength took place among some of the men in the factory. Charley outlifted them all. Taking six fifty-six pound weights in each hand, he straightened himself up with them, thus lifting three hundred and thirty-six pounds in each hand, or a total of six hundred and seventy-two pounds. And, hitherto, the great strength and activity with which he had been endowed were willingly placed at the service of the slave-master, but now a change had come in the spirit of his dreams.

CHAPTER XXV.

A WEDDING.

ONE day, months after Charley had last seen Emily's father, Mr. Freeman told him to hitch up his team, as he was going to drive over to a place in the country to attend a plantation sale.

"An old fellow," said he, "is going to be sold out, 'lock, stock and barrel,' by auction, and I am going over to see if I can pick up a few slaves for the farm."

"Who's gwine to be sol', mass'r?" asked Charley.

"Oh, some oid fellow named Caskey."

"Caskey!" Charley fairly shouted.

"Yes. Why, do you know him?"

"Yas, I know him, an' some ob his slaves, too."

Charley's great interest had betrayed him, and his master was soon able to elicit sufficient information to find where Charley's heart was. He also noticed that Charley had suddenly become absent-minded and dull as to the orders he was leaving with him.

Freeman drove off, leaving Charley in a state of bewilderment, crushed with a disappointment as heavy as it was sudden and unexpected. "Without doubt," said he, "Emily will be sold away, an' I'll nevah see

her mo'." While brooding over his troubles, a faint ray of hope fell upon him, on account of very particular inquiries made by his master about Johnson. True, he might buy Johnson, but that would not bring Emily.

At nightfall next evening, a heavy double waggon, loaded with household stuff and a slave-family, was driven up to the house. Immediately after them, driving at a rapid pace, came Freeman. All was bustle. The slaves came flocking around. Hurried orders were given for unhitching both teams and for the disposition of the household stuff in the waggon. As yet the living freight had not moved.

"See here, Charley," said his master, "I've brought you home some old acquaintances. Here are Johnson and his wife. You know Emily, don't you, and her brother Tom?"

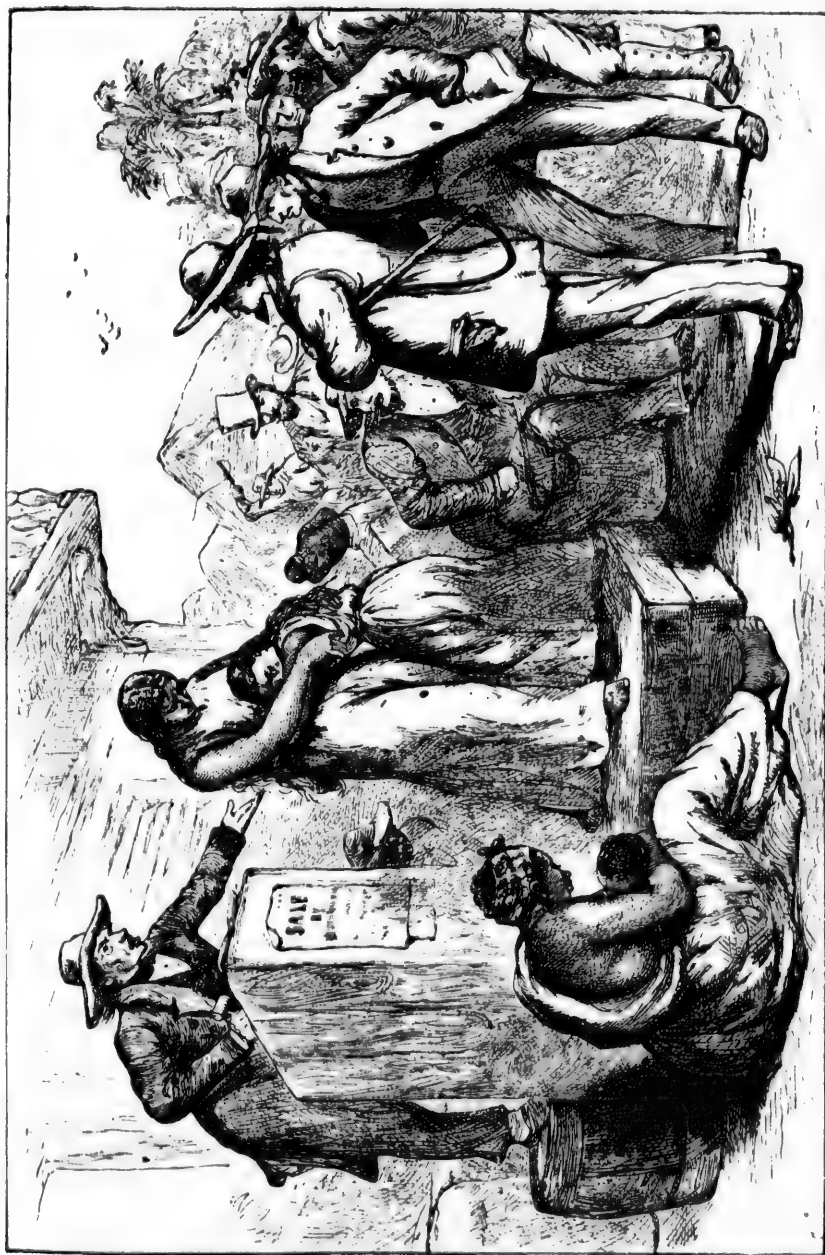
Charley, whose heart was in his throat, rushed to them, saluted them warmly, and assisted them out of the waggon, and conducted them into the house. His anxiety for freedom vanished, and his joy knew no bounds. He was as happy as he had before been disconsolate. No one was more blithe and gay now than he. It soon got noised about that "Mass'r had bought Charley's girl, with her parents." Charley was kept fully engaged through the day, and Emily, as well as her mother, had their household duties assigned to them, and were both kept quite busy at the farm. The young pair, however, always managed to get an evening or two a week together, and became warmly attached to each other, and so life

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SLAVE AUCTION.

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now seemed dearer to Charley than ever before. Everything prospered on the farm that season. At its close, when farm operations had ceased, the men and women were put out to service. The Johnson family had made an arrangement for a share of earnings, with a view to purchasing the freedom of Mrs. Johnson. During the winter poor Johnson took sick and died, but Emily and Tom, and their mother, all continued earning and saving, and finally their mother's freedom was purchased. This accomplished, she commenced housekeeping in the city, and took in washing and ironing.

Emily was still at service, and used to call at her mother's every Sunday afternoon. Charley generally made it convenient to call about the same time. Long before this, he had recounted to her his wonderful experience at Caskey's, and his subsequent efforts to see her.

The following summer he returned to work at the farm, but Emily remained at service. He, however, used to make it a point to see her, as occasion would permit. One pleasant early summer Sunday afternoon, sitting on a bench beneath a black walnut tree, in the little garden attached to her mother's house, the following dialogue occurred :

"Emily."

"What, Charley?"

"We've been acquainted a long time now, an' some pussons believes an' says we's engag'd. But yo' know we nevah talk'd about marryin'. Emily, my gal, I wants ter talk about it to-day."

Emily's head dropped a little, but her eyes rested upon Charley, whom, she was conscious, had her undivided affection.

"I wants to know, Emily, if you'll be mine."

"Charley, you know I've allus bin yours," said she, laughing.

"I know, Emily, I've had yo' love, an' you've had mine. We've spent a happy time togethah dis last half-yeah. Now, I wants yo' to marry me."

"Charley!" said she, naively.

"Yas, I mean w'at I say," said he.

"But w'at will Mass'r Freeman say?" she interposed.

"Oh, he understans it all fust-rate. I know his min' about it," said Charley, "an' it's all right. So den it's settled?"

"Well!" was the only reply, in a low, soft tone. This was sealed with a kiss, and Charley felt a new joy spring up in his heart. It was a supreme moment to both. They were happy, and after a hearty good-bye, parted, Charley first promising to be back at a certain time, to ascertain what arrangements could be made for the wedding. He at once told his master, and Emily told her mother. Preparations were immediately set on foot for the coming event. Freeman himself contributed the wedding supper. The invitations were sent out, and two weeks of hard work by Emily, her mother and Tom followed. The happy hour at length arrived, and a host of friends, including all the hands from Freeman's farm, were gathered on the auspicious occasion. The Rev. Benjamin Franklin Rattray, a colored minister, with whom the reader is

already acquainted, officiated; but, as to the rest, Charley must give the account in his own words:

“W'en de propah time cum, we stood on de floah 'midst our frens. De minister soon pronounc'd Emily an' me one, an' introduc'd us ter de company as Mr. an' Mrs. Chance. This is de fust time I wuz evah called Mr. Chance, an' I had lived 'bout twenty-nine yeahs then, an' it made me feel wery gran', but I tuk keer ter get de fust kiss from Emily on dat impo'tant 'casion. She wuz then 'bout twenty, wuz dress'd elegant, an' look'd de pootiest yaller gal I evah seed in my life. There wuz a gen'ral kissin' an' han'-shakin' all 'roun. Everybody 'peah'd happy. De table wuz set out in great style, an' wuz loaded with prowisions. It wuz, indeed, a great feast. I reckon thar wuz more 'an fifty dollahs spent ovah de affair. I 'spose it wuz foolish, but it wuz a wonderful weddin.

“My fren Debbs wuz 'mong de res', an' tol' me his 'sperience on de same line. ‘You know,’ said he, ‘I’ve bin payin’ my distresses to Lucinda. I hab a good eah fer music, an’ I fust won her in de sirenade singin’ an’ pickin’ my ole banjo. De fust time I went to see her arter de huskin’, I’d wery bad luck. I stood un’er her bedroom windah, an’ wuz playin’ an’ singin’ my wery bes’:

“ “Hey oh! hi oh! my sweet Cindah,
Up! up! gently wid yer windah;
Fer you, my lub, I’s e cum frum far
To sing an tech my sweet guitar;
I hab no wave ob trouble, lub,
No, not de slighstes’ bubble, lub;
Hey oh! hi oh! ——”

Heah sudden ole Caskey histed de windah an' flung a bucket of souah buttahmilk 'pon me. It tuk all de starch out'n my bran' new collah an' shirt bosom, an' spil'd my cloes. But Caskey 'low'd he didn't know 'twas me. De mass'r dat bot Caskey's plantation bot Lucinda an' she's dar yet, so it cum out all right, an' we's gwine ter be married nex' week.' At his urgent reques' I had to len' him two dollahs to buy some mo' cloes fer his weddin' suit. I couldn't he'p thinkin' he wuz easily suited, an' that de bucket of buttahmilk wuz mos' as bad as de wicious dog 'Cap.'"

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE STAR OF FREEDOM.

AFTER a year and a half, Charley broached the matter of buying his freedom to his master, who said he would consent to any arrangement for that purpose, and fixed his price at \$350. This was only fifty dollars a year for the remaining years, and was less than the rate at which he had been purchased. But Charley had no money, and set about thinking how he could manage. He knew a man named Barton who kept a livery-stable, and he went to him and unfolded his plan. Charley wished him to become his surety to Lawyer Freeman, and he would work for him until he paid up the whole amount. Barton apparently fell in with the plan, and already Charley began to feel as if he stood upon the threshold of emancipation. But he was doomed to an early disappointment; for this greedy man, seeing that Lawyer Freeman was willing to part with him at so low a figure, went to him and secretly bought him, obtaining from him the usual bill of sale; and now, instead of being the human chattel of an honorable man, Charley became the human chattel of a dishonorable

man. When he learned the trick which Barton had played on him, the old ardor returned, and the desire to be free at once became a passion. In his extremity he went to good old Quaker Theophilus Tyson, and told him his trouble. Mr. Tyson said, "If Barton will let you work in my medicine factory, I will pay you twenty-five dollars per month," adding, "As you will have to work at preparing arsenic, it will be necessary for you to take salts, or castor oil, twice a week, otherwise you will get sick."

"I am willin'," said Charley, "to take salts, castor oil, an' arsenic, de las', ob co'se, to be in small doses, if on'y I kin get shet ob dis vile man who's jes' bought me."

He went to Barton and reminded him of the arrangement he had made with him, and then explained his chance to make plenty of money with Quaker Tyson to buy his freedom, but this devil-man laughed in his face, seemed to enjoy his discomfiture, and refused the offer, saying: "You'll get over your pet in a little while."

Charley looked at him a moment, and then a terrible wish came to strike him to the earth. He could gratify his revenge easily, as he would be nothing in his hands. "Fo' de Lawd, it wuz a terrible temptation," added Charley, "an' might hav' sent me down wid de los'. But I turn'd an' left him wid his words, 'You'll get over your pet in a little while,' ringin' in my eahs."

Old Jacob Davidson, hearing of Charley's distress, offered Barton a good price for him, but he refused to

part with him, as he required "just such a man for his stables."

Charley returned to Lawyer Freeman and explained to him the arrangement he had made with Barton, and how he had deceived him.

"Barton told me," said Freeman, "you said you were not satisfied with me, and that you wanted him to buy you, so I let you go."

"Oh, w'at a falsehood!"

"I am very sorry," replied Mr. Freeman, "but it's past recall now."

The discovery of this man's perfidy only increased his weight of woe. Freeman was a man of integrity, and a kind master. The contrast between him and Barton was very marked. Duplicity and heartlessness in this transaction stamped the latter with infamy. Life under such a mastership he could not, and would not, endure. Escape, henceforth, became his silent watch-thought. "Barton has fooled me," said he, "but there's a weak link in de chain he's ferg'd fer me, an' I'll break it an' fool 'im yet." Eight months rolled away before he got his plans sufficiently matured to put them into execution.

Charley had twice passed into different hands by will, had been sold thrice; and, counting Executor Howard as one, had had seven different masters in slave-land. He had now made up his mind to make a tremendous effort to burst the shackles of ownership, achieve his freedom, and be his own master for the rest of his life. He was now thirty years of age, and owing to Ridgeley's trick, had seven years of service before him.

The result of his musings on the subject was the formation of a plan for his and his wife's escape. His sister Fanny had now become a woman, was free, married, and lived with her husband in the city of New York. She had written home that Emily could get \$8 a month as a family servant, if she could be sent to that city. Charley had told his wife that he did not intend to be a slave much longer, and that his scheme was for her to take flight on board some vessel bound for that city, when he was away in the country, and thus would be supposed to know nothing about it. Once there she could go into service at good wages, until he could join her. He had not gone far in the relation of his plans when she in great impatience, said:

"What d'ye want ob liberty? W'y ain't yer satisfied to lib whar we is—among our frens? I'll do nuthin' ob de sort. I ain't willin' to resk bein' kidnapped, ef yo' is."

She then proceeded to find fault with him for thinking of such a thing. In vain he recalled to her the shameful way he had been deceived by Barton, and told her that his heart was set on obtaining their freedom. She stoutly refused, and he saw at once that he had endangered his whole scheme, and became afraid she would tell his master, and begged of her to say nothing to any one about it. He begged in vain, for she at once told her mother and brother, and but for their interference, would, in all probability, have told his master, and that would, doubtless, have been followed by another sale. He felt there was no time to

be lost, and that he must escape alone and at once. He had been sold and transferred until he was sick and tired of it; and now the act of this last master, the man Barton, had aroused him, and he resolved to risk flight at all hazards. He confided his purpose to a couple of trusty friends, who feared the undertaking, and advised him not to run away.

"What if you are overtaken?" said one of them.

"What if I am?" he said; "I tell you they'll not bring me back alive."

"Oh!" said his friend, laughing, "it's only white people who commit suicide; Negroes never do."

Charley also went to see his Quaker friend, Jacob Davidson, and had a long talk with him on the subject. During the next two days his whereabouts was known to but very few. One of those visited by him was his good mother. He told her all that had happened between him and Barton, and that he could think of nothing now but escape from slavery.

"Barton," said he, "will hold me no longer."

"But Emily," said his mother, in an excited tone. "Is you gwine ter leave Emily?"

He, of course, told her of his effort to have her go first, and the danger which came to him in consequence. He hoped she would yet follow him. Seeing his intense feeling on the subject, and realizing that she was about to lose him, she sprang to her feet, and threw her arms around his neck, weeping and kissing him passionately, and said:

"Charley, mus' you go? Cornelyus is los' dese fourteen yeahs. Fanny is fur, fur away, an' I'll nevah

see her agin. Yo' gwine, too; what'll I do?" and she burst out crying.

Charley tried to console her as best he could, and after a little she became somewhat pacified; and as he talked to her of the blessings of freedom, and his absorbing ambition to be his own master, she at length became reconciled. He talked over all his plans with her, and at the close, in the last farewell, she said: "God bress you, my son, an' bring you out ter de land ob freedom"; and thus they parted forever in this life.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE ESCAPE.

AT the end of the second day, now Wednesday night, Charley, as arranged, returned to Quaker Davidson, who said to him, "I have not seen thy master since, but I see he has advertised thee in the papers, and has offered a reward of \$50 for thy capture. Thee should stay no longer. Has thee seen thy mother, and is she willing?"

"Yas," said Charley, "I've seed her, an' she's now willin' fer me ter go. I've bid her, an' all I wish ter see, good-bye, an' now I'm ready to start."

As he possessed no worldly goods, his affairs were easily arranged. He had served many masters faithfully and well, but their presents to him had been small indeed; and now, fully realizing the fact, he could not refrain from saying to Mr. Davidson, "Ridgeley, in all my yeahs ob toil fer him, nevah giv' me a tuppenny bit." His whole fortune, in fact, consisted of a good suit of clothes, which he then had on, an overcoat, hanging on his left arm, a cane in his right hand, a bright silk handkerchief, and a few bits of silver in his pockets. He was now eager to under-

take the difficult journey which lay between him and freedom. The good old Quaker talked freely as to what course he was to take, until Charley at length stood up to leave. The Quaker also arose, and smiled approvingly upon him, and said, "May the blessing of heaven rest upon thee, and prosper thy journey." The two shook hands, and Charley weighed the slave-anchor, and glided from the Quaker's presence into the deep shades of night, and stood out for the haven of freedom. This was the point to which he had looked forward with such eager interest. This was the realization of his day-dreams. His whole soul had been absorbed with this great idea of freedom; and now that the time had come, and he was actually travelling, with his back on slavery and his face toward freedom, his whole soul was, by a sudden impulse, thrilled with delight. It was a moment of supreme happiness. The star of freedom had appeared above the horizon, and he fairly bounded along, and would have shouted aloud, if prudence would have permitted it, "I'm boun' fer de lan' ob freedom." His great anxiety was to reach Pennsylvania, a free State. He expected pursuit, and well knew the consequence if taken. It was quite late when he parted from good Quaker Davidson, and the streets of Baltimore were almost deserted. By daylight he had covered fully twenty miles, and then came a lovely autumn morning, with a glorious sunrise. The eastern horizon was fringed with long strips of gold-lined clouds. There had been a heavy dew, and the sun's level rays glistened upon the spears of grass at his

feet. Overhead the sky wore a soft leaden hue; the air was balmy, and the tarrying birds awoke to their morning melodies in the now almost leafless trees that skirted the road he travelled. All nature seemed to beat in unison with his own happy heart. He had no fear; not a single cloud of doubt arose to hide the goal of his ambition from his mind. He was on the way to freedom, and that was all the happiness he could then contain.

Presently he overtook a Negress, the first person he had seen since he left the outskirts of Baltimore city the evening before. Then, as he heard a footstep on the sidewalk, his heart beat quicker for an instant; now he felt free to speak, and learned from the woman that she was employed as cook at Young's tavern, close by. She invited him to go there, and said Mr. Young was a kind man, and would give him some breakfast. He thanked her, told her nothing of his business, pushed on all day, and in the evening reached his Uncle Harry's place at Long Green. His uncle worked with Geddis, a market-gardener, and did his marketing. He found him with a waggon loaded, and ready for market. His uncle was greatly surprised at seeing him, and, when he told him he was running away, he said, "I'm sorry! What'll I say to Aunt Peggy (Charley's mother) when I see her?"

"Oh, she knows I'm off. But tell her, if I nevah mo' see her in dis worl', I'll try an' meet her in heaven."

He asked him to stay overnight and the following day and intimated he could start the following night; but Charley, fearing such delay, declined, and

said he must push on; he even refused to have anything to eat. The fact is he could not eat, and felt no need of food or rest. When he told his uncle he was going the short way to Columbia, he said, "Chile, yo' can't g'up dat way. It's jes' forty miles by de road to de bordah ob Pennsylvany, an' dar stans Burt Husband's tavern. No slabe evah got pas' dat place in daylight 'thout being tuck up. His place is right on de line 'twixt Marylan' an' Pennsylvany. His stable's in Pennsylvany, an' his tavern's in Marylan'."

"What d'ye say his name is?" asked Charley.

"Burt Husband," he replied.

"Burt Husband! I must get pas' dat place somehow," said Charley.

"Eben den yer not safe," said his uncle, "till yo' go 'leven mile an' cross de Susq'annah ribber." They shook hands and parted, and Charley went on walking the whole night long, as rapidly as if it had been his first night's walk.

At daylight he came in sight of what he knew by his uncle's description to be Burt Husband's tavern. Ordinary prudence said, conceal yourself and rest through this day, and pass this place of danger under cover of night, and he debated the question in his mind. He was unknown to every one as far as he knew. He might by chance be discovered, even in a hiding-place. There, straight before him, within a short distance and in full view, lay the great free State of Pennsylvania. He was a slave still. Yonder, although still in danger of capture, he would be a free man. Here a chattel, there

recognized as a human being. It was the same country, had the same government, the same president, and yet there was this great difference. Suddenly an impulse seized him, and it seemed at all hazards he must push on, and on he went. It was still early, and he thought, perhaps, there would be no one about; but to his surprise, he found several men on the verandah of the hotel, and could hear them speaking, and on listening closely, found they were talking about him.

"Look here," said one, with an oath, "there's a strappin' big Nigger comin' up."

"He is well dressed, too," said a second."

Charley passed without showing that he saw them, but before he got out of the reach of the sound of their voices, he heard one of them say, "I'll go and question that Nigger a little." He had not proceeded far when he saw a man come out of the hotel, mount a big gray horse, and bear down on him. As soon as he came up alongside, he said:

"Where are you from?"

"Limestone Bottom," said Charley, meaning the lime-kilns.

"Where are you goin'?"

"Little York."

"Looking for work?"

"Yas, I wants to get su'thin' to do pooty soon."

"Yer jes' my man; I want a man to thrash out my rye. I've a thousand bushels, and it's wanted right away for the distillery."

"Perhaps it's too wet," was suggested.

"No, it's fine and dry," said the man.

"What will yo' gib a bushel?"

"A fippenny bit a bushel, and you can make money at it."

"Whar d'ye live?"

"My place is just on the other side of that strip of bush, about a mile from here. My house and barn's hid by them trees," pointing in their direction. "You can take a short cut across, and I'll ride around by the road," he said, pointing toward the hotel.

"Doz yo' mean fer me ter go 'cross dat fiel'?"

"Yes."

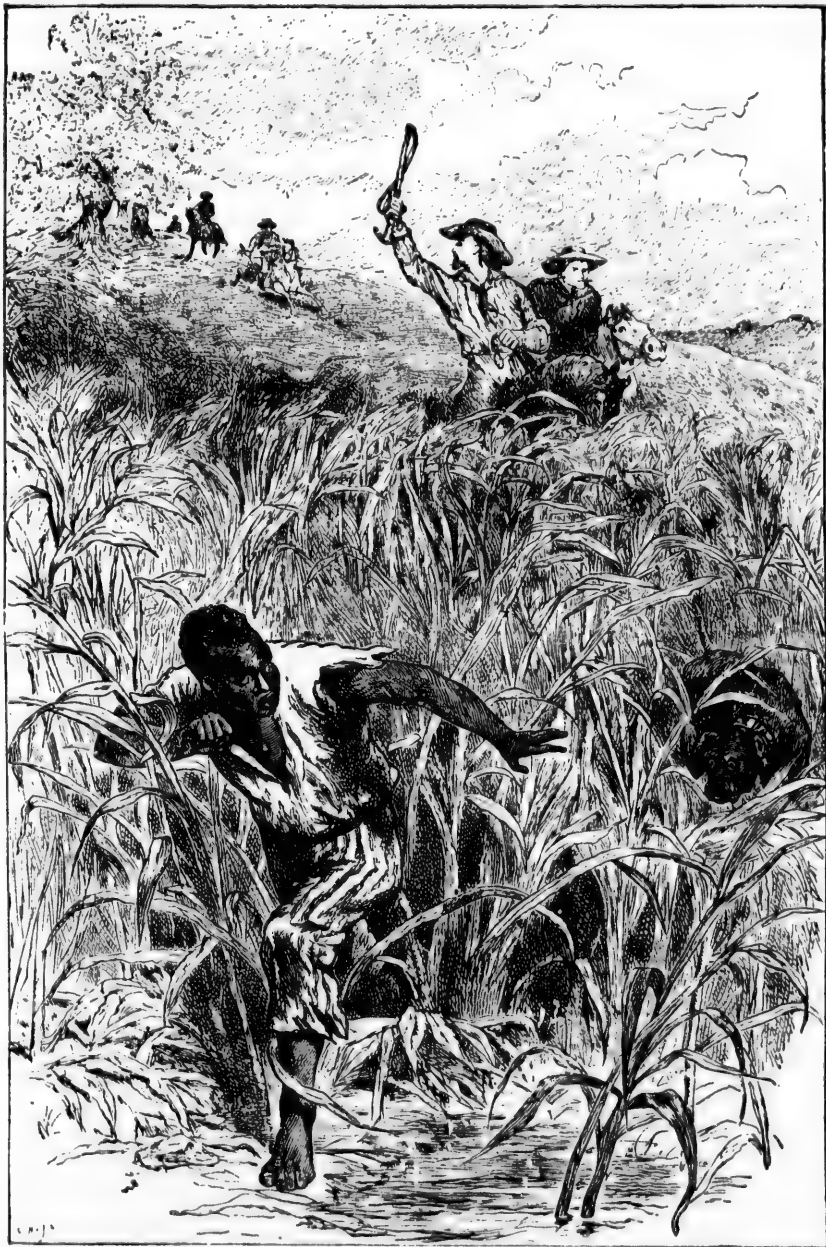
"Is dere any watah 'twix' dis an' yor place?"

"No."

"Well, don't be long befo' yo' cum," said Charley, knowing very well the stranger was only bent on mischief, and then started across the field in the direction pointed out to him. As the horseman turned to ride off, Charley cast his eye over his shoulder and caught a glimpse of a chuckling expression on his face, which to him meant, "we'll bag him at the barn." After walking a little distance, he turned to take another look at this man who was so anxious to have his rye thrashed. He had got back to the hotel, and was in the act of taking a glass of liquor, probably gin, from the attendant, which was quickly tossed down his throat. Soon after Charley gained the strip of woods, and could see a house on the other side of it. He was now out of view, both of the road and the hotel. Fortunately, the belt of timber, which appeared to consist mostly of black oak and hickory, ran in the direction of the road he wished to travel, and under the cover of these trees, he

went as rapidly as possible in a direction at right-angles to his course across the fields, in hopes that it would afford him a probable means of escape. He soon reached a cross-road, which fortunately led to the road he had left; and he pushed rapidly along until he thought his pursuers had time to gather and follow. Then, taking advantage of a thickly wooded ravine, he entered and selected a spot behind a big oak log, where the dry leaves were several inches thick. He covered himself with these leaves, and had not been long in his hiding-place when he heard the distant clatter of horses' hoofs. Nearer and nearer they came, the sound became painfully distinct, and soon he could hear the voices of the riders. Directly he rose from his leafy hiding-place, and had the intense satisfaction of seeing the troop of seven slave-hunters gallop past him on their steeds with a single bloodhound, all enshrouded in a cloud of dust. He had been holding his breath, but now breathed more easily. The rascals had gone; but he knew not how soon they might return. Feeling that he was safe for the present at least, he returned to his leafy couch, and after a little, fell into a deep sleep, from which he did not waken until near sundown. And in his sleep, after a long rest, he commenced to dream of his pursuers. He was fleeing before them. Everything that would impede his progress—coats, vest, shoes and hat—had all been cast away, and on and on he sped with the swiftness of a deer. He could hear the clatter of the horses' hoofs, and hear the voices of the riders, and became painfully conscious they were gaining on him. Contact with

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THE SLAVE HUNT.

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the brush had torn his pants and shirt into tatters, and he had run a long distance when he was startled with a view of the horsemen coming down the hill in hot pursuit, and heard the foremost of them, with whip extended, shouting back to the others, "There he is, among the reeds. We have him. The dog's almost on him." Every muscle and nerve were strained to the utmost, and he felt he could not hold out much longer. The voice caused him to look over his shoulder for the bloodhound, and when he caught sight of him just at his heels, he screamed with fright and—awoke. And when awake, glad he was that it was a dream. Part, indeed, was real ; and the rest might yet be, although he hoped to elude his pursuers. He was thankful it was no worse, and gave a great sigh of relief to find that he was still beside the oak log, and that neither horsemen nor bloodhound were to be seen.

When it grew darker, he started again, listening cautiously for the sound of the returning slave-hunters, but all was silent and dark. He had not proceeded far until he came to a point where there was a second slightly diverging road. Here he got down on his hands and knees, and felt for the hoof-tracks of the horses, and after a little effort was able to decide as to which road his pursuers had taken, and made out pretty well, too, by the tracks that they had returned. His sleep had been too deep to hear them. He concluded the road the horsemen had taken in pursuit was the one he should take, and did so. He walked briskly until after midnight, and concluded to turn in, as the sailors say, for the rest of

the night. The night was exceedingly dark, but he succeeded in getting a couple of rails, which he threw over a picket fence, got over himself, and placed them in an inclined position, stretched himself on his temporary bedstead, and was soon soundly asleep. He awakened before day-break, and, just at the first gleam of light, came to the conclusion that he had got into a stumpy field. He was used to chopping and clearing land, but could not account for the number of stubs, or high stumps, in the field. He thought they must clear land differently in Pennsylvania from what they did in Maryland. His eyes rested on one of these stubs not more than a couple of rods from him. "W'at's dat? Shor'ly not heah? W'y, dat's marble, a marble pillar. W'y in de worl' has it bin put among dese stumps? W'at! dere's anothah an' anothah! Mo' an' mo' still! De Lawd hab mercy on me! I'm in a grabeyard!" he ejaculated; and he felt, or thought he felt, the rails shake beneath him, and the fence, against which one end of the rails rested, moving. His eyes just then fell on the other end of his temporary bedstead, and he found it was supported by a grave-mound. He at once sprang up in a half-dazed condition, and, as the mists had lifted and the gray dawn had become clearer, he looked over the ghostly scene in bewilderment. He had slept in the city of the dead. At the same time he heard a dull noise of "tum! tum! tum!" like a still-pump, and saw a flash of light, as if reflected from some neighboring window. Here lay before him a cemetery of considerable extent, full of marble slabs and pillars,

the latter being what he supposed to be high stumps. It looked old and neglected, and the very heart of ghostland.

For the first time since leaving Baltimore, he felt faint and weak. The excitement of his escape bore him up no longer. With great difficulty he was able to get over the fence and crawl a short distance, and was then obliged to rest. He had eaten nothing since he left Baltimore on Wednesday night, and it was now Saturday morning. He must now have food, or die from exhaustion. He looked around to see if there was a house where he could get something to eat. There was a large stone house close by the cemetery, but it was dilapidated, and evidently without occupants. On the other side of the road, in a valley, was a still-house. He knew from what Quaker Davidson told him before starting that he must be near the Susquehanna river. Away to the right and before him, he saw a mountain, but no house. He got up, and dragged himself wearily along down to the still-house, and found it in ruins, and then started for the river, but did not go far until he came to a little house, which had been hidden from his view by a clump of trees. This he gladly entered, and found a little Dutch woman and some small children. He quickly told his story of distress and great need of something to eat. After first telling him about her husband, who was a chicken huckster, and had already gone to market, the little woman set about getting some breakfast.

"I wuz soon seated at de table," Charley relates,

"an' had spread befo' me hot co'n-cake, cold po'k an' molasses, an' a mug of coffee. It wuz de mos' delicious meal I evah tasted in my life; an' mo'n once I'd eat po'k an' beans, co'n beef an' cabbage, an' possum, an' sweet petatah, but dis beat 'em all. It wuz my fust meal out of slav'ry, an' I 'spose dat 'counts fer it."

The little Dutchwoman asked him where he stayed overnight, and when he told her, she opened her eyes wide in surprise, saying: "Why, the big stone house is haunted, and so is the still-house." She seemed to think he had had a miraculous escape. She then gave the history of the haunted house and the still-house. Lights were seen and sounds heard there at nights. Both houses had been built, when Pennsylvania was a slave State, by a wealthy Virginian, who owned five hundred acres of land, and kept a great number of slaves. He was a cruel man, and had, at different times, killed no less than four of his slaves. No one had lived in the house since he left, and could not, for it was haunted. Charley thought it was well he had not heard her story when he awoke and found himself among grave-stones, beneath the shadow of that great haunted house, as it would probably have finished him. The chatty, kind-hearted little woman said if her husband had been home, he would have assisted him. While at breakfast, for he lingered at the table a long time, the little woman drew water from the pump, and then he knew what made the noise he had heard at break of day. Her husband's early lantern, doubtless, accounted for the glimmer of light reflected from the window of

the deserted house, and turning heavily on his rail bedstead would account for the shaking of the fence.

He was not absolutely safe until he got across the river. He, however, concluded not to go over that day, but to climb the mountain which overhung the river near the village of Wrightsville, and there rest through the day. While walking in that direction, he saw a gentleman with a white hat on, resting, with folded arms, on his gate, and fearing to pass him, he changed his course for the mountain. He, however, subsequently learned that the gentleman he avoided was no other than James Muffin, a noted abolitionist, who would doubtless have befriended him. Charley went up the mountain-side, and, like Moses on Mount Pisgah, feasted his eyes on the promised land. He looked over the Susquehanna river at the city of Columbia, whose tall church spires glistened in the sun, and whose streets he soon hoped to walk without fear or molestation. He saw, too, from his commanding position, a large area of country stretched out enchantingly before him, and his hopes grew with the wondrous view in borderland. But while thus resting in body, and feasting in heart and intellect, as his eyes swept over nature's panorama, they fell upon a long procession on the road he had so recently travelled. A closer inspection showed the procession to be headed by a hearse drawn by two black horses. It was a funeral wending its way to the cemetery, where he had just had such a terrible night's experience.

While he was thus congratulating himself on the

threshold of a new life of liberty, some one had lain his down, and had closed his earthly career, and his high hopes sank low as he communed aloud with



THE FINAL GOAL.

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himself, saying: "How strange life is! After all, it comes down to this in the end. Whethah he be black or white, rich or po', bond or free, to ev'ry man de gravestone am de final goal."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

OVER THE RIVER.

WHILE resting on the mountain, and enjoying its refreshing air and inspiring prospect, Charley kept several houses, situated on the same side of the river along its bank, well under view, to ascertain if any of them contained people of his own color. He saw that one of them did, and in the evening he visited it, and found a tall yellow woman its occupant. He told her his story, and said he wanted to know about the people in the city on the other side of the river, and inquired as to his safety there.

"I know'd," said she, "de minit I clapt my eye on yo', dat yo's a refugee, an' wuz gettin' away. Whar yo' frum, an' how d'yo' wuk yo' way so fah?"

After getting a brief reply, she continued: "A committee 'gaged John—he's my man—ter 'sist refugees, but yo' mus' be wery keerful an' doan tell 'im much about yer biznes, as he isn't true, an' takes money frum bof sides."

This woman's account of her husband reminded Charley of a conversation he heard in Maryland, at a great Negro camp-meeting.

"One ob de bredren," said his informant, "went ter a Babtis' meetin', an' he big Babtis' den; nex' he went ter de Mefodis' meetin', an' outshout dem all, but he tuk good keer to eat hearty wid bof 'nominations."

John was willing to accept favors both from the friends and the pursuers of the slave.

The tall yellow woman asked Charley if he would not like a shave, and on admitting he would, she took a razor and went at his face like a professional barber, and gave him a very good shave. On her husband's return very shortly afterwards, she announced him as a refugee, whereupon, without waiting for more, John threw his arms around Charley's neck and kissed him with great fervor several times, and expressed much joy at seeing him. It was now plain to be seen why his wife had suggested a smooth face. Charley remained with them that night, and over Sunday. He had a comfortable bed and plenty to eat, and began to feel pretty well again. On the Sabbath morning, however, he was not a little surprised to see the tall woman wash her face with the dish-cloth and wipe it with the linen drying towel. As there was a fine roast turkey for the Sunday dinner, Charley asked John how he came to have such good fortune.

"Dat tu'key," said John, "has bin roostin' on my fence fer sev'al nites, an' las' nite I seiz'd 'im fer de rent ob de fence. Bruthah Chance, which part will I hep yo' to?"

Charley felt a twinge of conscience, and said, "I'll take a lil piece ob de bres'. But, fren' John," said Charley, "I s'pose yo's nembah ob de chu'ch?"

"W'y, Bruthah Chance, does yo' s'pose I'd let a bird ob eny kin' stan' 'tween me an' de Lawd? But ter tell yo' de troof, sah, I ain't no membah now."

"How's dat?" said Charley.

"Wal—er—ah—I used to 'tend de chuc'h in Columby. Lemme gib yo' dis secon' jint, its de bes' ob 'r hul tu'key. Mo' stuffin'? A lil grabey? Manda is 'bout de bes' cook in dese parts."

"I wish she wouldn't wash her face with the dish-cloth," thought Charley; and just then he remembered he had the day before noticed that, when knitting, she used the point of her knitting-needle to tickle her scalp a moment before she had thrust it into the pot to try if the potatoes were done.

"Wal, as I wuz sayin', de fust yeah I 'tended chu'ch, I 'scribed ten dollahs ter de ministeh's salary, an' de people all call me Brutha Watkins. De secon' yeah, I gib five dollahs, an' dey call me Mistah Watkins. In de nex' yeah bizness wuz po' an' Manda wuz sick, an' I gib nuthin'. Wal, sah, aintah dat, dey all call me ole Watkins, an' so I lef' de chu'ch. But ebery man orter be a 'fessor ob 'ligion, dat's on'y rite an' natchel."

The conversation then turned upon domestic matters, and on Charley's inquiring as to whether he had children, John said:

"Oh, yas, we've five chil'n, but I've sot 'em all out in Columby, Lancastah an' Philadelfy."

On noticing a fiddle hanging on the wall of the cabin, Charley asked John if he played on it.

"I plays, an' us'd ter dance, too, but me an' de ole ooman ain't nebber gwine ter dance eny mo'."

"How's dat?" asked Charley.

"Wal, yo' see," John went on to say, "when Manda an' me 'speriened 'ligion at de camp-meetin', we quit dancin'."

"But yo' hain't quit gwine ter dances yo'se'f," chimed in Manda.

"Yo' know I on'y go ter play de fiddle fer de dancers," rejoined John, "an' if I doan go, some othah fellah will, fer widout music, who could dance? Beside dat, I need de money, an' I of'en save dem frum havin' a po' player an' wuss music."

Charley learned from John, who, it will be seen, was a talker as well as a fiddler, much of the condition of the colored people on the other side of the river, as well as of the city of Columbia itself.

On Monday morning it was arranged that the two men should go over to the city, and visit John's brother-in-law, Chris. Dickson.

"John," said Manda, "you mus' tuck de bes' ob keer ob yo' new brothah," as if she wished to strengthen his good intention.

"Yassum," obsequiously replied John.

Just as they were about to start, he, however, hesitatingly said:

"My bruthah, er—ah—you needn't take dat coat ober wid yo'. Wery likely dey hab advertis'd yo' in dat coat. Jus' leave it heah, till yo' git settl'd at wuk, an' I'll bring it to yo'. It's a nice obercoat."

The coat was left, and they started, taking the bridge, which was a mile and a quarter long. At the outset, toll, a fippenny bit, was demanded. John

had no money. He was in the habit, he said, of getting over free himself. The gatekeeper was firm; they could not get through without a fippenny bit. What little money Charley possessed, he had already given to the little Dutch woman for his breakfast, and to John's wife for keeping him while he rested. Seeing the dilemma, Charley pulled out his silk handkerchief, and told the gatekeeper to keep that until he returned. They were then allowed to pass over. Before they got over the bridge, John said in a confidential tone, "Doan say nuthin' to Dickson about de coat yo's lef' at my place."

The moment they reached the other side of the bridge, and Charley stepped on the ground, he shouted, "John," in such a loud, sharp voice as to quite frighten his slippery guide. "John, I'se free; free at las'," he added, in the same high key, as John stared at him; then, facing in the direction of Barton's livery stable, swung his hat high in the air, and shouted at the top of his voice, "Good-bye, Barton; good-bye, slav'ry, fer-evah."

"Sut'ny," said John, "yor a slabe no mo', but you spoke so sud'n like, yo' frighten'd me. Yo'r bilin' wid 'citement; you orter spress yo'se'f, till we get ober to Dickson's."

"John," said Charley, "I can't wait; I feel pow'ful good kase I owns myse'f, an' I feel as I mus' holler or bust." And he shouted again, "Hurrah! I'm free; I'se a beast of burden no mo'; at las' I'se a man!"

At Dickson's the new freedman, now exhilarated and almost startled with the thought of his new-

found manhood, was heartily congratulated on his escape from slavery, and warmly welcomed to freedom. On Tuesday morning, Charley went out into the country, looking for work. After walking ten miles, he came to Lancaster city, passed through it, and about two miles farther on came to a stone tavern, kept by Dick Wilson. It was a holiday, and there were thirty or forty Negro men and boys assembled, pitching quoits, and amusing themselves in various ways. As he passed along he heard a man say, "Look, William Henson, dar's yer brudder." Charley had called himself James Brown since leaving Baltimore, so he concluded it was a case of mistaken identity. He noticed a man, who apparently came out of the crowd, following him, and thinking some trick was intended, he grew angry, and determined to fight if necessary, but had no desire to get into a row. Then he heard some one call, "Hi, strangah!" but he hurried on, thinking the safest course was to get away from the crowd as soon as possible. When well away from them, he entered a house where Negroes lived, and inquired for work. At the same time a yellow-skinned man came to the door, and he was asked if he knew of any work. He said he knew a man named Levi Akitt, a Dutchman, a couple miles farther down the road, who wanted a man to chop. Charley went to Levi's, and applied for his chopping.

"You got axe?" said Levi.

"No, I haven't," said Charley.

"No axe? You carry off my axe? It's goot and sharp."

Charley assured the Dutchman he would not do that, and bargained to cut his wood for twenty-five cents per cord, with board. On wet days he was to feed his cattle. He worked with him for three weeks, and then wanted to send a letter to Quaker Davidson, and to see about his coat, which John was to bring over to Dickson's. He walked into Columbia, and called for his coat, but it had not been sent. He complained to Aaron Hicks, a Quaker, about it, who declared that the committee should know how John had acted. A middle-aged Negro, with heavy voice, big head, short bowed legs, which made him appear to waddle rather than walk, named Napoleon, volunteered to go with him for his coat.

"We won'er'd whar John got dat fine coat," said Charley's companion. "He's bin wearin' it dese three weeks. Ef I'd a bin you, I'd a tuck dat coat 'long wid me."

The two men crossed the river in a boat, went up the bank, and rapped at John's door. When the door opened, John appeared and growled:

"W'y, chile, w'at you doin' heah?"

Charley replied, "I cum fer my coat."

"You foolin' about heah yet?" said John, evasively.

"Dem white folks 'll get you yet, shore."

"Gimme my coat," again demanded Charley.

"I sposed yo'd a bin in New Yo'k 'fo' now," continued John. "Don't stay heah, fer if dey ketch yo', dey'll tie yo' up, an' cut yo' all to pieces."

"See heah!" shouted Napoleon. "Gib dis man his coat, er—ah we'll take yo' to Squire Buttonwoodtree

or Squire Cherrytree, an' gib yo' de wery mischief, an' get yo' suspended frum yo' office. D'ye heah?"

Under this terrible threat, given in a thundering tone, John reluctantly handed the coat over, saying, "Chil', I fergot it. Doan be angry."

The two men returned to Quaker Hicks with the coat. Hicks on the same day, at Charley's request, wrote to Jacob Davidson of his safe arrival at Columbia. Charley remained at his house over night, and next morning started to go back to the Dutchman's place, to cut hickory at twenty-five cents a cord. On the road, however, near Lancaster, he was suddenly taken ill, and entered a house where a Negro family lived. They were very kind to him, and allowed him to lie down. Their name, as he afterwards learned, was Johnston. Johnston generally came home drunk, and his wife was uneasy lest he would make a racket, and disturb the sick man. As soon as he learned there was a stranger in the house, he shouted, "Gib me de light," and went into the room where he was.

"Whar you frum?"

"Baltimo'," said Charley.

"Baltimo'? I cum frum Baltimo' myse'f. Dr. Littlejohn us'd ter own me, but I run away frum 'im."

Johnston sent for a Quaker, and when the Quaker came, he sent for a doctor. Charley continued very sick. On New Year's Day there was a quilting bee at Sam Rixby's close by, and at some one's suggestion the whole party came down to see the sick refugee at Johnston's. Charley was too sick to notice much, but there was a man among them who looked closely at him.

After Charley got better, he obtained a job at chopping cordwood, at forty cents per cord and board, and splitting black walnut rails, at five shillings per hundred. He was a good chopper, and, like Lincoln many years after, had few equals as a rail-splitter. Shortly after his sickness, while working in the woods, a man came to him, and said, as he stood upon the tree he had just fallen:

"Yo's a heap bettah 'n yo' wuz las' time I seed yo'."

"Yas, I'se bettah," said Charley to his visitor.

"I seed yo'," he went on to say, "w'en yo' wuz layin' sick at Johnsing's. I was dar wid de quiltin' bee frum Bixby's, but yo' didn't notis nuthin' den skace, so I didn't speak ter yo'."

"I wuz wery low den," replied Charley, "but, thank de Lawd, I'se pooty well agin."

"I seed ye' fo' dat time," continued the visitor, "mo'n a month befo.' Does yo' reckamembah hearin' a man callin', 'Hi! strangah'?"

"Yas, well I duz," said Charley, "an' wuz wery wex'd, 'kase I 'spos'd dem holiday people wanted ter make a lil fun out o' me."

"Law sakes! No, I wanted ter see yo', fer I tuck yer ter be my bruthah."

"Dat's right. One Fathah in Heaben is fathah ob us all. We's his po' chil'n, an' ob co'se we's all brudren accordin' ter de Scriptures."

"I doan mean like dat ar; I mean dat yo' fathah wuz my fathah, an' yo' muthah wuz my muthah."

"Hey! Guess yo' mistaken. W'ats my name?" asked Charley.

"Doan know yo' fust name, but my fathah's name wuz Chance."

"Chance?" Charley fairly sl^uted, as he r^epeated the name, and let go the handle of the axe he had been leaning upon.

"An' my muthah's name wuz Peggy Chance," continued the stranger.

"W'at, be yo' Co'nelyus, bin giv'n up fer dead so long?"

"I'se Co'nelyus."

"An' I'se Charley," each said, as they sprang into each other's arms.

"Is muthah livin' yet? Bruthahs an' sistahs, ez dey all alive?" inquired Cornelius, hastily.

"Ail livin' 'cept po' Petah. Po' Petah is no mo'. An' we all thought yo' wuz ded too. W'y, its fourteen yeahs sense yo' wuz given up fer los'," said Charley.

"Yas, it's a long time," said Cornelius; "an' I off'n wanted to let yo' all know whar I wuz, but dar not."

"W'at happened yo', Co'nelyus?" asked Charley, after explaining Peter's illness and death.

"Dat name sounds queer ter me. I chang'd my name to William Henson. Dat's my name now," said Cornelius, before answering. After a little he cleared up the mystery of his loss, and explained how he came to leave home so suddenly.

"I wuz gwine," said he, "fer Mass'r Maynard, de bootblack, wid seven pairs ob polish'd shoes ter deliver ter dere owners, w'en I met a Dutchman on de road wid a pair ob mules an' a kiver'd waggon. Yo'

know I wuz all'us fon' ob mules. Dat Dutchman sed ter me, 'See heah, boy, would yo' like ter go wid me ter Pennsylvaney an' be free, an' wuk fer yo'se'f?' I sed I would. He ax'd me w'at my name wuz, an' I tol' 'im hit wuz Co'nelyus. But he call'd me William Henson, arter an unc' ob his'n, an' I've gwine by dat name evah since. He den stow'd me in his waggon, an' bro't me right frough heah. Now I'se marr'd, an' I'se livin' on a rented farm neah heah. Let's go ovah ter my place an' see my lil home." They started immediately, as suggested, and William continued: "On de holiday didn't yo' har a fellah call out, 'William Henson, dar goes yer bruthah'?"

"I did har dat," said Charley, "but didn't know w'at it meant. I know'd my name wasn't Henson. I call'd myse'f James Brown, an' I wuz werry wex'd, an' tho't I might have to fight befo' I got frough de crowd. I wuz'nt gwine ter let eny one run de rig on me, ef I wuz a refugee."

"Wal," said William, "de young fellah dat call'd sed to me, 'Ef dat strangah ain't yo' bruthah, I'm a ninny.' 'My bruthah,' I sed, 'why w'at does yo' mean?' 'I mean,' said he, 'dat he looks jes' like yo'.' At hear'n' dis, I foller'd yo'; but, as yo' didn't ansawah me an' I hadn't seed yer face, I tho't it wuz p'raps on'y his fancy, an' lef' off follerin' yo'. W'en I seed yo' sick in bed at Sam Johnsing's, I couldn't see eny fambly likeness, an' so I cum to de bush to-day to fin' out 'bout it. Now it's 'bout time yo' tol' me how in de worl' yo' cum heah, an' how yo' got away; but see, we's at my lil home. This is Mary. Mary, heah's

my bruthah Charley, all de way' frum de city ob Baltimo'. He's bin heah a month, an' I've on'y jes' done foun' 'im out."

Charley had a warm welcome from Mary and her four little boys. Her house was as neat as a pin, and



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the family appeared to be living comfortably. After supper, Charley told them the story of his escape and all about those left behind in Maryland. Here he had a comfortable resting-place with his newly-found, long-lost brother. A lost brother restored and a new home found, in his newly acquired freedom, gave him a two-

fold joy. As may be supposed, until each obtained a full history of the other, their conversations were of an animated nature.

"So they all thought I wuz dead, when I lef' home," said William, next morning.

"Yas, indeed," replied Charley, "thar wuz a great 'citement when yo' didn't cum home. Muthah sent up to Maynard, de bootblack, an' he sed de las' he seed ob yo' wuz when yo' started in de mo'nin' to take de boots to his customers. Ev'ry one ob 'em wuz wisited, but yo' hadn't got thar wid de boots, an' dey wuz angry 'nuff 'bout it. Some ob 'em had ter send out an' buy mo' boots. All day we search'd de city ovah fer yo'. We thought po' muthah would 'ev gwine crazy. She 'cused missis ob sellin' yo' down ter Georgia. De missis denied it, an' felt wery bad kase she wuz 'cused dat way. Muthah nevah got right ovah de shock. When I wuz comin' away, she spoke 'bout yo' as her los' boy."

This touched the listener, who now saw more clearly than ever before, the deep wound he had inflicted by his flight, and shed tears, as he thought of his mother's wonderful love for him.

On Charley's asking, "Hadn't de Dutchman a good deal ob trouble gettin' yo' frough?" he said: "Not much; as he 'splained to dose dat seed. me, an' dey wuz wery few, dat he'd taken me down to see de city ob Baltimo', an' wuz den takin' me back ter my beoples. A tavern-keeper wanted 'im to sell me, sayin he could get \$250 fer me, an' ef de Dutchman would divide de money, he would he'p 'im fix it. 'I vill not

do sich a ting,' sed de Dutchman. 'I bromised to bring 'im back to his beoples, and I vill do it. I mus' take dat lil Nigger back to him's beoples.'"

As Cornelius had taken the name of Henson, Charley thought he might as well do so too, so he called himself James Brown no longer, but James Henson; and that is the way Charley Chance became James Henson. As Charley, after crossing the river, thus laid aside his slave-name of Charley Chance, and re-named himself James Henson, he will hereafter, in this narrative, be designated by the latter name. His slave-name was put off like an old suit of clothes; and the new one, a free name, as a new suit, was put on, and was from henceforth to be worn in its place. In a physical, as well as a spiritual sense, he could say, and rejoice as he said it, "Old things are passed away, behold all things are become new." He soon became known to the people as Bill Henson's brother. As he remained here month after month, he heard a great deal about "Philadelfey," and longed to visit that great city. At the end of a year this desire culminated in a tramp of seventy-two miles, terminating in that City of Brotherly Love. Here he soon found work, and became acquainted with a great many freedmen, many of whom he found making money in various pursuits. The children of some of these freedmen dressed in what appeared to him to be a very extravagant style. He had seen nothing like it in Maryland. For a child there to call a parent anything but "daddy" or "mammy," or a grandparent, "gran'-daddy" or "granny," would have been deemed the height

of presumption and impudence. In this city, however, the youngsters, he found, were putting on airs and imitating the white folks both in language and dress.

"On de street," said he, "I met young men as black as myse'f, wearin' a dickey, high linen collah, long cuffs, cheap rings, an' nice clo'es. These upstarts would sneer at newcomers, an' call 'em 'men ob de fiel' Nigger class.'" A new acquaintance, who had just bought a watch and chain, on meeting him in the street pulled out his watch, and said, "Look heah, I'll gib yo' five minits ter reach de nex' corner ob de street," pointing toward it with a ringed finger.

Henson visited little Bethel Church the first Sabbath morning after reaching the city, and here, as at Jacob's Bethel, the place seemed signally close to the spirit world. Here his weary spirit rested, and was greatly refreshed by his Lord's presence. Here, too, his way was opened and work for his hands readily obtained, as the little church was eminently practical in its methods. It was presided over by a lay colored preacher, named Tom Workman, who, like St. Paul, labored with his hands as well as in the Church. He was an earnest, consistent man. Through the week he wielded the whitewash brush within, and his buck-saw and axe without the houses of the good people of the city who gave him employment. On Sabbath he was regularly in his pulpit, and preached the Word of Life to his sable hearers. His singing ability was of great service to him in his work among his people. White people, too, gladly heard him sing Negro melodies, of which he seemed to have an inexhaustible

store. After his morning discourse, which was a short one, he proceeded to make some announcements.

"Bruthrin," said he, "I've larn'd dis mo'nin' dat Bruthah Henson, who's lately 'scaped from slav'ry, has cum to de city, and is heah dis mo'nin'. Who knows whar de bruthah kin git bo'd an' wuk?"

Up went a hand. "I kin find him a home at Sistah Hut's, an' wuk frum de co'porashun."

"Dat's right, Bruthah Tompkins, yo'll look arter dis new bruthah. Las' week," he went on to say, "in wisitin', I found dat sev'ral pussons requir'd he'p. Sistah White is sick. She irons in de laundry Fridays an' Saturdays, an' she's afeerd ob losin' her place. Who'll take Sistah White's place?"

"I'll take it on Friday," said a stout girl. "And I'll take it on Saturday," said another.

"Widow Cook is out ob wuk, an' nearly out ob fuel an' food," said the minister.

"I kin spar a lil coal," said Brother Clemens.

"An' I'll take it ober to her wid my wheelbarrow," said a chunky boy, called Wash, after the father of his country.

"I think I kin gib some perwisions for her," said Mary Potter.

"De nex' case," said he, "yo' know 'bout yo'se'ves. It's Bruthah Hannibal Ruff, who fell off de scaffold when carryin' de hod ob brick, an' broke his leg an' ribs, an' hurt his head. His wife am all worn out sittin' up with him. I want seven pussons to sit up with him through each night ob nex' week." Seven quickly volunteered, and their names were taken down.

"Now," said the speaker, "I come to my las' case, an' it's de hardest ob all. Po'r Simon Eaton's takin to drinkin' agin. Yo' all know what a hard drinker he wuz, an' how he come into de Church an' walked in de right way fer a long time. Now he's fallin' in de ole snare. Bruthah Perkins, you've fought de same battle with de demon drink, an' yo' come out wictorious. I want you to go an' see po'r Simon." Brother Perkins bowed an assent twice. "Show him de way ob yo'r delib'rance. Yo' know de way out ob de pit." Then he lifted his hands and said, "Let us pray fer Simon." Earnestly he petitioned the throne of heavenly grace for Simon's rescue from his "upsettin'" sin, as he termed it, eliciting a hearty responsive "Amen" from Brother Perkins. For many years after the good, dark-visaged lay preacher was permitted to remain in charge of his flock, meeting the wants of his people, and exemplifying to the world, as far as the light shone from little Bethel Church, a practical Christianity.

CHAPTER XXIX.

STEPHEN GIRARD.

IN 1830, the first summer after his arrival in Philadelphia, Henson, with ten other men, went out to the Girard farm, about four miles from the city, to mow hay. Henson was appointed speaker, and, addressing a gentleman near the fine house of the farm, said:

"Be you Mistah Gira'd?"

"No," said the person addressed, pointing to a field, "that is Mr. Girard, with the high Leghorn hat on, with his men."

The sable crowd went toward him, Henson advancing as they came near him. Mr. Girard was busy at work, and did not notice them coming. As Henson saw him that morning, he was a thickset man of swarthy countenance, quick in his movements, dressed—as he had always been from time immemorial when on the farm—in linen drill pants and coat and a pair of strong shoes, his head covered with the memorable long-worn high Leghorn hat, and altogether he had anything but the appearance of an old sea-captain, as he really was.

"Mistah Gira'd," said the spokesman, whose language had already greatly improved, "we've heerd that you wanted men to cut hay."

"Vat's dat you say? Do you vant me?" said Mr. Girard, in a strong French accent, and with a shrug of his shoulders.

"We're lookin' for wuk, an' heerd you had some hay to cut," said Henson.

"Vell, yes. I've twenty-eight acre. How many men you've got?"

"Ten."

"Very well. I shall gif you one dollar und a quarter an acre. You see dem men in dat far fiel' down toward Schuylkill p'int? Tell 'em I sent you to cut de hay."

This was not extra pay, as some of his meadow was exceedingly heavy. This job finished, the ten men left, but Henson remained, the only colored man in his employ, at half a dollar a day, including Sundays, wet or dry—the same wages that he paid all his men. Meals and lodging were furnished in the culinary portion of the house.

Girard had a bank in the city, vessels at sea, and this large farm close to the city and south of it, where the Schuylkill (Hidden Creek) falls into the Delaware. Although so wealthy, and carrying on so much business, he gave a considerable share of his time to his farm, where he delighted to work in summer. He had seven barns wit' stone foundations, a dairy, slaughter-house and store-houses, making a village of buildings. He employed thirty men about the farm,

and carried on an extensive trade in provisions and supplies. He fattened cattle and killed them. The stone foundations under the barns were used for the storage of his beef, pork and other supplies in connection with his shipping trade, to the value, it was said, of a hundred thousand dollars. His milk-house had a floor of blue and white marble. Every Wednesday morning Henson had to pump water for Charity to wash off this floor. Charity was an exceedingly plain, full-black Negress, whom Mr. Girard drove up from the house, with his old gray horse, then twenty years old, named Dick, and his grasshopper gig, almost as old, every other morning to the dairy. Charity wore her hair tied in knots, which, with her coarse features, gave her a decidedly ugly appearance. One day, as Henson pumped water for her, he ventured to say to her, "Madam, is you married?" She replied with an emphatic "No," and added, "All de men wuth havin' is already married." At which Henson quoted the old adage, "Thar's as good fish in de sea as evah wuz caught," without creating the slightest apparent waver in her belief.

Many a morning Henson opened the gate wide to let Dick and his gig, Steve and his dairymaid, pass through. "Git up, Dick," Mr. Girard would say, as he touched his favorite horse with the whip, and off they started toward the dairy.

In an upper room in the great Girard College at Philadelphia, there stands a stuffed gray horse, clad in an old harness and hitched to a gig, which has been shown to thousands of visitors as a curiosity, because

it is the horse and rig that Philadelphia's benefactor drove through her streets, and back and forth between city and farm, so many years. It is Dick and his harness and grasshopper gig, the selfsame for which Henson used to open the farm gate wide when Old Steve and his dark dairymaid passed through.

A number of his men were raw Irishmen, and continually broke one of Mr. Girard's rules. "Mistah Gira'd 'low'd each man two 'jiggins' a day, but these men wuzn't satisfied with de 'lowance, an' would 'casion'ly get drunk." When drunk, they were quarrelsome, and as there were seven of them, and Henson was obliged to be among them, and remembered his former experience with the seven men from the Emerald Isle, he was not without occasional bodily fear. A number of his men were Frenchmen, and when these imbibed, they became excitable and talkative, and much of their talk appeared to Henson to consist of "la! la! la!"

The hay season had been catching weather, and Mr. Girard had had his hay cut and stored very green. One warm, muggy morning, one of the barns was enveloped in a sort of mist.

"Look at the mist 'bout that barn," said Henson to Tom Burns, the Girard Bank night-watchman, as they chanced to meet not very far from the barn.

"I've been looking at it for some time," said Tom, "and I don't know what to make of it."

"Why, the hay is heating," said Henson.

"I believe you're right; that's just what it is," said Tom, as he walked away.

The next morning smoke was rising from all parts of the great roof, and the two men again met near the same place.

"Do you see that?" said Henson, pointing to the smoking roof.

"I do; it shows you were right yesterday. Do you think it will do any harm?"

"Harm!" shouted Henson. "If that hay isn't got out befo' two o'clock this aftahnoon, de hol' barn will be on fire; an' if that goes, all goes."

"Whew!" said Tom. "I'll run and tell Mr. Girard," and away he went. Mr. Girard was soon on the spot, and concluded to put all hands to work, and bundle all the green hay out. Inside was as hot as an oven. The men, stripped to the waist, worked away till all the overgreen hay was put out, and thus his property was saved. As this, with the stock in the storehouse underneath, meant a very large saving, Mr. Girard was thankful for his escape from loss, and said to Henson, "I'll 'member you fer dis," waving his hand toward the barns.

During the troubles at San Domingo, Girard plied a trade in cigars—which he then manufactured—in oranges and other commodities, between that city and Philadelphia, with a little vessel. During the excitement of the times, many people gave him their silver, gold and other vaulables to take with him for safe keeping. In this way he became the custodian of great wealth, some of which, on account of the death of the owners in the subsequent massacres, forever remained unclaimed. At the close of his mortal

career, he willed the magnificent sum of six million dollars to build and endow the college which bears his name at Philadelphia, stipulating that no clergyman should be allowed to enter the threshold of the building—a stipulation still rigidly adhered to by the trustees of the college.

The next year, on Henson's return from the county of Lancaster, where he went to visit his brother, he learned from Tom Burns that Mr. Girard was very sick, and likely to die. "Go and see him," said he, "I'm sure he will do something for you; he said he would remember you for saving his barns."

Henson, acting on the suggestion, went out to the farm on Christmas Day; but, seeing a great many passing to and fro from his residence, and that the house appeared to be full of people, his heart failed him, and he passed the house. Stephen Girard died the next day. Charity was left a brick house in the city, and sixty dollars a quarter during life; but in all the provisions of his great will, Henson, who had saved so much of his property for him, was not remembered.

CHAPTER XXX.

FLIGHT TO NEW JERSEY.

ONE afternoon in early winter, in Philadelphia, three years after Henson's escape from slavery, as he was assisting in loading a vessel with wheat for Liverpool, he discovered his old tricky master, Barton, watching his movements. Neither one addressed the other. Barton soon after disappeared, doubtless for his proofs, as the fugitive law was still in force. Henson, after considering the matter, decided on flight to New Jersey. He thought, as he says, "cunnin' wuz jes' then bettah than strength." On asking the skipper for a release, the latter said, "I guess you're too big and fat to carry wheat," little divining the true cause of his request, and paid him his wages.

Preparations were then made for a hasty departure. The Delaware, now partly frozen over, had to be crossed. This was effected by a small boat, which, where it could be used, was rowed in open water, and then drawn upon the ice, by men having creepers on their boots. He went to the locality now called Milford, in New Jersey, and thus made good his escape from Barton. At this place he found that the

people spoke of the days of the week by number, as first, second, third, etc., instead of by name. Here he spent the winter in the bush, burning charcoal and chopping cordwood, which consisted of pine, che. nut and black oak. In the spring he had some diversion with his fellow-laborers, in 'coon and 'possum hunting. One day he had his fortune told for a penny-bit, by a shrivelled-up, sharp-featured, mulatto woman, who had but one tooth in front, and that was a long one, and seemed to split her words in two, as they were spoken. It consisted of a story of love, money, friends, and a fuss out of all of which he was to come off victorious, to which was added, "You'll lend much, and borrow little." In the early summer he obtained an offer to burn charcoal near Philadelphia, and as he now thought that all danger was past, he returned for that purpose.

Here he soon after met a man from Baltimore, who told him of Emily's death. The news was a terrible blow, for although he knew she clung to her slave-home and its associations, he had hoped by some means to get her away from slave-land. It was the first news he had had about her, and it was bad indeed. He had not communicated with her, as he feared Barton might in that way ascertain his whereabouts, and capture him. The sad news of her death brought back vividly to his mind her many good qualities, and their pleasant life together. He never, he was sure, could find another Emily, and he greatly mourned her death. At the same time, too, he learned, as he expected would be the case, that she had given birth to a child a short time after he left; that her master

had permitted her to go out to service to try and earn her freedom, that this had not been accomplished, and that she had returned to his house to die, leaving behind her little daughter, who, as he long afterward learned, lived until she became a young woman, and then followed her mother.

During the next four years he spent his time alternately in the city of Philadelphia and in the State of New Jersey. He preferred living in the city, but earned most in New Jersey; and, besides, he had made the acquaintance of Kate Truett, a woman who pleased him well, and whom, after a time, he married. After his marriage he remained in New Jersey and worked as a farm hand. A man named Broderick, in whose hay field he worked, had a great mower as leader, who was also something of a bully, named Hal. Henson was assigned the fourth place, and cut leisurely.

"Ain't yo' gwine ter mow fas'er," said Hal. "Yo' keep de hol' ob dem men 'hind yo' back."

At this Henson pulled up a little, but still not sufficiently to please the leader, who shortly after shouted back to him:

"Jim, I b'liebe yo's po'ly dis mo'nin'. Can't yo' make dat scythe trabbel fas'er'n dat; p'raps it's too hebby fer yo'."

This sally raised a laugh at Henson's expense, but he appeared not to hear it at all, and kept about the same pace as before. All the men in the field were strangers to him, but he had made up his mind to teach their leader a lesson, and waited for more of his banter, but took care to lose no ground. The day was cloudy and comfortable, and the smell of the new-

mown hay nerved Henson for his contemplated task. As they neared the other side of the field, and Hal finished his swath and rested on his scythe, he said :

"Jim, a big feller like yo' orter be 'shamed ob yo'se'f; yo' bettah tuck yo'r place aftah de lil man at de end."

"I 'specs yo'r a great mower," said Henson.

"Yes, de king ob mowers in dese parts," said Hal, proudly, in reply, as he struck out a new swath.

Henson thought the time had come for action, and quickly gained on the man next ahead, until he came close up, and then exchanged places with him. Hal, seeing this, laughed loud and long. Henson pushed on, until he came up to the next man, and exchanged with him. Hal saw then that his man was bent on giving him a trial, and said :

"Yo' despectful Niggah, dat's yo' game; den cum along, an' I'll trabbel yo' erroun' till yo'r sick."

Henson put on a spurt, so did Hal, but in vain, for before he got across the field he was overtaken by Henson, who found him pretty well fagged out. It was now Henson's turn.

"I b'liebe," said he, "yo's po'ly dis mo'nin'. Can't yo' make dat scythe trabble fas'er; p'raps it's too hebby fer yo'."

Hal could not spare breath enough to answer, but exerted his whole strength, and pushed on. Henson, still crowding him, chased him till he could go no farther.

"Yo' 'ad bettah take yo'r place aftah de lil man at de end," said Henson, as a crusher.

At this Hal wanted to fight, but finding himself without breath or strength, he concluded that he might

possibly fail here, too, so he changed his manner and said :

"I know'd yo' wuz a good mower, but it's de custom heah to run a lil on strangahs."

"Wal," said Henson, "I s'pose yo've 'ad runnin' 'nuff now?"

From this time out, Hal was agreeable enough, and Henson's rapid mowing became the boast of the field hands. .

In the huckleberry season, Henson and his wife picked large quantities of these berries for the Philadelphia market, and obtained four dollars per bushel for them; still, it took a good deal of "hustlin' in de huckleberry patch" to make good wages. The rich marl deposits of the locality now began to be utilized as a fertilizer, and he picked no more huckleberries, as he had constant employment in the pits, at wages varying from a dollar to a dollar and a quarter per day. It was hard work, the marl being thrown up from scaffold to scaffold until the surface was reached.

In a few years he concluded to remove to Philadelphia. In spring he whitewashed, in harvest he worked in the fields, and later he threshed grain with his flail. He and his wife, in the bathing season, for many years worked at Cape May and Miller's Island, and earned money there freely. Henson, although working hard, was comfortable and contented. Three daughters had been entrusted to them; and so they would doubtless have continued happily together, but, unfortunately for them, there came a change in slave law which put him and thousands like him, who were escaped slaves, in great peril,

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

R ALPH SHAW conceived the idea of going south, and rescuing a slave or two, and was furnished with money for that purpose. Like many others, he was fond of risks. His friends hardly expected to see him back, but in the course of a couple of months he returned to Philadelphia with two brown-skinned women—mother and daughter. These women were in the field alone, pulling the grass from the young cotton, when found by Shaw, and were persuaded to come with him. Stark, their owner, was a great cotton-grower, and annually took prizes for his fine cotton. The stories they told of their own experiences elicited profound sympathy, and created intense interest. A public anti-slavery meeting was announced to be held in a large Baptist church of the city, at which the rescued women were to appear. They were placed on the platform, and surprised the large audience, in which Henson sat an attentive listener, in the relation of their experience of slave-life in Georgia.

Said the mother: "I nevah seed a piece ob white bread, or sot on a cheer in my life, till I com' heah. I

liv'd on co'n cake an' herrins. De cake we baked an' de herrins we cook'd in de ashes. A quart ob co'n an' two herrins wuz de daily 'lowance fer each ooman. We wuz off'n tired, an' ef we slept too late in de mo'nin' to get dis meal ready, at de soun' ob de bull whip we wuz march'd off wid nuthin' to eat." Her talk showed that slavery was indeed the "sum of all villainies." The younger woman spoke of a tragical incident of which she had been an eye-witness. "My mass'r," she said, "had a dre'ful tempah. Once, w'en a young slave named Ned wuz gettin' 'im a pitchah ob watah, he fell an' broke de pitchah. Mass'r had 'im stripp'd an' whipp'd, an' den cut off his head wid a sword, an' frew it into de fire. I scream'd, an' he hit me on de head wid a hoe." His wife, on finding that young Ned had been killed, berated him for the loss. She said Ned was her property, as he very well knew, and had been given to her by her father. He admitted this, and then, to console her, gave a reply which, of itself, showed the terrible nature of the system: "There is to be a drove here next week from Cuba," said he, "and you shall have your choice of the lot in Ned's place."

Ralph was on the platform, and spoke of the risk he ran in getting these women away. He had obtained them near Augusta. Said he: "If you will furnish me with money, I will go again. My brother is at the same business, and they now have him in prison. They will probably torture him to death, but the work of rescue must go on. The underground railway extends farther south and in more directions than is

generally supposed." He then gave them a sketch of slave-life in Georgia, as he saw it, and closed by saying :—

“ And shall the slave, beneath our eye,
Clank o'er our fields his hateful chain ;
And toss his fettered arms on high,
And groan for Freedom's gift in vain ? ” *

This underground railway, it may be added, was organized assistance given run-away slaves, in the way of money, conveyances, shelter, disguises by changed clothing, men often wearing women's clothing, and women men's, and in various other methods. On some lines there were regular stopping-places, where rest, refreshments, clothing and means were provided. Even the stopping-places, to maintain their secrecy, were frequently changed. All the work on these lines, which were generally worked by Quakers, however, seemed like a drop in the bucket, and made but a slight impression on the great slave-life of the country; yet it served as a strong protest against the whole iniquitous system.

*The slavery question is again one of the social problems of the day. Dhows are again chased, captured, and searched on the high seas as in the days of yore. The extensiveness of its horrors in Africa has evoked a European conference on the subject, and shocked the whole civilized world. As one of the first-fruits of organized opposition to the traffic, the Sultan of Zanzibar has just promised that all children born in his dominions after the first of January next shall be free. Weekly markets are now held, where human chattels are publicly bought and sold in her streets. The traffic is carried on by Arabs.

At the close of Ralph's address, the chairman introduced Mrs. Steele, a philanthropist of the city, whom he designated a skilful underground railroader, who had recently diminished the number of slaves in New Orleans, and increased the number of freemen in Philadelphia, by one. Mrs. Steele then proceeded to explain what the chairman's statement meant. Her story was a short one. While visiting relatives in New Orleans, she became acquainted with a slave-lad named Rift, who was owned by a rich merchant of the city. Rift had occasion to visit the house at which she was a guest, and would on these visits amuse himself by talking to and playing toss-up-high with her little two-year-old boy. The child became greatly attached to Rift, who was a fine-featured and good-mannered lad. On one of these visits, a sudden desire seized the child's mother to set the slave-lad free. She had not the means to purchase him, and, after a little reflection, resolved on the following ingenious plan. Taking advantage of the child's fondness for the lad, she concluded to make him a nurse. She obtained Rift's personal history, enlisted his sympathies, and then broached the subject of his escape to freedom. He readily assented to her proposal, and eagerly adopted her plan, which, in short, was that he should dress as a girl, and act as nurse for the child, on her coming trip home to Philadelphia. Suitable clothing was obtained, and worn a few times, to accustom the child to the new order of things. Finally the day for her departure came, and, driven in a carriage to the wharf, she stepped on board the

steamer, attended by a fine-looking young Negress, whom she called Aun' Jen. Aun' Jen, who was appropriately dressed as a lady's nurse, carried the child in her arms. So complete was the disguise that, although Rift was well known by persons on the wharf at the time, he passed in unsuspected by anybody. Throughout the trip he successfully played the nurse, and in due time safely arrived at Philadelphia. "Perhaps, Mr. Chairman, you will now," said Mrs. Steele, "allow me to introduce to the audience Aun' Jen." Then from behind a screen on the platform lightly stepped Aun' Jen, clothed just as he was when he embarked at New Orleans for liberty, looking every inch a nurse. Amid the applause and laughter of the audience Rift gracefully bowed his acknowledgment and retired. A liberal subscription in the good cause followed. The meeting produced a profound impression and greatly strengthened the abolition movement. The agitation had produced a marked effect in Maryland and other slave-breeding States. As the subject became more and more ventilated, and knowledge of it increased, the conscience of many a slave-holder was touched, and, as a matter of duty, he denied himself the privilege of holding his fellow-man in bondage, as the law allowed. Thus the number of slaves made free increased from year to year. Some of the churches of the South had gone so far as to hold that their members could no longer own slaves and retain their membership. Greater interest also began to be taken in the freedman. In Philadelphia, and other cities of free States, schools and churches were opened for their

use, and thus the condition of the race began to improve. But all this only aroused the keenest antipathy of the pro-slavery men, who did not hesitate to designate every true well-wisher of the Negro a shabby sheep, nor to treat the abolitionist as if he had forfeited his standing in society.

Chief-Justice Taney ruled that "Negroes had no rights which the white man was bound to respect." The average Southerner, looking only at the requirements of King Cotton and the money value of the Negro, boldly denied that he was a man, and hence could read the Declaration of Independence without a blush. The individual in the South who now had the courage to avow his convictions against an institution held to be providential, was marked for rough usage. They did not hesitate to imprison for the offence of teaching slave-children to read. Vigorous efforts were made to smother every vestige of anti-slavery conscience. But it could not be smothered; and manumissions were no longer confined to wills, when testators had no further use for their slaves, nor to cases where owners resorted to this method of ridding themselves of the burden of supporting aged and infirm Negroes. "The Nigger Question," as it was called, grew till it became the great agitation of the nation, and pointed to a coming crisis.

CHAPTER XXXII.

A DISCUSSION ON FREEDOM.

WHEN Henson lived with Job Venables, the hub-maker, the railroad between Baltimore and Wilmington was completed, being the first railway constructed in that part of the country. To have had a ride on the train was considered something worth talking about. Wilmington was to have a great political meeting, and Venables concluded to have a ride on the train and attend the meeting. The subject of slavery had become a burning question. It had got into Congress, into the churches; was talked about in taverns, in shops and in the streets, resulting in pretty general irritation. The abolition party was divided, some being in favor of the colonization of freedmen on the coast of Africa. Others were in favor of gathering them into the free States. The slave States hated the free Negroes, and wanted none of them within their borders.

When Job Venables returned home he was full of the slave subject. He had returned by boat, and was in company with a Baptist minister who was a slaveholder.

At the glass works store it was quite a common thing to have a discussion in the evening, in which Henson occasionally joined, and thereby greatly improved his pronunciation and command of language. There would sometimes be an audience of from thirty to forty persons. Henson called at the store the evening after Venables' return, to get a little tobacco, and found his employer relating what the Baptist minister had said on the slavery question. This minister, who was a very rich man, and owned fifty slaves, had said if it were not a sin, he would give his slaves their freedom. But he held they were like children, and it would be wrong to send them adrift, and expect them to make a living for themselves. They knew nothing about it. "Why," said he, "a Nigger is like a hog in a corn-field. He will eat some, but he will waste a good deal more than he eats." The minister, he went on to say, was dressed in the best of broad-cloth, and had told him he was paying \$1,000 a year to keep two of his sons at college. When he had finished speaking, Henson, wishing to overhaul the minister's views, delivered himself as follows: "Mistah Venables," said he, "do you think the parson wuz a Christian? Did he say slaves couldn't wuk an' make a livin', 'cept undah a mastah? Did he say slaves didn't know de good of freedom?"

Job Venables replied in the affirmative to all these questions.

"How kin a man," continued Henson, "be a Christian who holds his brothah in bondage? Who made a livin' fer de rev'nd gemman an' his fambly, an'

who earned his fine broadcloth suit, an' de \$1,000 a year to edecate his sons at college; who but his slaves? An' ef they kin do it fer him an' his fambly, they kin do it fer themse'ves, ef on'y they get de chance. The slave hez de same mother-wit as his mastah. God gave it to him, an' nothin' on earth kin take it frum him. If a slave hez sense enough to wuk fer anothah he kin wuk fer hisse'f by de same sense. This Baptist ministah may be a rich man, but he's a po' Christian." At this point the crowd in the store gave Charley a little cheer, and all gathered closer around him. Others outside, hearing a discussion going on, came in, so that there were now perhaps fifty or sixty people present.

Job Venables, at the close of the cheer, was quite aroused, and without giving Henson an opportunity to enter upon the third point, opened out again. He considered there was but one way to dispose of the Negro race, and that was to take them all back to Africa. It was their own country and native home, and the proper place for them to live; and colonization he thought, was the only way of disposing of the vexed question.

"Mistah Venables," asked Henson, "what is a man's native kentry?"

"Why, of course, the country he is born in, he quickly answered.

"His birthplace fixes his native kentry?" said Henson.

"Yes, certainly," replied his employer.

"A great many of de white people of this kentry," continued Henson, "come frum Europe. Thar chil'n

have bin bo'n heah, an' hence is native bo'n. Are these chil'n of European parents bo'n heah bettah 'dapted to live in Europe, kase thar fathers an' mothers have come frum Europe? No mo' should slave-chil'n bo'n heah be considered natives still of Africa. These slave-chil'n bo'n heah are natives of this kentry, an' have a right to live heah, an' to live in freedom. They are American citizens, of—er, ah—African extraction." At this point Henson was honored by a lively cheer from the crowd, which encouraged him to make another venture, so he said: "Mistah Venables, you say de rev'end gemman said, 'De slave would'nt know de good of freedom.' It's true he has'nt had much opportunity to l'arn about it; but, once free, you don't fin' him wishin' to return to slavery. The beasts of the fiel' an' the birds of the air alike prize thar freedom." At which another cheer was accorded him. Henson then asked leave to explain what he meant, by relating a recent occurrence at his master's own house. Job Venables had three grand-daughters, all sprightly girls, who had recently come to live with him. These girls took a lively interest in a fine mocking-bird in a cage, which hung in the dining-room. "Grandpa," said the youngest, "I let 'Dickey' out of his cage a little while yesterday, and he seemed to enjoy it greatly."

"Did you?" said grandpa. "I guess that is the first time he has ever been out since I got him, now over two years ago, and he was then a very young bird, just in feather."

"Indeed," said the eldest girl, "I think the poor thing should be let out awhile every day."

"Oh," rejoined grandpa, "I don't think he cares very much about being out."

"He would like it all right, if he could get out into the garden," chimed in Emma, the remaining girl.

"Yes, miss," said Henson; "it's freedom he wants."

"Freedom!" replied Venables, in an elevated voice. "What does he know about freedom? He has always been well taken care of, and knows of nothing better. He enjoys cage-life. I do not think he would go away even if you let him loose in the garden; I am sure we do more for him than he could ever do for himself, and we give him everything he wants."

"'Cept his freedom," interjected Henson.

"Freedom!" said Job Venables, in a still louder tone, looking straight at Henson, "is to him a meaningless term. He knows nothing and cares less about it. He is as happy as a king all day without it."

As Henson saw his employer was getting warmed up, he hesitated to speak again, but Emma, who had suggested the enjoyment of the garden for "Dickey," said: "Well, we'll let him out in the dining-room again." Suiting the action to her words, she rose from her seat and opened the door of the cage.

Job Venables and the other two grand-daughters were sitting in front of the cage, watching their little favorite, and Henson had come in from the garden with an iron-headed rake in his hand, and was standing in the doorway, between the dining-room and kitchen, asking for instructions about his work, when the conversation sprang up. As he entered, he found the old gent reading a newspaper, the eldest girl reading a

magazine, the youngest doing some embroidery, and Emma was in the act of feeding "Dickey." Having become interested in the conversation, and now actually drawn into what he considered an important argument, he lingered to see what "Dickey" would do with his cage door open. He did not keep them waiting long. He first hopped from one perch to another, and then into his ring, then to the floor of his cage, and from that flew straight to the window, and lit on its cross-bar.

"I knew he would like to be in the garden this morning," said Emma.

"Very well," said grandpa, "open the window and let him enjoy it."

"May I?" said Emma; and while she was thinking whether her grandpa really meant her to do it or not, he arose from his arm-chair, and, slipping to the window, touched a spring, and swung one-half of the French window wide open.

"Dickey," after rubbing his bill two or three times on the glass, hopped from the cross-bar, and quietly glided out and lit on a flowering shrub.

"He'll come when I call him," declared grandpa. Just then the bird darted to the ground, in a flower bed. "I told you he would not go away," he continued, somewhat triumphantly; but after a moment the bird darted off to the shade of a fruit tree, higher and farther away than the shrub on which he first alighted. Up to this time, all were standing at the window eagerly watching him. Then the girls began to fear they might lose him; so they went out

into the garden, and commenced calling "'Dickey!'" 'Dickey!' poor 'Dickey,' come here." They were quickly followed by their grandpa, and by Henson, at some little distance behind. Away went the bird to the orchard, on the other side of the garden fence. Then there was a rush by every one, through the little gate at the lower end of the garden, to find him. "Dickey" was soon located in the leafy top of a cherry tree. All formed a circle around the tree, watching what he would do next. Fear and hope alternately predominated, as he sat, apparently in no hurry to leave his temporary resting-place. Emma ran for the box of bird seed to coax him with it. All were helpless now, and everything depended on the bird's own action. Grandpa's doctrine was about to be literally fulfilled, or shattered and cast to the four winds. Directly Emma came running up with the box of bird seed in her hand, and as she did so, "Dickey" soared away over their heads, to the topmost twig of an exceedingly high chestnut tree, that stood at one side of the little orchard. All eyes were steadily fixed upon him now. It might be the last look. "'Dickey!' 'Dickey!' shall we never hear your sweet voice again?" said one of the girls. "See, he is moving," said another. Then the bird gave a couple of chirps, followed by a few low, sweet notes, as if tuning his pipes. Soon he threw himself into it heartily, and poured forth the grandest song they had ever heard. Never had he warbled such mellifluous notes, even when in his very best form, and many a time he had charmed his audience. His listeners were now fairly

carried beyond themselves. All eyes were moistened, and every heart seemed brought into harmony with the rapturous song of the bird. Their feelings, influenced by the wonderful song, had been first subdued, then raised to a higher and holier plane, where innocence and purity reigned supreme, causing them for the moment to be oblivious to evil and emptied of selfishness, and, as if by magic, drawn into touch with all that is good and grand in nature.

At the close of his song, "Dickey" mounted high in the air, and winged himself away in a southerly direction. But not a shadow of regret now rested in the mind of any one present. And after the song ended no word was spoken but one, and that was the word "freedom"—spoken, or rather whispered, by grandpa, as "Dickey" rose from his seat on the top of the tree, and soared away to true liberty. The girls and their grandpa returned in silence to the house, and Charley to his work in the garden. The household had sustained a loss, but "Dickey" had achieved an infinite gain, and so they were content.

"Gentlemen," continued Henson, "if that bird knew enuff to enjoy freedom, an' to prefer it to de fairest form of imprisonment, who kin say a human bein' can't appreciate de nachel freedom which de great Creator Himself intended fer all His creatures? His freedom's as sweet to him as your'n to yo', an' kin yo' blame him if, like 'Dickey,' when he soared frum de top ob de tall chestnut tree, he, too, tries to escape frum de condition of a slave to that of a free man?"

A tremendous cheer now burst from the crowd.

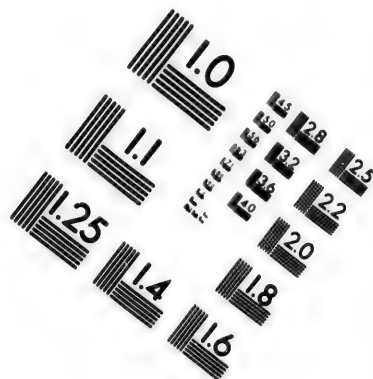
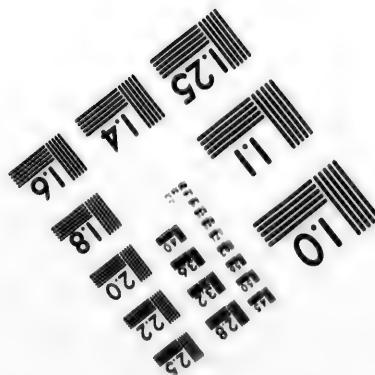
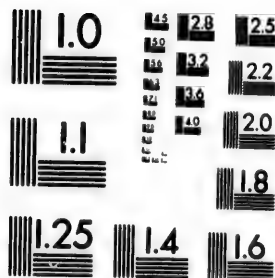


IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



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Hats flew up; some pounded on the counter, and they shouted until they were hoarse. Directly a big arm-chair was handed in, and Henson, against his will, was thrust into it, and borne out of the store by strong, willing arms, and up the street to his master's house, followed by a procession of men and boys, the people on the street and in the houses wondering what it all meant. At the house Job Venables made a short speech to the crowd, the purport of which was that if all the colored men were like Henson, the slave question would soon be settled. "After what we have heard to-night," said he, "I am bound to extend to him the right hand of fellowship, acknowledge the rights of his race, whose cause he so eloquently pleads, and confess him a brother—yes, gentlemen, a brother—in ebony." At this sally of wit the whole crowd cheered lustily and separated, leaving Henson the uncrowned freedman champion of Milford.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

JOHN BROWN.

WHILE living in Philadelphia, Henson took a run up to Lancaster to see his brother William (Cornelius), whom he found in a great fever to emigrate to the North Elba settlement, in the county of Essex, in the State of New York. Garret Smith had been through Pennsylvania, as an immigration agent, talking up this Negro settlement project. The two brothers, after going down to Philadelphia, went to New York City, where they saw Dr. McEwan Smith, a gentleman from the West Indies, in the matter, and, passing through Albany and Troy to Whitehall, up Lake Champlain fifty-two miles, then eight miles west to Pleasant Valley, and again twenty-four miles, according to Henson's recollection of the distances, they reached North Elba. This was the home of John Brown, of subsequent Harper's Ferry fame. Mr. Brown was farming, and was interested in this scheme of establishing a large Negro settlement in that locality. By means of directions obtained in New York, they visited him, and then learned that it was only Negroes who were born in the State of New

York who could get land free. Any Negro could, however, purchase at the low price of one dollar and a half per acre. No white man could purchase at any price. The country was high, some sixteen hundred feet above Lake Champlain. On their arrival there came a fall of snow, and as it was only the month of September, the visitors thought it a strange country.

John Brown warmly welcomed them, and had them stay with him overnight. During the evening Mr. Brown gave them many incidents of his life. He had been an extensive drover, handling at times as many as a thousand head of cattle and ten thousand sheep. He took a lively interest in the welfare of the Negroes of the country, was an uncompromising abolitionist, and a man of large soul as well as large body.

During their conversation the question of slavery came up. "While droving," said he, "in the South, I frequently had occasion to notice that a large plantation with several hundred Negroes was ruled over by two or three, or perhaps four or five, whites. Often acts of fierce cruelty and prolonged tyranny were practised by the handful of whites, and were meekly borne by the hundreds of blacks. I often wondered at this—a few holding as many hundreds in subjection. Indeed, it seems strange to me that all slavery does not rise in the might of its numbers and strike a terrible blow for freedom, achieve it or die in the attempt. They could rise and destroy their masters in a day, and strike for freedom."

"Mistah Brown," said Henson, "you're a drover, an' you've off'n seed a drove of cattle, an' de drivah urgins'

'em along. Whar wuz de strong cattle, but in de front, an' whar de weak, but behind? How did de drovahs urge that drove on faster when de cattle wuz tired? Did they ride in 'mong 'em an' shoot one of de drove? Oh, no; but they cracked de big whip an' shouted, an' de drove feared that whip an' rush'd along. It's de fear of de lash, de crack of de bull-whip, Mistah Brown, that keeps 'em in subjection. De gun brings desperation, but de lash fetches fear. If you shot one ob your cattle, an' dey smelt blood, you could do nothin' with de rest of de herd. It's jes' de same with slavery."

"There is a great deal of truth in what you say," said Mr. Brown, "and I never thought of the matter in that light."

"Po'r fellah," Henson digressed to say to his amanuensis; "I s'pose 'twuz sich thoughts workin' in his mind as he then 'spressed to me, that led to de Harper's Ferry trouble, an' caus'd him to be hung at Charleston, West Virginny, on de second day of Decembah, 1859. Lil did I think, when I wuz talkin' with him 'bout slavery, that he would cum to sich an end, or that I would so off'n hear de boys on de streets singin':—

"'John Brown's body lies moulderin' in de groun'."

A carpentah bought de lumbah that made his scaffold, an' built a po'ch with it, an' I heer'd it's jes' bin tuck to Washington an' turn'd into a scaffold agin, as a curiosity. Awh! what a curious worl' this is, to be shore."

"The kentry heah," said Henson, when talking with John Brown at his home, "is romantic, an' you've de finest Irish petatees I evah seed, an' de woods is beautiful; but, oh, to think of wintah in Septembah." Mr. Brown laughed, and said the flurry of snow which they then had would soon be gone. Henson was inclined to take up land and settle, but his brother William was not pleased with the country, and would not entertain the idea, so both brothers returned to their homes.

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CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE FUGITIVE SLAVE LAW.

THE Fugitive Slave Law, passed on the 18th of September, 1850, which was shortly after Fillmore became President of the United States, through the death of President Taylor, produced a panic among the escaped slaves living throughout the free States. Hitherto, as in the case of an estray in the present time, the owner had been required to prove property and pay charges, before he could take his chattel away. Under the Fugitive Slave Act, however, the slenderest evidence was sufficient to secure the arrest and possession of the escaped slave, who was now to be tried in the State and place of his owner. The numerous arrests which immediately followed, and mode of recovery, irritated and aroused the people of the North. The Act soon became odious, and disturbances followed. At Boston, in 1851, a mob rescued a fugitive slave, when under arrest, and hastened him off to Canada. President Fillmore, in consequence, issued a proclamation, in which he announced "his determination to enforce the law promptly and thoroughly."

Philadelphia, too, had its scene of disturbance from the same cause. A slave-owner, from the eastern shore of Maryland, claimed his escaped slave under the new law. His slave, Julius Cæsar, had been gone for years. No matter; the Fugitive Slave Law gave the right to re-take, and he determined to spare no expense in his recovery. The police were enlisted, and well paid. The people of the city were determined that the escaped slave should not return to slavery. During the progress of the trial, the slave-owner struck Cæsar a terrible blow as he passed through the corridor of the Court House, and felled him to the floor. The excitement got to fever heat, and immense crowds assembled in and about the Court House. The judgment of the Court was, that he was to be delivered to his slave-master, and as he passed down the steps of the Court House, in charge of two policemen, the mob rescued him, and threw him over a high fence into a yard, where a number of men stood ready to receive and hustle him away. He was immediately taken to Dr. Byers' office, where his clothes were changed. On Sixth Street there was an open riot, at which the Riot Act was read. The police soon learned that some cabs had just left the office of Dr. Byers, who was a strong Abolitionist. Those cabs had taken different directions. One of them went rapidly down Walnut Street toward the wharf. "There goes the Nigger!" shouted some slavery sympathizer, and immediately several of the police and a considerable crowd pursued in hot haste, and surrounded the cab at the wharf to make sure of their victim. The driver stepped down, opened the

door, and bowed out the occupant, an aged, well-known superannuated minister. The feeling of surprise and disappointment was great. A few persons raised a cheer at the expense of the pursuers. The latter returned as quickly as possible to Dr. Byers' office, which they searched thoroughly.

While this pursuit was going on, a no less exciting chase, by other members of the police, was given the second cab, whose horses went galloping south, down Sixth Street. The cab was chased a mile, and when overtaken by the police, who had taken other cabs, it was soon surrounded and its occupant demanded. The driver, a Hibernian, sprang to his carriage door, and told them to see for themselves whether he had a runaway "Nagur" or not. They looked in, and there sat a contented looking little old Quaker lady, in a nice drab gown and bonnet. Greatly chagrined, they beat a hasty retreat, arriving at the Court House just in time to meet the crowd returning from Walnut Street wharf. A third cab-driver drove slowly through the crowds, along Sixth Street, and, all unsuspected by them, bore Cæsar, the escaping slave, away to safe quarters. The rapid travelling cabs had been successfully used to attract attention, and thus allowed the prisoner to escape.

Mr. Purvis mounted a table on the street, and addressed the crowd, and heccored the police by accusing them of slackness, in allowing their man to escape; who, he said, "was doubtless then on his way to Canada."

The following day the city newspapers stated that

if Negroes interfered with the police, the latter had the power to shoot them. This statement was read to Henson at the coal-yard, where he was working.

Then came days of trouble, when the man of color, who had escaped from slave-land, often by suffering hardships and incurring great risk—had, as he supposed, achieved freedom and safety among freedmen—suddenly found that he was in danger of immediate arrest, and of being carried back to the land of the lash and torture. Then escaped slaves, everywhere, eagerly counselled with one another, with their freed brethren and with Abolitionists. The outlook was dark; commotion and fear had displaced fancied security and contentment, for it had thus been discovered that, even in the free States, all were not free. There was nothing left but to escape, but where? Great fear fell upon them. They looked over the land, and saw her bristling liberty-poles, her great flag, her glistening church spires, her advanced civilization and boasted freedom, and were painfully conscious that all these could not, or would not, protect them, or save them from the hands of their pursuers. Where there was a chance of making anything by it, Negroes were thrust into gaol, and advertised, so that their former masters might come and claim their lost property. This became so general that there would have been despair indeed if, in that trying time, a star of hope, in the distant north, had not shone out bright and clear. It was light from a far-off land, where the slave-master was powerless and unknown. Hence the watchword passed along the lines in every direction: "Ho for Canada! No safety out of Canada!"

Henson had escaped from slavery in Maryland to Pennsylvania, and again from a pursuing slave-master in Pennsylvania to New Jersey. Now, a third escape was necessary, and on learning that he was without protection even in any free State, he, too, concluded on flight from the United States to Canada. He wished, however, to see his old friend Abel Stephens first. "I'm going to Kenedey," said he to him.

"The President is a rascal, and thee's a fool," was the strong language used by the Quaker in reply.

"Why am I foolish?" inquired Henson.

"Wait a little, my man, and we'll get the law changed," said Abel, in an encouraging tone.

"Law changed?" queried Henson. "Long befo' dat I'd be carried away to Maryland, an' sold down South."

"We won't let them do that. Besides, thee couldn't live in Canada a single winter. The cold is intense, and the snow deep. Why, I've heard that milk vendors there in the cold season carry their milk around in sticks, and deliver milk icicles to their customers."

"It may not be as comfortable in climate thar as heah," said Henson, "but I prefer snow and frost to de crack of the slave-whip."

"Well, if thee must go," said good old Abel, finally, "may God bless thee in thy journey and in thy new home."

CHAPTER XXXV.

A SECOND DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE Fugitive Slave Law caused very great irritation, and seven years after its introduction the remarkable decision of the Supreme Court in the Dred-Scott case, that a slave was not a citizen of the United States, and was a slave though brought into a free State by his master, opened the eyes of the people of the free States to the importance of having this great slavery question settled. When the thirteen United States framed a constitution for themselves they numbered but three million souls; now, in 1851, the population had risen to twenty millions, and the slave population numbered over three millions, or as many as the thirteen original States did at the outset. The South had become powerful, and very tenacious and sensitive on this great question, and the difficulty of effecting an abolition of the slave-traffic had immeasurably increased. True, as far back as 1808 importation from Africa had been forbidden, and in 1820 the African trade had been declared piracy. In the meantime territories were being admitted into the Union as slave States, and the domestic slave-trade

was making gigantic strides. Thus the institution rapidly extended, until Lincoln's second election, in 1864, when the slave population was estimated at over four millions.

The slave States of the South, seeing their pet institution in danger, began the secession movement, and involved the whole country in the throes of a great civil war, in which a solid North was arrayed against a solid South, and which were thus rent asunder, temporarily, by the slavery question—a question which could easily have been settled when their Declaration of Independence first declared liberty to be the inalienable right of man. Now, when the nation had grown to forty millions, the question brooked no delay, but had to be settled at once, and forever, by the sword, rifle and cannon—and was settled at the great sacrifice of thousands of human lives and millions of money.

The last words written by Mrs. Stowe, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin," now appear prophetic. They are as follows: "Not surer is the eternal law by which the millstone sinks in the ocean than that stronger law by which injustice and cruelty shall bring on nations the wrath of Almighty God."

During the Great Agitation, and prior to his public career, Mr. W. H. Seward, at a public meeting in Auburn, enunciated the aphorism: "The irrepressible contest is upon us; we must be all free or all slaves." This sentiment was caught up by the press of the North and hurled as a battering-ram against the great pro-slavery wall of the South, until it wavered and fell; and as it fell, the nation caught sight of a banner

floating over its ruin, which, as soon as the smoke of the battlefield cleared a little, was found to bear the following proclamation of emancipation :

"I do order and declare that all persons are, and henceforward shall be, free. Upon this act I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

"(Signed)

A. LINCOLN.

"January 1st, 1863."

By the rattle of rifles, boom of cannon, bursting of bombs, tread of cavalry, tramp of armies, slash of weapons, burning of buildings, destruction of property, and slaughter of thousands of human beings in this greatest of civil wars, under this second Proclamation of Independence four millions, enthralled in the most extensive and worst system of slavery which the world ever saw, came up from bondage, were thrust suddenly into freedom, and were changed from chattels to citizens of the great American Republic. Noble Lincoln! Grand proclamation, and wonderful deliverance of a down-trodden people!

There stood in the Art Gallery, at the Centennial Exhibition in Philadelphia, in 1876, a bronze slave, with a broken shackle in one hand, and in the other hand a scroll, on which was inscribed this celebrated proclamation of freedom by President Lincoln; and visitors, as they looked upon that bronze statue with its inscribed proclamation and broken shackle, wondered that so gigantic a traffic in human flesh could have flourished at so recent a period in a civilized, great and prosperous country.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

OFF FOR CANADA.

HAVING concluded to leave a free State that was not altogether free, Henson began to prepare for the journey. He found there were many others all around him of the same mind with himself, and in the course of a few days seven families had arranged to travel together with teams and waggons. In two or three instances these were purchased for the trip, and for use in Canada. Some, however, were already owners of fine teams of horses. The waggons were covered over like the prairie schooners of the North-West, forming a sort of travelling house. When they all got together they made quite a caravan, as shown in the accompanying view of them as they make their first halt after starting, for dinner.

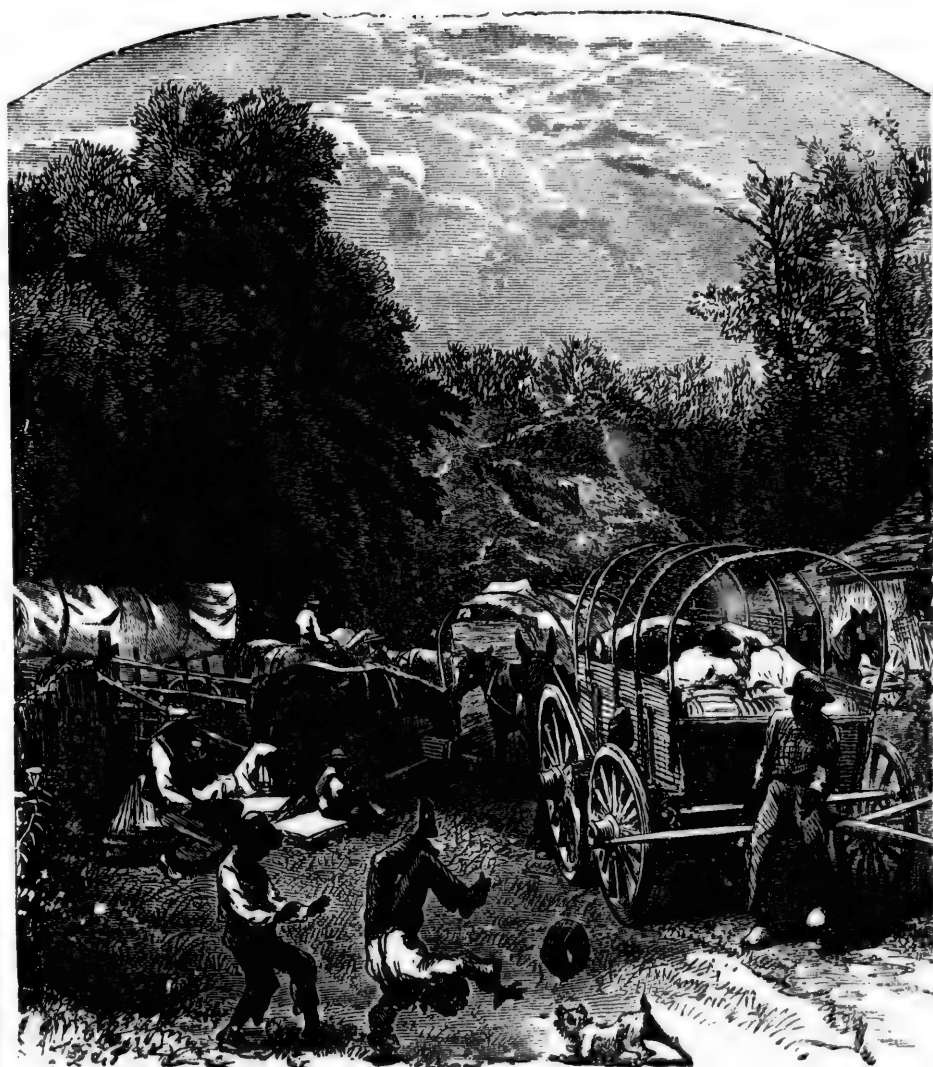
Henson's wife had relatives in Lockport, in the State of New York, and that was the first point to be reached. As a little means had been saved up, the journey seemed no great undertaking, and, in fact, was a sort of picnic all the way. On arrival there, the friends were easily found, and were not a little surprised at their arrival. When Catherine told them

how much money she and her husband used to make in a season at Cape May and Miller's Island, they expressed great surprise.

In due time Toronto was reached. Here employment was hard to obtain. Catherine made shirts at a York shilling apiece, and Henson had to resort to making split brooms and baskets for a living—the occupation of an Indian in the same place twenty years earlier. Worse yet, the children took the small-pox, of which the second one died. In the following spring Catherine returned to Lockport with the youngest girl, then about seven years old, leaving the eldest, who was fourteen years of age, to keep house for her father. The money saved up was now exhausted, and as soon as Henson could manage it he started for Lockport. On his way over he stayed a couple of days at the Falls of Niagara. From what he saw here he concluded there was an excellent opportunity for him to make a good living for his family at the Falls; or, as he puts it, "I seed thar wuz a great livin' for us at de Falls." He informed his wife of the matter, but to his sorrow her views did not coincide with his. She had learned of the death of a rich uncle, and expected to get a share of his property, so nothing would suit her but a return to their old home in New Jersey, where they still owned a house and three acres of land. Henson refused to run the risk of a return, and was bound, as he said, to live in Canada. Thus they parted. His wife and two daughters started back, and he was left alone at Lockport. Here he remained about two years, when

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OFF FOR CANADA.

(Page 291.)

Chauncey Simmons, a Negro, arrived from Canada, and told his friends a wonderful story. "De Queen," said he, "is makin' a present of fifty acres ob lan' to ev'ry man, an' gives 'im a chance to buy fifty acres mo' at one dollah an' a ha'f an acre when he's able to pay fer it. It's jes' de place fer a 'po' man," said he. In answer to Henson's inquiry as to the quality of the land, he stated that it was "as good as a crow evah flew ovah." It was also learned from Simmons that the place where Her Majesty was pleased to manifest her generosity in this hitherto unheard-of manner was in the Province of Upper Canada, in the county of Grey and township of Artemesia.* Simmons created considerable excitement among the colored people of Lockport over the Queen's free lands. Henson was one of the first to volunteer to return with him. He, however, got a note of warning from an Irishman (not one of the seven who beat him), who said, "Sure an' oive bin beyant there mysilf, an' thim free lands is twinty moile from onywhere. It's all in woods. The pape are all poor, an' you'll stharve theré and get lost in the bush." He advised going to Michigan. Simmons at once ridiculed the Irishman's story, and dispelled all fears by the glowing account he gave of the country; and as to going to Michigan, "Why," said Simmons, "dogs shake thar with fever an' ague."

*The correct spelling, doubtless, is Artemisia, after the Queen of Caria, who, in memory of her husband, Mausolus, erected a splendid tomb, called "Mausolëum," and died in two years of excessive grief.

"De hills ob Artemesia," said he, "am full ob de bes' gravel fer makin' roads. Its woods ob fine build-in' timbah am full ob pheasants, pigeons, fox, deer, and black bear. Its pebbly streams swarm with speckl'd trout, de finest fish in de worl'. These an' her lil' lakes am de home ob de mink, marten, otter, beaver, an' wild duck. On thar banks cherries, nuts an' berries ob many sorts grow wild. Its wild plum orchards, loaded in spring with de pootiest ob white an' pink blossoms, bear abundance ob fruit. Its beaver meadows supply wild hay fer de cattle. Its maple trees give sugah, an' its soil yields fine wheat an' othah grains an' splended wegatables. Thus am de wants ob de settler well perwided fer. Right dar am de great Cuckoo valley, stretchin' from de big Artemesia Falls far away to de Blue Mountains and to de Georgian Bay, presentin' scenery dat mus' please all lovahs ob de picturesque, de gran' an' de beautiful. My frens, it am a won'erful lan'. It's de fines' kentry I evah clapt my eyes onto, an' reminds me ob what de paradise ob our fust parens mus' have bin."

Simmons' enthusiasm and eloquence were naturally rewarded, and in due time he arrived with his sable band of immigrants at the township of Artemesia. Henson here found a large colony of his people. There was a stretch of three miles on the Durham Road which was all occupied by colored people. Henson and his friend Simmons hastened to the Crown Land Office, kept by Mr. George Snider, the Government's Agent, to get his fifty acres of land of the Queen's bounty, as so many hundreds had received it before

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him. Alas! for his hopes of land proprietorship and a fine farm, for the agent informed him the last lot had been given away just two weeks before. This was a disappointment as unexpected as it was overwhelming. He had never once dreamed of any failure of the Queen's bounty in the township of Artemesia. Now he awoke to the hard fact, and, far from home and without means, was thus suddenly thrown on his own resources. He was a good chopper, and could handle a flail with any man, so there was nothing left but to look for work, which he was soon successful in finding. His friend Simmons introduced him to Brother Oxsby, who, on learning about his great disappointment, grew sympathetic and talkative, and said, "Dis yer brudd-r has come 'mong us, an' we mus' treat 'im well an' do what we kin for 'im. I think I kin give 'im some wuk fer de fust. See dat stack ob wheat? What will yer trash dat wheat out fer me for?"

"In Jersey," said Henson, "I used to get every ninth bushel. I reckon that wouldn't be too much?"

"No; I'm 'greeable to dat price," said Oxsby, and a flail was soon fixed up and a floor laid beside the stack; off went his coat, and he went at his work cheerfully. He, however, had not threshed long until he discovered that the grain was remarkably light in the sheaf. He threshed away until night, and the yield was so surprisingly small that he began to suspect the capabilities of the township of Artemesia as a wheat-growing section. Next morning he hesitated to lift the flail. He, however, had no other work, and

Brother Oxsby had spoken so kindly to him, he concluded to go on, although he well knew there would be very little pay for his labor. He had worked a couple of hours next morning, when he concluded to take a rest and have a chat with Mr. Oxsby's little daughter Becky, who had come out to see him thresh.

"Haven't your chickens bin at this wheat, my lil' girl?" said Henson.

"Oh, no, we don't keep no chickens," was her immediate answer.

"Awh! I seed a pair of turkeys las' night at de stable," was Henson's next effort.

"Oh, yes, but we only jes' got 'em yestiday," said Becky.

"Well, then," he asked, "what in de worl's bin at this wheat?"

"Nothin'," said the unsuspecting child, "on'y daddy he wanted ter take a gris' ter de mill, so he trashed de sheaves, but didn't cut de bans."

"Awh! aw! I see!" ejaculated Henson.

The secret was out; Brother Oxsby had found him a stranger, and had taken him in. Henson immediately stuck the handle of the flail in the stack and struck work. He had worked hard, obtained little wheat and much chaff. As the wheat would not measure two bushels, the ninth of this was not worth carrying away. He therefore made a present of it to his kind and sympathetic Brother Oxsby, at the same time, however, resolving very severely that he would look out better next time. Henson thereupon, after deliberating on the situation, remembered "It's not all

gold that glitters," and came to the conclusion that he could be spared from the township. Having heard of Owen Sound, the county town, situated about thirty-three miles distant, on the Georgian Bay, he bid an unregretful farewell to Artemesia, and arrived in that town on Saint Patrick's Day, 1854. His friend Simmons went with him, and both obtained apartments in a cedar log-house on the west side of Poulett Street, owned by the Rev. John Neelands.*

Here one afternoon shortly after, as a sable brother came along the street, and was about to pass his doorway, exclamations of surprise, as follows, were quickly exchanged :

"W'at, ho! kin it be possible? Yas, shore as I live, heah's my fren' John Paul that I seed so long, long ago in Kaintucky."

"O Charley! you heah too! My heart's glad to meet you free—bof free. Mistoor—ah—Fross, de merchant, tol' me der wuz a large man cum heah frum Artemesia, but I nevah know'd 'twuz you."

"How did you git clar frum Haskill, 'way down in Kaintucky, an' come up so nigh de Norf Pole?" said Henson, as they entered the house and sat down.

"Wall, arter you lef," Paul went on to explain, "some pussons dat yo'r Mass'r Ridgeley spoke to tuck up my case. Dey knew me in Wirginey, an' knew I wuz bro't frum Kenedey, an' a suit wuz enter'd in de co'tes ter sot me free. Fred Triplet (so named because of his trine birth, a freedman) tol' my mastah I wuz a British freebo'n, an' wuz tuck a prisnah ob war in

* On or near the present site of the Bank of Hamilton.

Kenedey, an' how he know'd, fer he wuz in Wirginey when I cum thar. He tol' him as how he orter sot me free."

" 'Sot him free?' he said, getting angry; " 'while grass grows and water runs,' and while the sun sets on yonder hill, I'll never free a slave.'

" My case hung in de co'tes three yeahs ontil, at las', my mass'r got afear'd he'd be beat, an' 'cluded ter send me down to New Orleans ter be sold. Fortunate fer me, he had a good 'son, who wuz wery fond ob me, an' he gib me de secret. De same nite, fer I wuz to be ship'd off nex' mornin', I ran away an' got to de Ohio rivah, twenty-five miles off, befo' dey cotched up ter me. Billy Burns ran away with me. In de evenin' we tried ter cross de rivah, but de ferryman wouldn't 'low us, an' began ter whispah an' talk suspicious like in de crowd. We tol' 'em we wuz gwine ter a village five or six miles furthah down, an' den walked away quick, gwine 'long down de bank ob de rivah. Arter a lil' we heerd hosses comin' on de gallop an' bloodhouns barkin' wery hard. Dis made de cold chills creep down my back an' my cheeks felt drawn queer. We ran an' climb'd to de top ob a bushy tree. Soon dey all went flyin' pas' force haste. We look'd at each other an' sed, 'W'at will we do?' All ob a sudden, Billy sed, 'Let's take to de rivah.'

" 'What! to try and swim 'cross dat great rivah?' I ax'd.

" 'Yas,' said Billy; 'we kin do it. Hit's fer our lives.'

" 'Ise afear'd,' sed I; 'de night's dark; de rivah's wide, an' de watah's cold.'

“‘But we mus,’ said Billy; ‘hit’s de on’y chance.’

“‘‘Spose we take de cramp or git ’zausted, w’at den?’

“‘Wal, I’d as soon be drowned as tuck. But come, Paul, we’s bof good swimmers, an’ we kin reach de othah shore,’ sed Billy, tryin’ ter encourage me like. At las’, I ’cluded ter swim de rivah or drown. We flung off our coats an’ plunged in. ’Twuz a jump an’ a swim fer life. ’Twuz a long swim right ahead in de dark. We went slow. When we got ’bout de middle, I sed, ‘Billy, Ise growin’ weak. I’ll soon sink to rise no mo’.

“‘Hesh!’ sed Billy; ‘shet yor mouf; stop dat talk; turn ober on yor back an’ float. I’ll put my han’ un’er yo’ ter he’p keep yo’ up, an’ yo’ll rest.’ Arter dat we bof rested a good many times. At las’ we reach’d de othah side mos’ dead, but safe. De nex’ day we hid ’mong de bushes an’ dried our clo’es in de sun. We got two coats, an’ arter a good rest I start’d fer home. I walk’d twenty-three days till I come to Lake Erie, an’ crossin’ it in a schooner, got back ter my ole home at Amherstburg, jes’ thirteen yeahs arter I’d ben tuck prisnah ob war. When I lef, John Wigle, Curn’l Elliott, an’ some ob de French hed slaves, but thar wuz no slaves when I come back. Lots ob othah changes had tuck place. Mos’ ob my frens wuz dead an’ gone. My relashuns tuck prisnahn ob war with me hadn’t return’d, an’ it wuz home fer me no mo’, so I lef’, an’ in co’s e ob time come heah.”

“Wal! wal! what a great deliv’rance, to be shore,”

said Henson, as Paul closed his story. "I nevah 'spected to see yo' agin when I lef' yo' at Haskill's, in Kaintucky. In de Lawd's mercy, we've bof got a long way from our slave-mastahs. At las' our shackles is broken, an' we're bof our own mastahs now an' fer evahmo'. How thankful we should feel."

"Wal," said Paul, "so I doz, an' I alus feel thankful to Billy too, fer he saved me frum gwan to de bottom ob de Ohio rivah. Has yo' seéd Mistah Burns since yo' come?"

"Oh, yas," said Henson, "he hep'd Mistah Simmons an' me put up our cook stove de day befo' yistiday. Wal, wal! speak of de debil an' yo'll see him shore. Good mo'nin', Mistah Burns. I'm glad to see yo'. Take this cheer, an' I'll set on de watah-pail bench." As soon as all three had shaken hands, Henson continued: "Mistah Paul's jes' bin tellin' me 'bout yor crossin' de Ohio rivah when you wuz runnin' away from slavery."

"Wuz he?" said the real Billy Burns, adding, "I off'n an' off'n laff to myse'f when I think ob how we turn'd ourselves roun' an' roun' to de sun on de bank ob dat great rivah to get our clo'es dry, an' 'bout our hidin' an' peekin' frum de bushes, an' de way we got dem coats an' hats de nex' day." At which Paul and Burns laughed heartily, while Henson wore a broad, appreciative and benignant smile; and the two fairly revelled in the consciousness of an untrammelled liberty beneath a Canadian sky, as they have done many a time since, for all three still live in the same town. But that consciousness has been broadened and

intensified by the fact that it is now no longer necessary to escape from slavery as they did, for a second Declaration of Independence, through the agency of a great civil war, has since restored the word "liberty" to its proper place in the first Declaration, and has broken the shackles of their race in the slave-holding South.

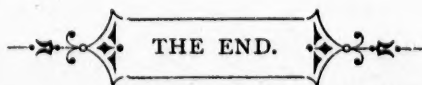
From the time of the meeting of the three escaped slaves just mentioned, down to the present, Henson has in the same place lived and labored.

Personal as well as national history sometimes repeats itself. It is a year since the introductory chapter was written, and yet, near the spot in that chapter referred to, the writer, on looking out of an office window to-day—the hottest, so far, this summer—saw, as he passed along on the opposite side of the same public thoroughfare, the same bent, broad figure—this man, now linked to two centuries and rapidly nearing the third—old man Henson, with his axe in one hand and his bucksaw in the other—using both to aid him in his locomotion—stop and lean his axe against one leg and his saw against the other, take off his hat, pull out of his pocket a large red handkerchief and wipe the great drops of perspiration from his forehead, and then pass on with the crowd out of sight. This, too, is the last glimpse of him save one for the reader. It would be unfair to the man if, in conclusion, a peep were not given into the little brick church on the bank of the Sydenham river, in which he worships from Sabbath to Sabbath, and of which he has long been a trustee.

Here, in a recent fellowship meeting, he spoke as follows: "Brethrin, de Lawd has spared me many yeahs. Ise fer a long time pas' put my trus' in Him. He has bin wery good to me, given me long life, good health, an' perwided fer my bodily wants. Ise wery thankful fer these great mercies to me. But, most of all, I praise Him bekase He set my captive soul at liberty, an' still enables my po' heart to rejoice in His love. He has made me His chile, an' heir to His kingdom of grace heah an' to His kingdom of glory heah-aftah. De Holy Spirit is shed abroad in my heart, he'ping me to fight de good fight of faith. De devil sometimes hits me hard an' wounds me sore. He offen says, 'Do yo' expec' to go to heaven? Look at de kin' of a man yo' wuz in de early days—wery wicked.' Then I remind him that Christ come to save de los' sheep, to save sinners, an' I ax him if I'm not a sinner saved by grace? He quits botherin' me then. Again, sometimes his agents try me. On'y yistiday I met three white men on de street. One said to de others, 'Jes see that old fellah; he ought to be dead.' De others laughed loud. Then de powder flash'd in de pan, an' a feelin' came up quick to say somethin' ugly back, but I bridled my tongue. When my Mastah, de blessed Saviour, wuz rewiled, He rewiled not again, so I sed nuthin'. Brethrin, this is de warfare within, de contes' 'twixt good an' evil. By God's grace, I specs to conquer every spiritual foe. De crown ob life comes when de contes' is ovah. I like Paul's 'sperience 'bout fightin' de good fight, finishin' his co'se, an' de crown laid up. My work's 'bout ended. I'm wait-

in' fer my Mastah to call me, an' when He calls I'll be forevah with de Lawd. Praise His holy name." Several hearty amens fell from the listening brethren as the old man took his seat.

Although thus resigned, the letters received during the past year have aroused recollections of former happy days at his Jersey home, and begotten a strong desire to see his distant friends. This had been the day-dream of his life for many a year, but as age crept on and his opportunities lessened, the dream faded, until to the question, put by the writer, "How would you like to go and see them?" his quick answer came in the form of another question, "Ain't they all younger than I am, an' won't I meet 'em in Heaven?" If life, however, be spared him, the invitation of Major Truitts' daughter may yet be accepted, and his revived day-dream soon realized by a visit *in propria persona* to "deah ole Jersey" and to the land of his childhood, early prime, and subsequent lifelong love—a land which now, happily, hears not the crack of the slave-whip, sees not the whipping-house, and feels not the stigma of national inconsistency, as throughout that great slave-land all slave shackles have been broken forever.



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